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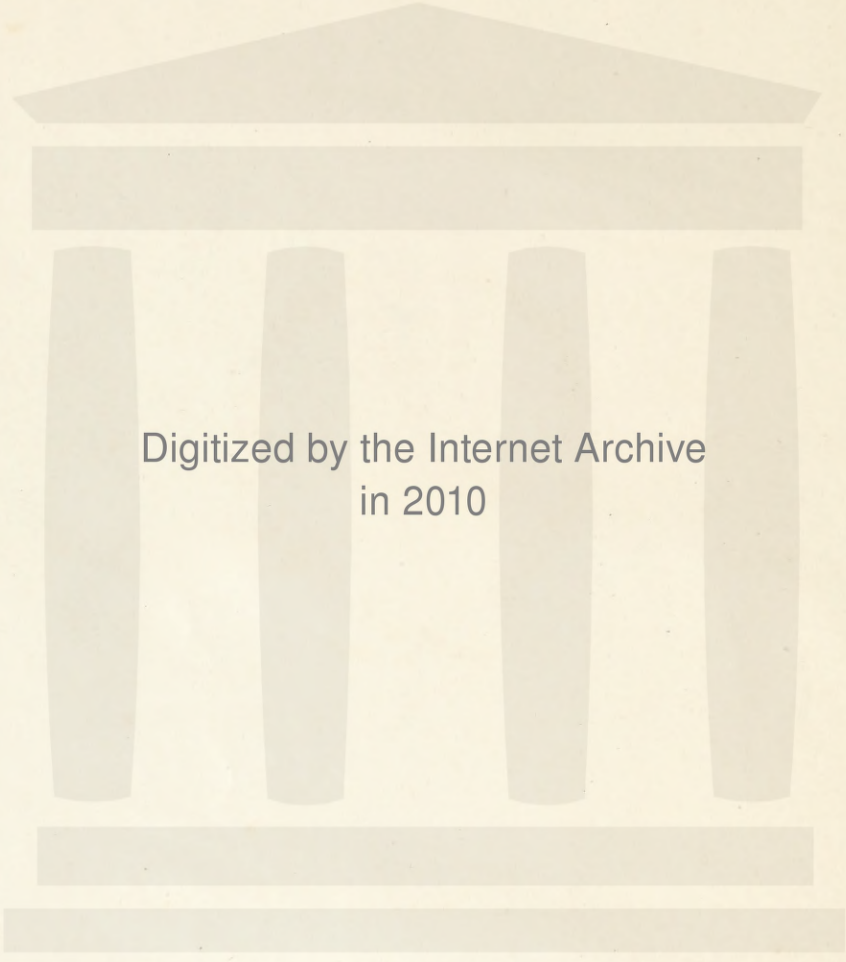
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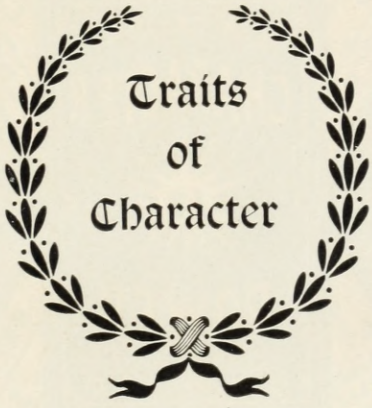
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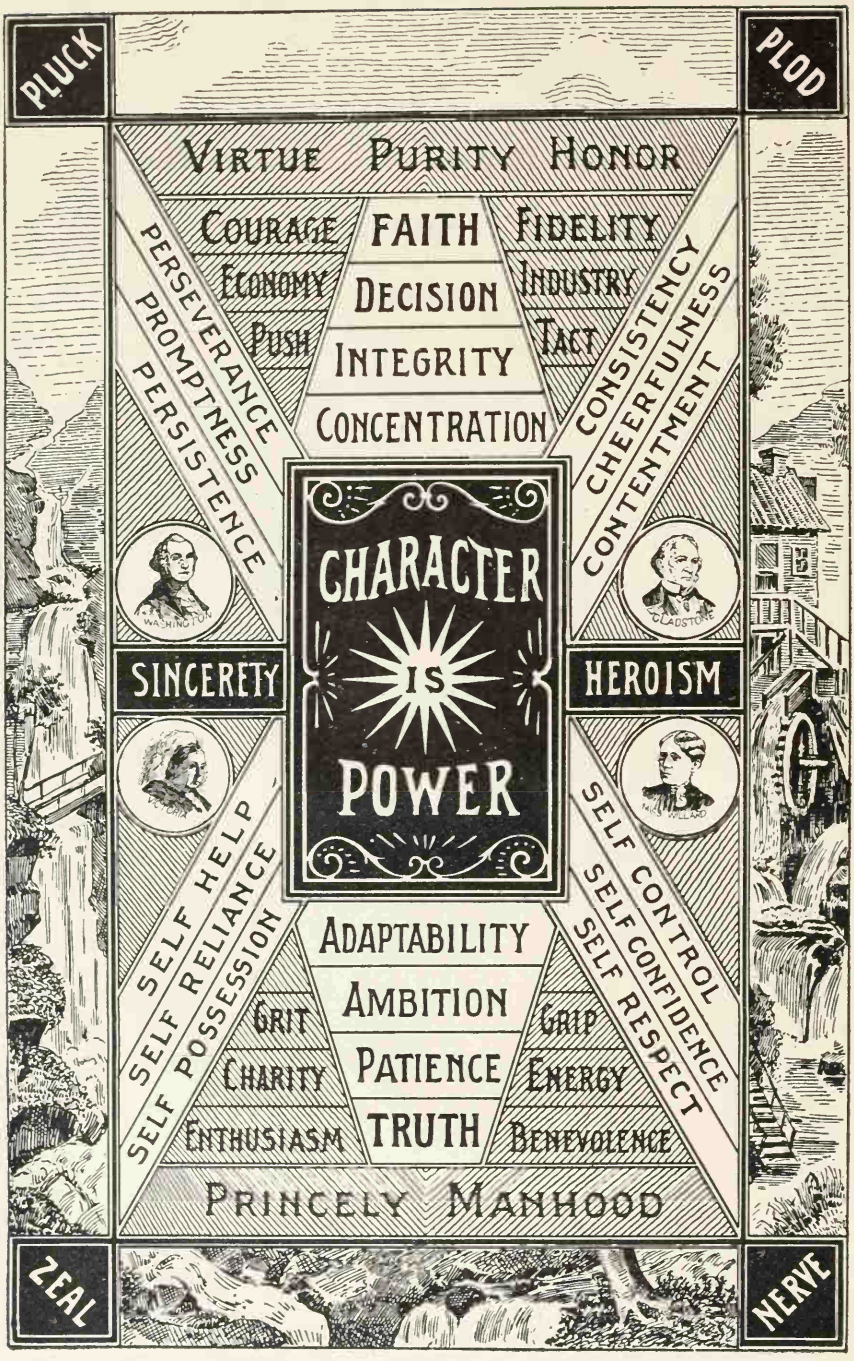
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PERSISTENCE
CONSISTENCY
CHEERFULNESS
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WASHINGTON
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CHARACTER
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POWER
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HEROISM
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SELF RELIANCE
SELF POSSESSION
SELF CONTROL
SELF CONFIDENCE
SELF RESPECT
ADAPTABILITY
AMBITION
GRIT
GRIP
CHARITY
PATIENCE
ENERGY
ENTHUSIASM
TRUTH
BENEVOLENCE
PRINCELY MANHOOD
ZEAL
NERVE

TRAITS OF CHARACTER

ILLUSTRATED

IN

BIBLE LIGHT

TOGETHER WITH SHORT SKETCHES OF

Marked and Marred Manhood and Womanhood

BY

H. F. KLETZING, A. M.

AUTHOR OF "PROGRESS OF A RACE"

AND

E. L. KLETZING, A. M.

PRINCIPAL IN CHICAGO PUBLIC SCHOOLS

PUBLISHED BY

KLETZING BROTHERS

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1898

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce:
For wisdom, piety, delight or use."

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TO

OUR MOTHER

Whose Christlike character and self-denying life have
been the molding forces in our lives, this
volume is affectionately
inscribed

BY

THE AUTHORS

Earth holds many wondrous scenes called temples, battle-fields, cathedrals, but earth holds no scene comparable for majesty and beauty to a man clothed indeed with intellect, but adorned also with integrities and virtues.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

Be noble; and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

—Lowell.

Invincible determination and a right nature are the levers that move the world.—Pres. Porter.

PREFACE.

Truth is much more forcibly impressed upon the mind when accompanied by illustration, either in incident, anecdote, example or in a drawing or picture. Where the mere statement of truth in the abstract may fail of results, the illustration comes to the aid of truth and impresses and fixes the thought upon the mind.

In the following pages we have attempted to combine the two ideas. While the picture impresses the truth in one way, the printed page by example, figure or anecdote adds power of retention and increases the amount of truth conveyed. We lay claim to no originality of thought further than the manner of arrangement and the method of conveying the truth to the mind.

Realizing the inspiration that noble deeds give to many a life and the advantage gained in noting the causes of failure, we have added short and striking biographies of prominent men and women.

The sidelights are truths mostly illustrated in lighter vein.

THE AUTHORS.

April, 1898.

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.
Sculptors of life are *we* as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;—
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own;—
Our lives, that angel vision."

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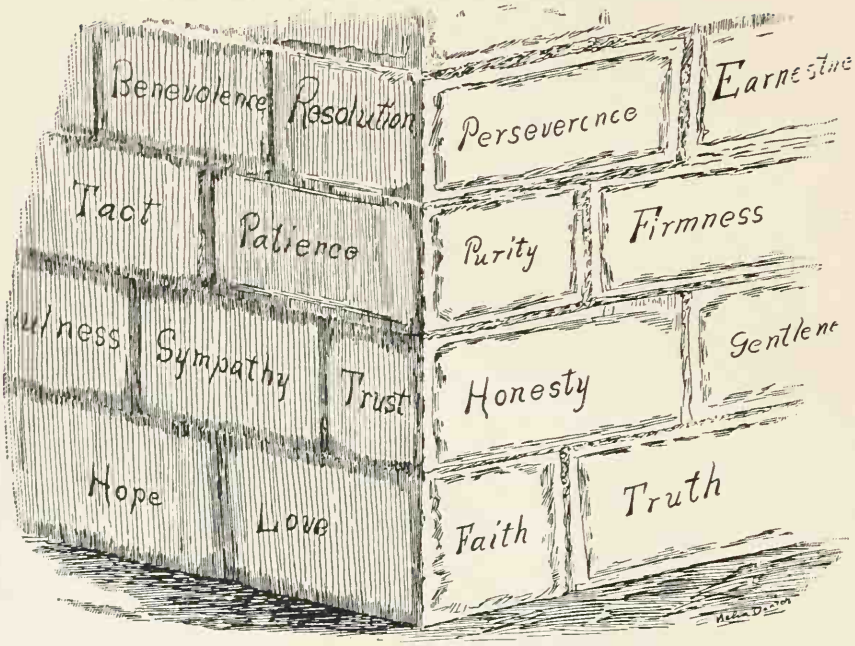
CHARACTER BUILDING.



MAN'S CHIEF BUSINESS IN LIFE.

A wise man is strong.—Solomon.

CHARACTER.

"One ruddy drop of manly blood the surging sea outweighs."

The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of man the country turns out.—Emerson.

Better not be at all
Than not be noble. —Tennyson.

My road must be through Character to Power; I will try no other course, and I am sanguine enough to believe that this course, though not perhaps the quickest, is the surest.—Canning.

God created man in his own image, hence manhood is an ideal, and in as far as man fails to exhibit the God-like in his character does he fall short of true manhood. The highest object of life is the possession of a good character. The foundations of civil security, the progress and civilization of nations depend upon individual character. Character is power in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power.

How have the truly great attained to the honored positions they hold? Not by rank, for many were of lowly birth; not by wealth, for the inheritance of not a few has been poverty; not by talents, for many were not men of genius in this respect. Force of character rather than any of these has frequently made men of moderate powers to surpass the brilliant and wealthy even in the competition and jealousy of public life.

We say money is power, but character is power in a truer sense.

Jefferson once said that not a throne in Europe could stand against Washington's character, and in comparison with it the millions of the Rothschilds looked ridiculous.

Wellington said that Napoleon's presence in the French army was equivalent to forty thousand soldiers.

Of John Hall it was said, "The man behind the sermon is the secret of power.

Benjamin Franklin attributed his success as a public man not to his talents or his powers of speaking, but to his known integrity of character.

The personal character of Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, was said to be equivalent to a constitution.

Success depends more upon what you are than what you know.

Character, not ability, elected Washington and Lincoln to the presidency.

A man who has lost his character may weigh as much and know as much, may be as wise and as zealous, may have as much property and as prominent a station as before, but his influence for good is gone forever. Men cast him out as worthless. Character is everything to a man. That gone, and there is no place for him in the universe.

I am the Truth.—Jesus Christ.

TRUTH.

Truth is the backbone of character. Nothing is beautiful or strong or permanent without truth. All qualifications that go to make up noble manhood count for naught where there is not a persistent adherence to truthfulness. As the mirror reflects objects as they are, without alteration, so truth presents everything as it is. God's word is the great mirror of truth. He who would know himself as he is, must frequently observe himself in the light of this mirror. The mask of hypocrisy is here thrust aside. Before this great and accurate mirror it is possible for every man, whatever his qualifications, to measure up to the full stature of noble, royal, Christian manhood.

Francis Horner of England was a man of no extraor-

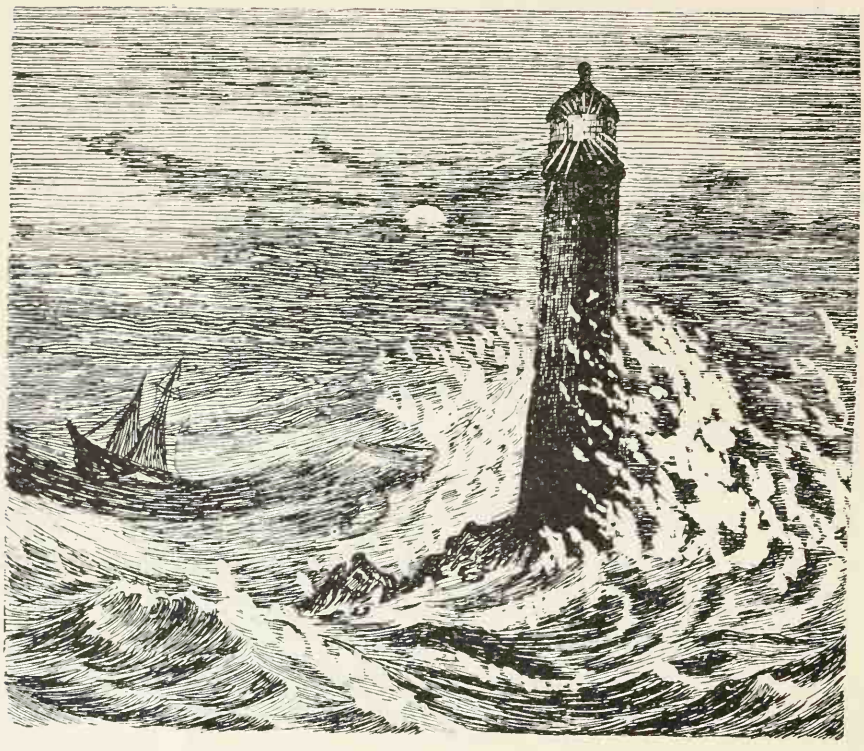
dinary talents. He died at the early age of thirty-eight more truly beloved, trusted and admired than most men of his time. The secret of his success was not in wealth, or rank, or genius, or eloquence, for in none of these did he stand out prominently. Men on all sides surpassed him in these qualities and attainments, and yet he will be nobly remembered when the more nobly born and favored will have been forgotten. The secret lies in Sydney Smith's statement that Francis Horner had the ten commandments stamped upon his forehead.

Thackeray says: "Nature has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces which is honored wherever presented. You cannot help trusting such men; their very presence gives confidence. There is a promise to pay in their very faces which gives confidence, and you prefer it to another man's indorsement."

Who make up the really great men of any age? It is those who have truth woven into every fiber of their being.

During the American Revolution General Reed was offered a large bribe by the British if he would desert the cause of his country. Although he was very poor his reply was that the king of England was not rich enough to buy him.

What a fascinating power is associated with a man who is true! The very name of a Gladstone, a Washington or a Lincoln inspires the youth who has a purpose with a greater determination not to seek ephemeral greatness but to be true at any cost. Garibaldi's soldiers and officers were ready to die for him at any time. When he called for forty volunteers to go where it was sure that many would meet death, a whole battalion rushed forward and lots had to be drawn, so eager were they to obey.



Ye are the light of the world.—Jesus Christ.

A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT.

The lighthouse Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world, at the mouth of the harbor of Alexandria, in Egypt, was 400 feet high and lasted for 1,600 years. The fire, constantly kept lighted on its summit, was visible for forty miles.

As the beams from the lighthouse thrown out over the ocean are the means of saving many precious lives, so in the moral world Christian manhood throws its beams of light far out on the sea of life and guides many a tempest-tossed soul and saves it from the hidden rocks and sandbars. On the sides of the great Eddystone lighthouse is cut the motto, "*To give light and to save life.*" Like some friendly beacon standing on a rocky coast, or

at the entrance of a harbor, we are all permitted to warn men from the evil or guide them toward the good. Verily everyone is called to give light and to save life.

Many a voyager on life's ocean has found guidance and deliverance from the kindly rays of help that have shone out from some consecrated Christian, when waves of sin were beating high, when sunken rocks of temptation were just ahead, or when the winds of opposition were driving the helpless one toward the rocks and shoals of unbelief. Let your light shine. The light is not to be hid under a bushel or anything else. Its mission is to shine.

What a development in the power of light from the tallow candle to the oil lamp, the kerosene lamp, the gas light, the arc light, and who is ready to say that we will not in a few years have newer methods of producing still stronger light? and all this light is made to shine, to shine into and dispel darkness. Thus is the moral light of the world to become more powerful as the years go by, and to penetrate and disperse the darkness—the darkness of ignorance, of superstition, of moral obliquity, of sin in every form.

I long for men and women who, in the realm of helpfulness, will make their life-study the study of development in power to bless. Already there is lodged in every one of you enough power to make you a great help to the world. You have light, you have thoughts, views, aspirations; you know what is good in life. Oh, if you would only let the light shine.—J. G. McClure.

Out into the darkness it is ours to shine. Noise has naught to do with shining, nor has commotion, but power has. How light penetrates darkness! How it finds a way into darkness! No one can tell another the exact things he should do in life, but this he can tell, that everyone should shine.—J. G. McClure.

Unto the upright there ariseth light.—Psalmist.

LIGHT WITHOUT HEAT.

John the Baptist was denominated a burning and a shining light. There may be heat where there is no light, and also light where there is no heat. There are phosphorescent gleams of light in the firefly, decayed wood, and the sparkling sea wave, but no appreciable heat; and there is heat in the blood of all living animals, but no light.

In the northern regions, the aurora, or northern light, shines with great brilliancy and is exceedingly beautiful. The whole phenomena of waving wreaths, flickering flames, rays, curtains, fringes, bands, and flashing colors, the strange confusion of light and motion, now high in the heavens, then dropping like curtains of gold and silver lace, sparkling with a wreath of rubies, emer-

alds and diamonds, penetrating dark gulches and lighting the whole landscape as with tens of thousands of electric lights—all this gives a picture that can faintly be described in words.

Such a scenery, intensely beautiful as it is, is absolutely without warmth. As the light flashes across the scenery, revealing huge mountains of glistening ice, instead of warmth, it sends a chill over the well-protected observer. These auroras may well represent the lights of worldliness that give no saving warmth to the soul.

The pleasures of the world may for a time present to the eye apparently beautiful and attractive scenes, and yet all these, like the auroras, leave the soul in a frosty and chilling atmosphere. No matter how brilliant and attractive they may be, they have no power to bestow life-giving warmth.

As the sun in his course gives both light and heat to our earth, that would otherwise be a cold, desolate waste, thus the true Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings, brings the warmth and light of life to all hearts that are open to receive.

"More light," says the gifted poet Gœthe, in his expiring moments. Well does his biographer say that the morality of that day will pass a severe judgment on the man who, professing the profoundest subjugation to law and order in everything else, seems to have shrunk from the golden clasp of legitimate marriage—the man who was so light to lend his heart and so fearful to give his hand.

Gœthe was a remarkably talented writer, but morally and spiritually his writings are like the aurora. Facing eternity, his cry was not for more light of the intellect, but for more of the light that gives warmth—the light that comes to and radiates from every Christian heart.

With God, all things are possible.—Jesus Christ.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

The Alps with their snow-capped peaks, with their dangerous precipices and the awful abyss beneath, with overhanging rocks and mountains of snow that may with the slightest change, even of the atmosphere, result in a destructive avalanche—these Alps were considered well-nigh impassable. But when Napoleon was informed by his engineer, who had just explored the wild passes of St. Bernard, that it would be impossible to take the artillery across, he replied, "There shall be no Alps! *Impossible* is only found in the dictionary of fools." At the head of an army of 30,000 men he ordered an advance, and with horses and artillery he overcame dangers, difficulties and obstacles and swooped down upon Italy like an Alpine eagle upon its prey.

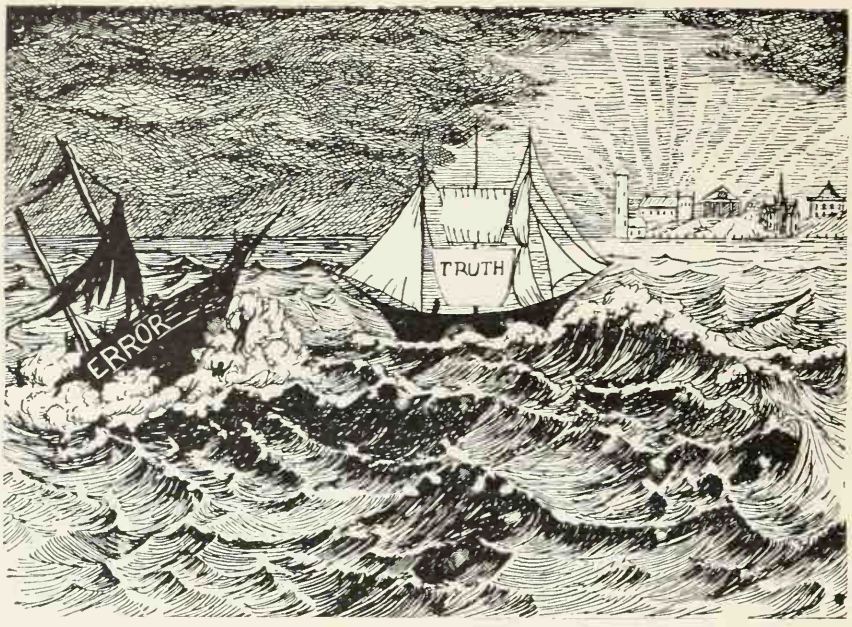
When Daniel Webster was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some

were fainting and some being crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back; they said it could not be done Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator came forward, stretched forth his hand, and said, in his deep, stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, stand back!" "It cannot be done," they shouted. "Gentlemen, stand back!" said he without a change of voice. "It is impossible, Mr. Webster, impossible." "Impossbile?" repeated Webster. "Impossible? Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill;" and the vast crowd swayed and rolled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

The word *impossible* was hateful to Chatham, as it is to all vigorous natures who recognize the latent, the reserved power, in men and nations. "Never let me hear that word again," said Mirabeau. Lord Anson sends word to Chatham, then confined to his chamber by one of his most violent attacks of the gout, that it is impossible for him to fit out a naval expedition within the period to which he is limited. "Impossible?" cried Chatham, glaring at the messenger. "Who talks to me of impossibilities?" Then starting to his feet, and forcing out great drops of agony on his brow with the excruciating torment of the effort, he exclaimed, "Tell Lord Anson that he serves under a minister who treads on impossibilities!" —Whipple.

"Impossible," said the Maine legislators when Neal Dow proposed a prohibition bill. "Then we will make it possible," was the reply, and that noble man made his influence felt throughout the Pine Tree State until the bill was engrossed on the statute books of the state.

What a splendid declaration that is of Paul's: If God be for us, who can be against us? He does not answer, for no answer is necessary. Nothing can stand in the way of a determined soul that obeys God.



Buy the truth and sell it not.—Solomon.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
—Lowell.

Here is the good old ship of truth sailing majestically over billows and waves, outriding the most severe and dangerous storms of the ocean, while Error, although sailing out into the ocean apparently under as favorable circumstances, has her sails rent in twain and goes down before the slightest storm. See those who have taken passage in her frail bark! When the hour of extremity comes they jump overboard and are lost.

Truth is the perception and representation of things as they are. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all society. It is impossible to love one in whose truthfulness we cannot confide. It is not necessary, as some think, that "good breeding" should be sustained through falsehood or affectation. A social sys-

tem that involves the practice of subterfuge is wrong in its basis and corroding in its tendencies. It is related of Cyrus that when asked what was the first thing he learned, he replied, "*To tell the truth.*" The true character acts rightly, whether in secret or in the sight of men. That boy was well trained who, when asked why he did not pocket some pears, for nobody was there to see, replied, "Yes, there was; I was there to see myself; and I don't intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing."

No dishonest man ever wished that his breast was made of glass or that others could read his thoughts. Falsehood and affectation may at times appear to give one gain or standing in society, but sin is sure to find us out, and, like the passenger of the ship "Error," every untrue man must suffer shipwreck.

Habits of the strictest truth ought to be inculcated. No species of deception can be practiced without injury to the practicer. An apprehended or realized detection of mistakes and exaggerations has many a time sent a blush to the cheek and palpitation to the heart.

There is no middle ground. What is not true is false. Imagine the delightful emotion with which Petrarch must have received the tribute of public applause when, on his appearing as witness in a cause and approaching to take the oath, he was informed that such was the confidence of the court in his veracity that his word was sufficient without an oath.

Are you a true man? Can your word be depended upon?

> To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.
>
> —Shakespeare.

Set your affections on things above.—St. Paul.

THE MUCKRAKE.

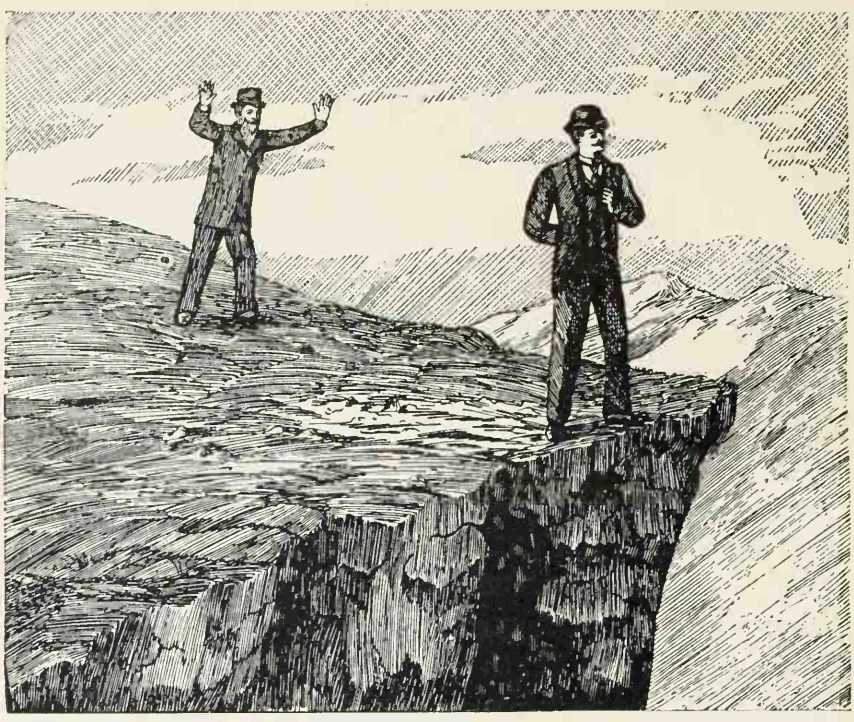
When Christiana was in the house of the Interpreter, she saw in one of the rooms "a man that could look no way but downward, with a muckrake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown, and proffered him that crown for his muckrake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor." When the meaning of this figure had been explained to her, then said Christiana, "Oh, deliver me from this muckrake!" That prayer, said the Interpreter, has lain by till it is almost rusty. Straws and sticks and dust with most are the great things now looked after. That rusty old prayer is worth taking out and oiling up for

fresh use in our day—Lord, deliver us from the muckrake.

In the cut opposite, the one who proffers the crown, being wholly ignored and rejected, is departing from the man, who, in great anxiety to rake up the dollars, is nearing an awful precipice over which his present course will carry him. This man's looking downward instead of upward, holding to his muckrake and rejecting a shining crown, has its illustrations in many practical phases in this life. It applies to the man who lives for money, for pleasure, for honor, for position, or for fame, where the spiritual needs are entirely forgotten. But the application may be made even wider than this and embrace the everyday duties and pursuits. Well may we pray, Lord, deliver us from this muckrake. Fixing the eyes on the muckrake and rejecting the shining crown is what makes life miserable and death dreadful. In seeking pleasure or following the customs and fashions of the day our eyes may be kept downward and away from the crown.

In seeking honor and reputation the muckrake becomes peculiarly perilous. If we follow the straws of popular applause and ephemeral praise, the sticks of public opinion and the dust of criticism, we are sure to get our eyes upon the muckrake instead of on the crown.

This truth is as applicable to small spheres and duties as to large ones. The muckrake policy defeats the best results in many philanthropic, religious, missionary, educational and charitable enterprises. But it may also enter into the home, where too much scrubbing, sweeping and overexactness may crowd out the nobler qualities, the higher welfare, and the moral worth of the home. The same is true in society. Everywhere in this life the crown and the muckrake are in competition. We are looking upward or downward. The muckrake or the crown holds your attention. Which is it?



Be not wise in thine own eyes.—Solomon.

OVERCONFIDENCE.

Here is a man who is on the verge of a precipice. All unheeded he pushes forward. Scorning the advice of a friend, he proposed to judge for himself, and in overconfidence in himself he rushes on to ruin. Heedless of the earnest admonition of others, he plunges into the abyss.

In the moral world this picture is even more true than in the physical. Impetuous and self-willed youth say, "I know better than my parents or friends." "I do not need your advice." "I am able to take care of myself." These and similar thoughts cause him to trust in his own judgment and rush headlong into the moral pitfalls found everywhere. It is only when it is too late that he is ready to receive the admonitions of others.

The spirit of the overconfident man is graphically pictured by the poet in the following lines:

"Believe as I believe, no more, no less;
That I am right, and no one else, confess;
Feel as I feel, think only as I think;
Eat what I eat and drink but what I drink;
Look as I look, do always as I do;
And then, and only then, I'll fellowship with you.

"That I am right, and always right, I know,
Because my own convictions tell me so;
And to be right is simply this to be—to be
Entirely and in all respects like me;
To deviate a hair's breadth, or begin
To question, or doubt, or hesitate, is sin.

"I reverence the Bible if it be
Translated first and then explained to me;
By churchly laws and customs I abide,
If they with my opinion coincide;
All creeds and doctrines I concede divine,
Except those, of course, which disagree with mine.

"Let sink the drowning, if he will not swim
Upon the plank that I throw out to him;
Let starve the hungry, if he will not eat
My kind and quantity of bread and meat;
Let freeze the naked, if he will not be
Clothed in such garments as are made for me.

"'Twere better that the sick should die than live,
Unless they take the medicine I give;
'Twere better sinners perish than refuse
To be conformed to my peculiar views;
'Twere better that the world stand still than move
In any other way than that which I approve."

On the other hand, there are those who lack confidence in their own abilities, timid, fearing ones who always underrate their own efforts. Mankind is, however, not largely afflicted with this class. There is a golden mean which we may all strike and in which lies the real successful life.

Thou desirest truth in the inward parts.—Psalmist.

TRUTH VINDICATED.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

—Bryant.

Father Time is here represented as slaying with his scythe Falsehood and bringing forth Truth, who has for a time been overcome and retired from view. Falsehood with her sisters, Envy, Malice and Slander, has for a season gained the mastery, but Father Time, coming to the rescue, slays Falsehood and her allies and restores Truth to her place of power.

Truth generally, when first presented, meets with opposition and in not a few cases is *apparently* suppressed and overcome by Error, Stupidity and moral Blindness, but ultimately Truth triumphs.

History records many instances in which advocates of reform were persecuted and compelled to endure many and severe sufferings before the cause so nobly defended

and so dear to them prevailed and overcame the prejudices of those who, under the guise of conservatism, retarded every onward move.

Galileo, who declared that the earth moves around the sun, was compelled to renounce publicly his doctrines and to refrain from teaching them. It is difficult to believe in this day that at the age of seventy Galileo was compelled, not only to go before the altar and retract his statement that the earth moves, but also to suffer three years of imprisonment and to bind himself by a solemn oath never to maintain or support this theory either in his conversation or writings.

His heroic spirit, however, resented, as is seen from his own statement. Immediately after renouncing at the altar the theory that the earth moves, he rose and quietly said, "Nevertheless it moves." Has time vindicated his theory?

Another remarkable case of time vindicating truth is seen in the life of Oliver Cromwell. This man was denounced as a hypocrite, a tyrant, usurper and fanatic. Even after his death his body was taken up and hung upon a gallows to show contempt of his memory. The close of the nineteenth century finds truth vindicated in that the ablest writers of to-day hold him to have been the wisest statesman, the most religious and virtuous ruler ever placed at the head of a nation.

Elijah P. Lovejoy was wantonly shot down at Alton, Illinois, in 1837, because he championed the abolition of slavery and insisted on his right to publish his views. He died almost unbefriended, and sixty years after (1897) a monument is erected to his memory, while an advocate of that relic of barbarism, slavery, can hardly be found anywhere.

Falsehood may have its hour, but it has no future.

He that uttereth a slander is a fool.—Solomon.

SLANDER.

Slander is here represented as shooting his poisonous arrows at his victim under cover of night. Too cowardly to do his work in the light, he always seeks darkness and covert means to carry on his destructive work. Someone says, "So deep does the slanderer sink in the murky waters of degradation and infamy, that could an angel apply an Archimedean moral lever to him, with heaven for a fulcrum, he could not, in a thousand years, raise him to the grade of a convict felon."

Slander is a blighting sirocco; its pestiferous breath pollutes with each respiration; its forked tongue is charged with the same poison; it searches all corners of the world for victims; it sacrifices the high and low, the king and the peasant, the rich and poor, the matron and maid, the living and the dead; but delights most in destroying worth and immolating innocence. Lacon has justly remarked, "Calumny crosses oceans, scales moun-

tains and traverses deserts with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris, and, like him, rides upon a poisoned arrow."

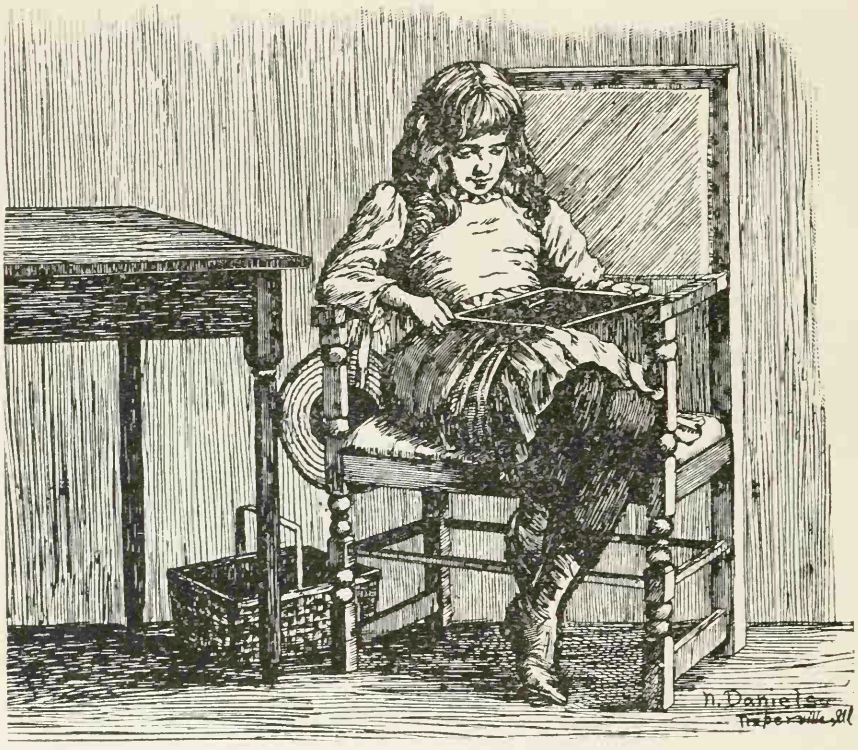
There is a sad propensity in our fallen nature to listen to the retailers of petty scandal. With many, it is the spice of conversation, the exhilarating gas of their minds. Without any intention of doing essential injury to a neighbor, a careless remark, relative to some minor fault of his, may be seized by a babbler, and, as it passes through the babbling tribe, each one adds to its bulk, and gives its color a darker hue, until it assumes the magnitude and blackness of base slander. Few are without visible faults—most persons are sometimes inconsistent. Upon these faults and mistakes petty scandal delights to feast.

Among many species of animals, if one of their number is wounded and falls, he is at once torn to pieces by his fellows. Traces of this animal cruelty are seen in men and women to-day. Let a woman fall from virtue and nine-tenths of her sisters will turn and tear her to pieces, and the next day smile on the man who ruined her! O, shame! Reverse the action. Loathing for the unrepentant wretch and tenderness for the wounded sister. Tenderness and pity and help for both alike if they repent and reform. But never trust him who has been a betrayer once. No kindness demands this risk.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the first answer to calumny.—Washington.

A whisper wandered round
From ear to lip—from lip to ear—
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And *that—it broke.*—Mrs. Osgood.



Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—Solomon.

THINKING AND DOING.

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within himself, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day."

Amy was a bright girl but was too apt to waste time in dreaming instead of doing.

One day the village storekeeper offered her twelve cents a quart for blackberries, at the same time telling her where she might find large ripe ones.

This was good news to Amy, as her parents were poor and she very much needed new shoes.

Delighted at the thought of earning money, she ran home to get a basket, intending to go immediately to pick the berries.

Then she thought she would like to know how much she would earn by picking.

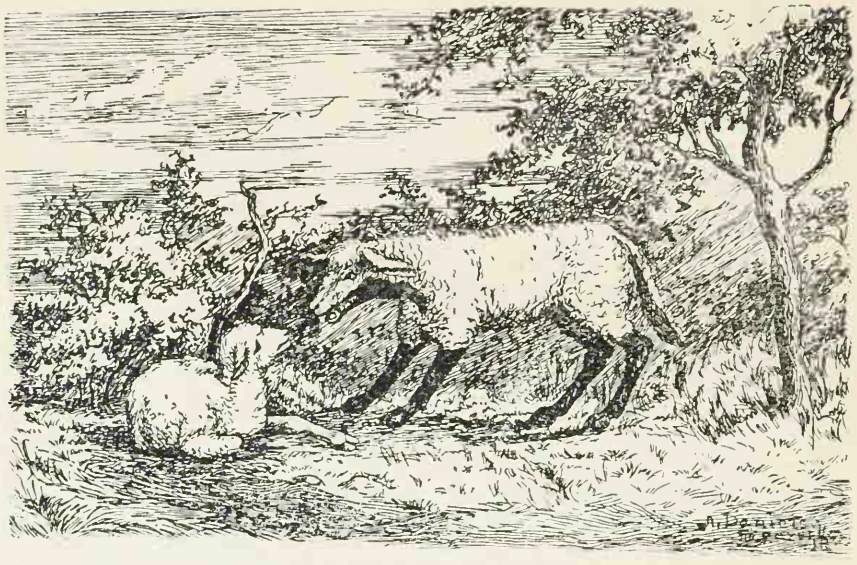
Before she had finished, dinner was ready, so she put off picking the berries until the afternoon. After dinner she started for the berry patch, but found that some boys had been there before dinner and had picked all the ripe ones. She could not find enough to fill a quart.

This simple story aptly illustrates what older persons very frequently are found guilty of doing. How often men decide to do good and noble deeds but never accomplish them, because they spend so much time in thinking of doing these things that they never do them until it is too late. This noble and generous deed, this kind and encouraging word that you were contemplating, should be carried into action now. Our thinking of doing what never is done will never merit a crown of rejoicing. A poet sings:

I know a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve.
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieved.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there, in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust,
And oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon.
Tho' our purpose is fair, we never get there—
The land of "Pretty soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than at noon;
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty soon." —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



Inwardly they are ravening wolves.—Jesus Christ.

HYPOCRISY.

"He is the greatest monster, without doubt,
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gate of hell."

The wolf in sheep's clothing is a fitting emblem of the hypocrite. Every virtuous man would rather meet an open foe than a pretended friend who is a traitor at heart. Among all things and persons to be despised, what is more base or vile than the pretender?

The hypocrite desires more to seem good than to be so. He is like the scorpion that thinks that when its head is under a leaf it cannot be seen. He is zealous in little things but negligent in the more important. He is more troubled by the outbursts of a sinful disposition than by the disposition itself.

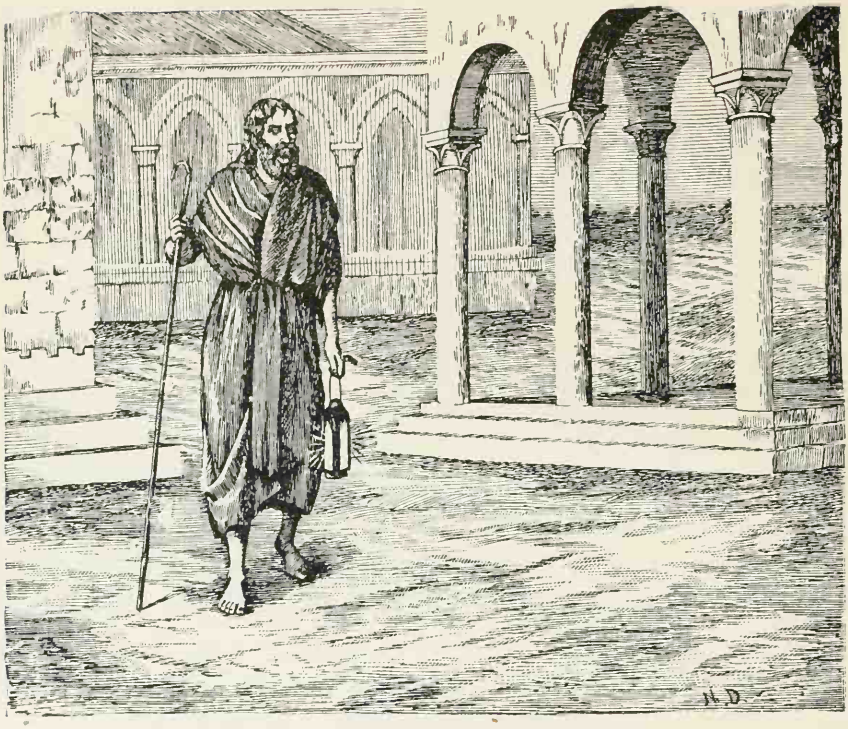
Pretension usurps the highest seats, puts on the robe of sanctity and utters aloud, to be heard of men, the prayers that the true heart breathes in silent confidence

into the ear of a loving Father. Nowhere is the hypocrite a greater usurper than in the realm of religion.

Pretense never stood in so eminent a position as it does at the present hour. If you walk through the streets of London, you might imagine that all the shops were built of marble, and that all the doors were made of mahogany and woods of the rarest kinds; and yet you soon discover that there is scarce a piece of these precious fabrics to be found anywhere, but that everything is grained, painted and varnished. I find no fault with this, except that it is an outward type of an inward evil that exists. As it is in our streets, so it is everywhere; graining, painting and gilding are at an enormous premium. Counterfeit has at length attained to such an eminence that it is with the utmost difficulty that you can detect it. The counterfeit so near approaches to the genuine that the eye of wisdom itself needs to be enlightened before she can discern the difference.—Spurgeon.

Cnidus, a skilled architect, building a watch-tower for the King of Egypt to aid mariners at night, caused his own name to be engraven upon a stone in the wall in great letters, and afterward covered it with mortar and upon the outside of that wrote the name of the king in golden letters, pretending that all was done for the honor and glory of the king. The architect very well knew that the dashing of the water would in a little time consume the plastering and then his name and memory should abide to after generations. Thus there are many in this world, who pretend to seek only the glory of God, but if there were a window to look into their hearts, we should find nothing there but self-seeking.—Spencer.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal.—Shakespeare.



Seek . . . if ye can find a man.—Jeremiah.

FINDING MEN.

The above cut represents the Grecian philosopher, Diogenes, going through the streets of Athens in the daytime, with a lighted lantern in his hand, seeking for a man. Jeremiah says, "Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem and seek in the broad places thereof if ye can find a man."

The object for which these men were searching seemed to be a scarce article, and it has not become too numerous to-day. The world needs men. They are needed in every avenue of life.

"Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones!
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,

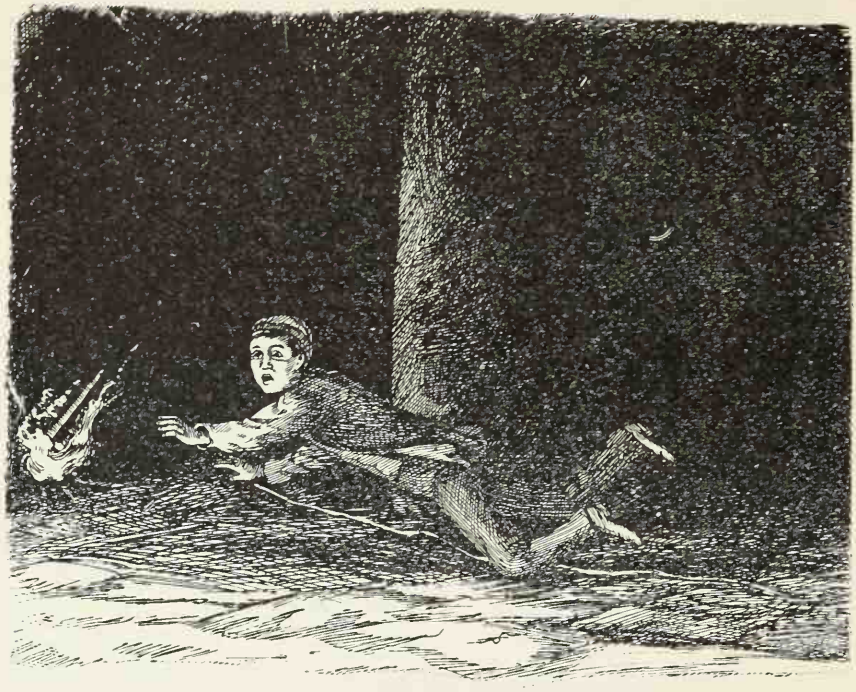
Men who make their country wreathe them
As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others;
Give us men, I say again,
Give us men."

Sir Humphrey Davy, when asked what was his greatest discovery, replied, "The discovery of Michael Faraday." The finding and bringing forth of the youth who afterward achieved so much in scientific research was to Davy greater than his own many scientific revelations. History is full of instances showing that oftentimes the grandest work ever done has been in the way of finding those who have developed into eminent and distinguished benefactors of mankind.

It may be instinctive to desire to be first ourselves, but it is braver, nobler and more praiseworthy to forget self in the effort to bring forward some unrecognized hero. Andrew's best day's work was when he brought Peter to Jesus. Although he was cast into the shade by the great achievements of his brother Peter, yet we owe much to the loving, self-forgetful Andrew, the great leader of the apostolic band.—M. M. Dana.

Those who labored to reform Gough, Reynolds and Murphy, those who found and brought forward great men of all ages, have rendered an inestimable service to mankind. Seeking and finding men is always rewarded.

The world is always looking for men; men of character; men who are not for sale; men who are true to the core. We may not all be great in the eyes of the world, but in His sight we are truly great if we do our duty, even though our work be that of finding men who shall do greater works than we have done.



Guide me with thy counsel.—Psalmist.

LOSING THE THREAD.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

—Longfellow.

A young man, visiting Rome, examined the inscriptions on the walls of the catacombs. Instead of taking a guide, he preferred to be free to move around as he wished, and took a torch and a ball of cord. He fastened the cord at the entrance and unwound it as he passed in with his torch through the lowly, winding ways. He felt no fear, for he had but to wind up his ball of cord and he would be led to the entrance. All went well for a time. He became very much interested in the inscriptions on slabs and tombs, made by Christians cen-

turies before in memory of their friends who were buried there while concealing themselves from the persecutions of the Roman pagans. While he was thus engaged he stumbled and fell, losing his ball of cord and his torch. What added to his misfortune was that his torch went out. In complete darkness he got down on the ground and felt around for the cord, but his efforts were all in vain. Despair seized upon him, for he would likely perish if he could not find the cord. After groping about in the darkness until he became completely exhausted he fell and fainted away from fear, fatigue and hunger. When he became conscious, he found that in grasping the ground he had again gotten hold of his cord. Springing to his feet he followed its leadings and soon again came to the opening, and there knelt, thanking God for His goodness in permitting him to come to the light.

There are many who, in losing the guiding threads of their lives, lose their right to happy and useful lives here and blessedness hereafter. Parental restraint and advice is spurned. The youth of to-day too often depends upon his own resources and judgment to guide him through life. Threads of industry are lost by the idle and profligate who have no employment and do not want any, for the world owes them a living. Threads of virtue are lost by scorning the advice of friends and listening to the plausible statements of the destroyer of souls. Proof of this is seen in the many young women who are leading lives of shame, and in the men, who, going by the way of the saloon and the brothel, have dragged down innocent and artless womanhood into depths where every ennobling trait of character is a stranger.

True, when once lost, these threads are sometimes regained. But how much better never to have gone astray.

This one thing I do.—St. Paul.

HAVING AN AIM.

A light snow had fallen and a company of schoolboys wished to make the most of it. It was too dry for snow-balling. It was proposed that a number of boys walk across a meadow near by and see who could make the straightest track. On examination it was found that only one could be called straight. When asked, two of them said they went as straight as they could without looking at anything but the ground. The third said, "I fixed my eye on that tree on yonder hill and never looked away till I reached the fence."

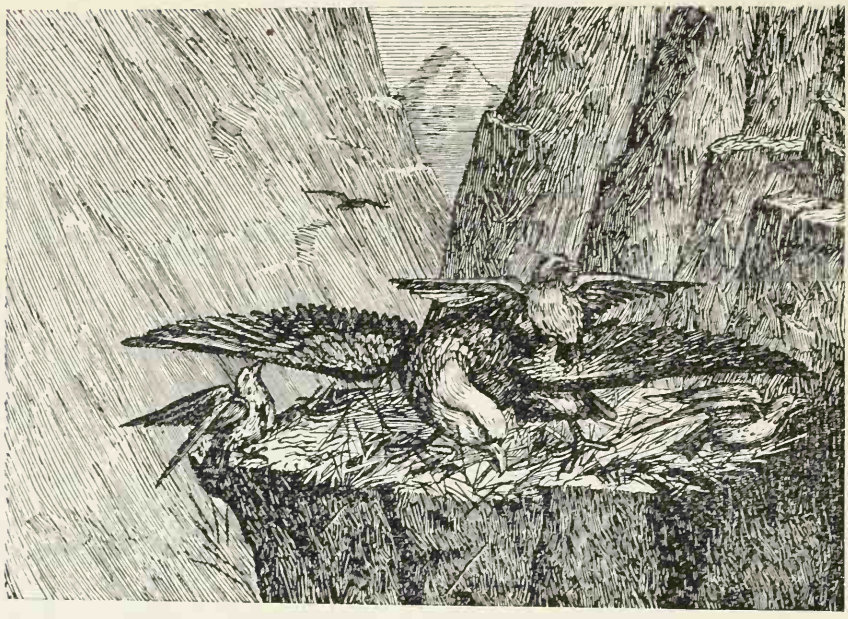
We often miss the end of life by having no object before us.

In one of his fiercest battles, it is known that Philip, King of Macedon, lost his eye from a bowshot. And

when the soldiers picked up the shaft which wounded him, they perceived upon it these words: "To Philip's eye!" The archer was so certain of his skill that he had announced his aim beforehand. It is a pitiable mistake, when one comes to care, like a lawn sportsman, more for a stately posture and a graceful attitude than for the mark he aims at.

Once when the British Science Association met in Dublin, Mr. Huxley arrived late at the city. Fearing to miss the president's address he hurried from the train, jumped into a jaunting-car and breathlessly said to the driver, "Drive fast, I am in a hurry!" The driver slashed his horse with his whip and went spinning down the street. Suddenly it occurred to Mr. Huxley that he had probably not instructed the driver properly. He shouted to the driver, "Do you know where I want to go?" "No, yer 'onor," was Pat's laughing reply, "but I'm driving fast all the while." There are many people who go through the world in this way. They are always going, and sometimes at great speed, but never get anywhere. They have no definite purpose and never accomplish anything.

It is the man that has an aim that accomplishes something in this world. A young man fired with a determined purpose to win in a particular aim has fought half the battle. What was it that has made men great in the past? One dominant aim! Names of great men at once suggest their life purpose. No one thinks of a Watt aside from the steam engine, a Howe suggests the sewing machine, a Bell the telephone, an Edison the electric light, a Morse the telegraph, a Cyrus Field the Atlantic cable. A man of one talent, fixed on a definite object, accomplishes more than a man of ten talents who spreads himself over a large surface. To keep your gun from scattering put in a single shot.



I bare you on eagles' wings.—Exodus.

PROVIDENTIAL LEADINGS.

As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him.—

The inspired writer in the above passage refers to the well-known fact that when the young eaglets are old enough the parent eagle so stirs up the nest that they are obliged to leave it and are compelled to make use of their wings. The parent bird flutters over and about them, spreads out her wings, and when their efforts fail, bears them upon her own wings to a place of safety. Thus their wings are strengthened with use and they are taught to fly and to depend upon themselves. To see the parent tearing to pieces the comfortable nest and to render homeless the young eaglet seems cruel to an observer who does not understand the motive of the parent bird. Why should not the eaglet be left undisturbed in its comfortable nest, where it may remain for weeks?

The parent bird too well knows that as long as it remains in the nest its wings will not become strong and it will consequently be helpless and dependent. Seeing the young eaglet use its wings dexterously in a short time, the observer understands that it was a desire for the well-being of its young that prompted the mother-bird to disturb the quiet of the nest.

Is there not a valuable lesson for all to learn from the action of the eagle? How often do men build themselves nests of ease and luxury and determine to settle down comfortably, when the strong arm of an over-ruling Providence disturbs their would-be rest and overthrows their plans. Oftentimes have men looked upon their lot as a hard one, upon God's dealings with them as almost unkind. It is only after they have been brought to realize the full development of God's plan that they are able to say from the heart, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Jacob, when mourning the loss of Joseph in Egypt, said, "All these things are against me." Joseph, looking backward, said, "God meant it unto good." Paul, who was persecuted and who endured untold sufferings, asserts that these light afflictions work out for us an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Parents can also take a lesson from the action of the mother-bird. Children should be made to depend upon themselves. Many children, and this may be more true of children of wealthy parents, are petted and fondled by anxious, loving parents, until they are of no good in the world, because they have not learned to depend upon their own strength. Notable examples are the two sons of millionaire Geo. Pullman, who, on account of their shiftless and profligate ways, found it necessary to withhold part of their rightful inheritance and to appoint a custodian of all allotted to them.

They shall mount up with wings.—Isaiah.

FAITH REMOVES FEAR.

The bird often perches on a frail branch that bends and yields beneath its weight, or is swayed by the lightest breeze. It has, however, no fear, even though the outward and material support should give way, for it has wings, those supports in itself which God has given. So faith, the gift of God, renders one in a measure independent of external props, and buoys up the soul, though all earthly aids be withdrawn.—E. P. Thwing.

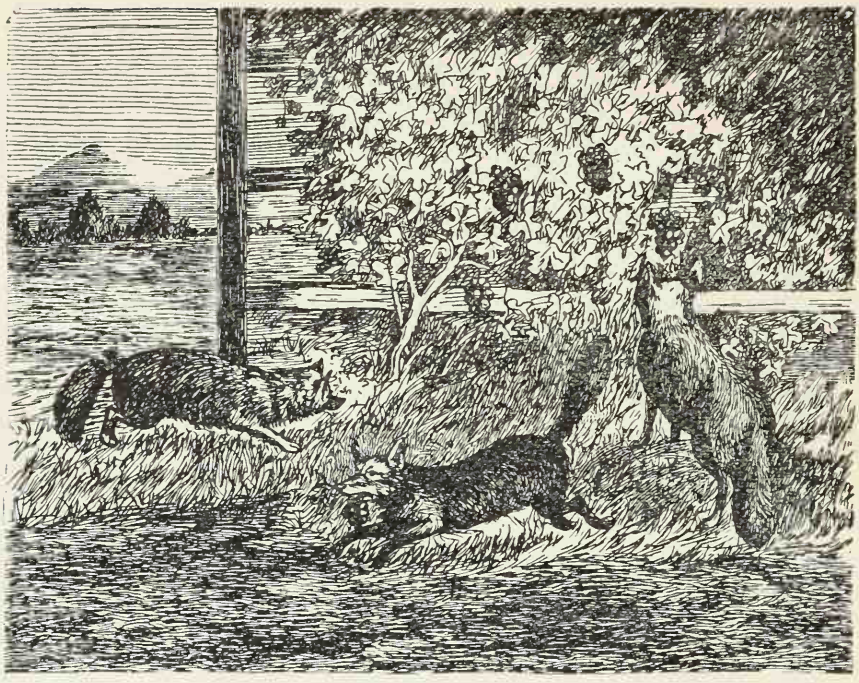
It must be a stirring moment in the life of a little bird when, thrust fluttering from the nest, it discovers that it need not fall—that its wings can bear it up. Hugo has brought the thought very close to us in the beautiful lines:

"Be like a bird that halting in her flight
A while on boughs too slight,
Feels them give away beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings."

Very often in these lives of ours we rest for a time on "boughs too slight." We depend on our own strength, on the promises of friends, on circumstances that seem so favorable, and suddenly we find them giving way beneath us. But even then there is no need for us to fall helplessly. Let us spread the pinions of faith and love, and soar upward, singing praises to Him who gave us our wings, not only to prevent our falling, but that we should mount joyfully into the cloudless blue of heaven itself.

It is a clear delight for the soul to have trust in the fidelity of another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with tears and the touch of pain. It pours a balm into the very source of sorrow. It is a hope undeferred, a flowery seclusion, into which the mind, when weary of sadness, may retreat for a caress of constant love; a warmth in the hand of friendship forever lingering on the hand; a consoling voice that dwells as with an eternal echo on the ear; a dew of mercy falling on the bruised and troubled hearts of this world.—Harper's.

The effect of abating faith means disorder, wickedness, the decay of homes and of governments. It means the French Revolution and the reign of such men as Robespierre and Mirabeau. It means riot and uprising and communistic excitement. Life would then be but a burning, sandy desert, surrounded on all sides by a dark and impenetrable horizon. An endless starry night would settle over the world, and instead of the hymn of praise and the song of hope there would everywhere be heard the piercing wail of anguish and despair.—S. P. Linn.



Take us the foxes, the little foxes, for our vines have tender grapes.
—Solomon.

LITTLE FOXES.

The little foxes infesting the vine and bearing away luscious fruit represent those unsuspected, insignificant little causes that nibble many clusters of domestic happiness, marring the noble institution of home, and granting to communities of people far less happiness than their circumstances and their traits entitled them to expect.

The foxes that spoil the vines may be very little foxes, but they do a tremendous work and become of vast importance. The little and unimportant things in our lives often make up those lives, form our characters and determine our future destinies.

Fault-finding is a little fox that many people let run quite freely among their vines, with the idea that he helps the growth of the grapes. But let us look over life and ask, How much of the fault-finding that prevails has the

least tendency to do any good? How much of it is well-timed, well-spoken and deliberate, and how much of it does not profess to do more than to give vent to an irritable state of feeling?

Repression.—The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid, deeds undone. How much more might we make of our friendships if our thoughts of love blossomed into deeds; and yet many of us have a habit of repression in regard to all that is noblest within us. This little fox may seem too small to do any mischief, yet he has spoiled many grapes of happiness. Let us say the kind things that rise in our hearts, do the loving deeds that we long to do, till the hearts of those around us, instead of being so many frozen islands, shall resound with the echo of bird voices, answering with a constant melody of love.

Self-Will is another active little fellow who has destroyed more grapes than can be estimated. Are the little differences that rise up in a family or community worth the ill-tempered words apt to grow out of a discussion? Are the little criticisms we make on one another worth the destruction of quietude and happiness? Rather let every man and woman learn to give up in little things with good grace.

Irritability.—This is a state of nervous torture; it really approaches physical depravity. There are some conditions of the nerves such that even an angelic spirit in a body thus disordered could not more than simply endure. The warding off of this little fox can be accomplished in two ways: First, by keeping ourselves out of irritable bodily states; second, by controlling these states when they environ us.

There is a way that seemeth right, but the end thereof is death.
—Solomon.

TWO WAYS.

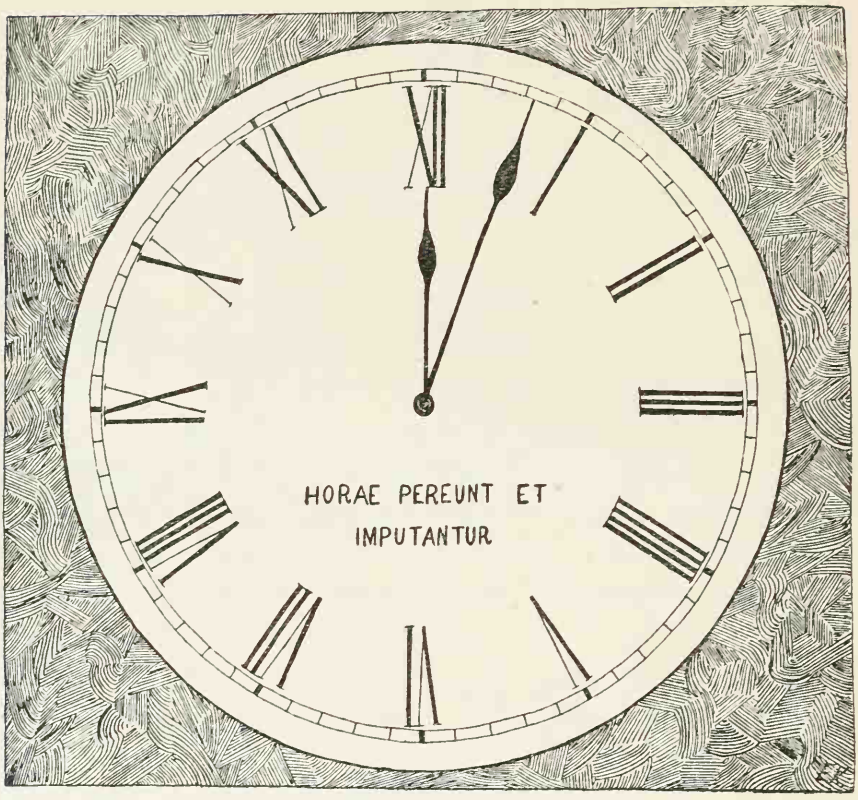
Jean Paul Richter has pictured an aged man at the close of a wasted life recalling the hour of his youth when his father placed him at the entrance of two roads, "one leading into a peaceful, sunny land,, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled." Stung with remorse at the result of that hour's choice, he cries out for the return of youth. His prayer is granted, for he is still a boy at the parting of the ways, and has seen in a dream the consequences of a wrong choice. The two ways—the way that leads into the land of peace and fruitfulness, of light and life, and the way that leads into the land of unrest and darkness and death—are before us now. The choice is ours now, but we know not how long it will be. "Therefore, choose you, this day."

Pythagoras compared life to the letter Y. It is the

diverging of the broad and the narrow ways. It is easy to go in the right way at first. It is comparatively easy to cross from the wrong to the right way at the beginning. But each day's progress widens the distance. Obstacles grow greater, till at last it is almost impossible to change.

A painter once painted the portrait of a lovely child. That heavenly countenance cheered him in his work as he gazed upon it in his study. Years after he resolved to paint its opposite. He could find no face ugly enough until at last he found it in a hardened wretch confined for life in a prison cell. After painting the terrible face imagine his astonishment when he learned that it was that of the same person that he had painted before. The lovely, innocent child had become the hardened, profligate criminal. In the bosom of every child there slumbers in embryo the demon of destruction and woe or the angel of purity and light. Each individual must choose what it shall be.

An old legend says that a fool and a wise man journeyed together and came to a point where there was a parting of the ways—one was broad and pleasant and the other narrow and rough. The fool desired to take the broad way, but the wise man, knowing that the other was the shorter and safer, preferred that. The fool, so urgent in his demands, prevailed upon the wise man at last, against his better judgment, to take the pleasant path. Robbers took them captive, and in turn both they and the robbers were taken by officers of the law. Before the judge the wise man pleaded that the fool was to blame, and the fool pleaded that he was only a fool and that no sensible man should have heeded his counsel. The judge punished both equally. Man himself must suffer if he does not choose the path of virtue and life.



As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto all men.—St. Paul.

IMPROVING OPPORTUNITIES.

"No clock can tick for us the moments gone."

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—Disraeli.

Two centuries ago a great sun dial was reared in All Souls' College, Oxford, England. Over it were written in letters of gold the Latin words, "Horae pereunt et imputantur—" "Hours pass and are set down to our account." It is said that many young men were stimulated thereby to the most conscientious use of hours and opportunities as they passed. The benefit was seen in the long lives of usefulness and faithfulness of many of these noble youth.

I think that "opportunity" is like the doctrine of election. You can tell nothing about it from "the front," but may see "millions in it" from the "other side."—J. G. Woolley.

There never was an angel of God, however bright, terrible or strong, that was able to roll away the stone from the grave of a dead opportunity.—Mrs. Harper.

The event of a lifetime may be found in an opportune moment of time. William J. Bryan saw his opportunity and, by the utterance of a few sentences at an opportune time, made that which was unthought of possible, and became one of the most aggressive presidential candidates in our country's history. Vanderbilt saw his opportunity in steamboat navigation; Rockefeller in petroleum; Elizabeth Fry in the prisons of England; Philip Armour saw his opportunity in Grant's order, "On to Richmond." Hen went to New York and sold pork at $40 a barrel. It afterward fell to $12 and he made two millions.

Gough, in representing men who do not seize their opportunity, said that some men have three hands—a right hand, a left hand and a little behindhand.

Opportunities come to all. The days of every life are full of them. But the trouble with too many of us is that we do not make anything out of them while we have them. The next moment they are gone. One man goes through life sighing for opportunities. If only he had this or that gift, or place, or position, he would do great things, he says; but with his means, his poor chances, his meager privileges, his uncongenial circumstances, his limitations, he can do nothing worthy of himself. Then another man comes up close beside him, with like means, chances, circumstances, privileges, and he achieves noble results, does heroic things, wins for himself honor or renown. The secret is in the man, not in his environment.—J. R. Miller.

Thou knowest not whether shall prosper.—Solomon.

UNSEEN INFLUENCES.

"How do you know there is a kite in the air?" said a man to a boy who was holding a string leading skyward. "I see nothing and you see nothing." "But I feel it *pull*!" was the prompt reply.

So with many unseen influences coming from various sources. We cannot explain their origin, but somehow they mold and shape our lives; somehow we feel them pull our hearts upward and onward.

We associate with men whose thoughts are ennobling, whose lives are refined and have an aim, whose conversation is elevating, whose manners and bearing are courteous and dignified, and unconsciously our own lives are taking on the same traits, our characters are expanding in the same direction. On the other hand, let our companions be those whose thoughts are debasing, whose lives are coarse and aimless, whose conversation is commonplace and borders on the vulgar,

whose manners are rude and offensive, and unconsciously and involuntarily we, at least in some respects, show the influence of these surroundings upon our own lives.

Sailing from Cuba, a sailor thought he had gained sixty miles one day, but the next observation showed that he had lost more than thirty miles. There was an unseen undercurrent. The ship had been going forward by the wind but going back by a current. A man's course may often seem to be right, but the undercurrent is sometimes carrying him in a direction the very opposite of that which he thinks he is going. Unseen influences may be debasing or elevating. Every man has an influence over someone else. This influence may be far-reaching or otherwise, according to circumstances. It is impossible to deny or to be free from the responsibility of exerting an influence upon others. Each one must, however, decide for himself whether this influence shall be ennobling or degrading.

Many a pliable youth, whose future was still undecided, has had his destiny determined by a word, a look, a touch, a shadow. Thousands of men have been destroyed in this world who never knew, nor even suspected, that it was some small circumstance that determined their destruction. Thousands of men have been led by some unseen influence to choose the better part and to give their lives for the uplifting of humanity.

"I have no more influence than a farthing rushlight," said a workman, in his blouse. A friend replied: "Well, a rushlight does much. It may burn a haystack or a house; it helps one read a chapter in God's word. Go your way and let your little rushlight so shine before men that they may glorify your Father in heaven."

Evil shall not overtake us.—Amos.

OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.

'Twas evening, and the setting sun
Threw beams of fire athwart the lea,
As two young forms, their errand done,
Hied home beside the heaving sea.

The way was long—the rocky shore
Stretched round for miles beneath their eyes;
Yet o'er the waters, straight before,
Their father's sheltered cabin lies.

"Come, sister, come," the elder cried,
"We'll cross the moist and spongy sand;
Our swifter feet shall race the tide,
And reach yon jutting point of land."

They go; but ere they far had crossed,
The flood had turned with foaming crest—
Came roaring in—and all seemed lost,
As terror filled each childish breast.

They looked behind—the treacherous sea
Had rolled between them and the shore,
And where in front their way should be
Now surged the waves with hideous roar.

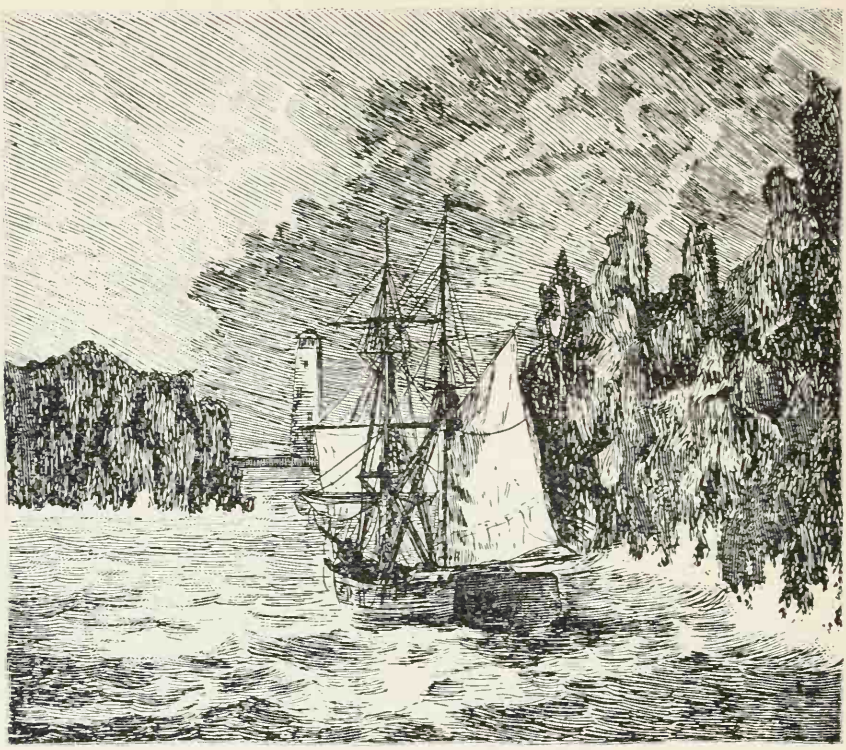
The younger gazed with staring eyes
That glittered with ecstatic fear,
And watched the foaming walls arise
That nearer rolled, and still more near.

The elder prayed, "O God, our Lord!
Who long ago in Galilee
Didst still the tempest by thy word,
With pity now our peril see!"

That prayer was heard, for faith had prayed;
A boat leaps swiftly o'er the waves;
Their earthly parent flies to aid,
And, praising God, his children saves!

— E. J. Pope.

Thus does youth often venture in paths that seem safe for the time being, but hardly having entered upon them they are overtaken by tides of temptation, of doubt, of unbelief, of sin. How often have promising youths, strong and vigorous, started out believing themselves able to withstand any flow of the tide, but how often, even ere the noonday of life was reached, have the tides of evil associates, bad habits, sinful pleasures and self-indulgence rolled over them, leaving them physical and moral wrecks! Better take the more safe path, even though to youthful eyes another may seem more inviting. Better not take the first glass of strong drink, better not smoke the first cigar, than to depend upon your strength to quit when you wish. Thousands who were of the same mind as you have gone down before these awful tides of habit, pleasure and sin. Better take the Irishman's advice, who, after being in this country for some time, wrote to his friend in Ireland: "Dear Patrick, if you have not started, go back." Do as Solomon says, "Leave off beforehand."



Launch out into the deep.—Jesus Christ.

IN DEEP WATER.

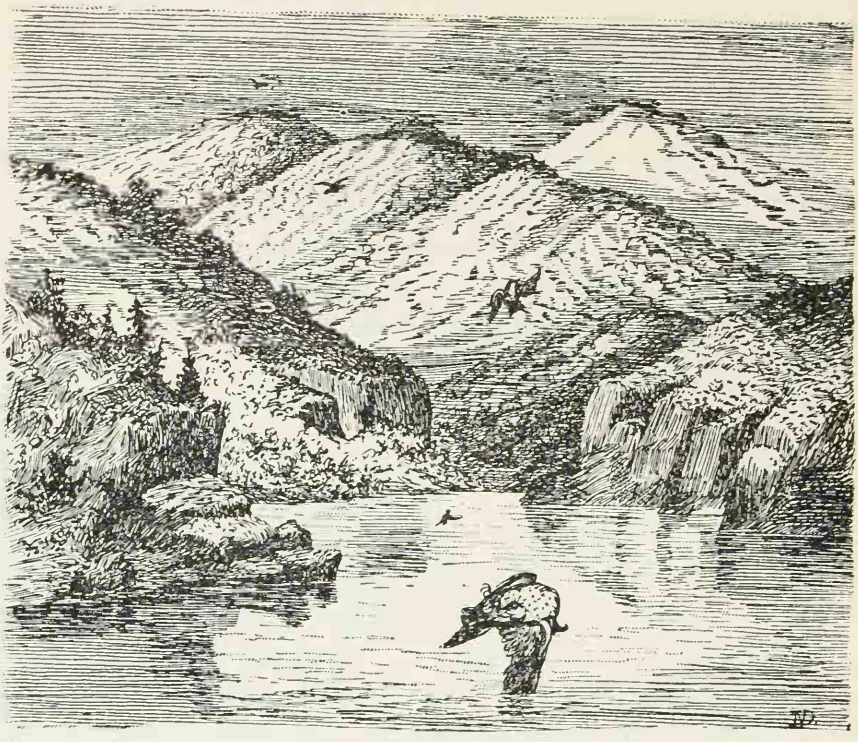
A passenger said to the pilot of a steamboat: "You have been a long time, I suppose, at this business?" "Yes," answered the pilot, "upward of twenty years." "You know, then, every rock and shoal in these waters?" "Not by a long way," was the reply. "How then dare you act as pilot?" inquired the passenger. "Because I know where the deep water is." That was all that was necessary to safe piloting. As long as the man at the wheel kept the boat in deep water she was safe. Many ships have been wrecked because the men in charge failed to see that their course was taking the vessel out of deep water. Safety lies in keeping in the channel.

That pilot unconsciously expressed an important truth that all will do well to observe. It is not at all neces-

sary for us to know the extent and character of all the evils that exist. But we do need to know where the path of right and duty lies.

The suggestion that we ought to know just what evils exist in order that we may avoid them is a dangerous one. Young men often think that they must look on the face of vice in order to recognize virtue when they see her. There could be no greater mistake. Virtue can be recognized without any such perilous experiments. Keep to the deep water young man. It is not required of you to name and describe all the rocks of evil that lie outside of the channel. Your place is not among the reefs and shoals but where there is plenty of clear water between your vessel's keel and the bottom. The honest inquirer need not be in doubt as to where the path of a clean and useful life lies. It will not help and it may hinder him to become acquainted with the "crooked ways" of wicked men. It is better to be called ignorant and "verdant" and be innocent than to be among the knowing and besmirched ones. With intentions and purposes, however noble and elevating, the investigations of the theater and the dens of vice and infamy must leave their mark on manhood's innocent brow. Young man, avoid these awful rocks and shoals and keep in deep water. It is not only a waste of time, it is running a fearful risk to acquaint yourself familiarly with evil.

The same truth holds in the religious world. It is better to know what God says than to know what the errorist and critic of God's word says. It may be the business of the cartographer to map out the rocks and shoals, but the pilot's business is to keep the vessel in deep water. Many have been wrecked on the shoals of unbelief in attempting to investigate error. The best refutation of error is the teaching of the truth. The safest way to extend religion is the living of the truth. Whatever else you do, keep in deep water, young man.



Rather . . . than to enjoy the pleasures of sin.—St. Paul.

AVERNUS.

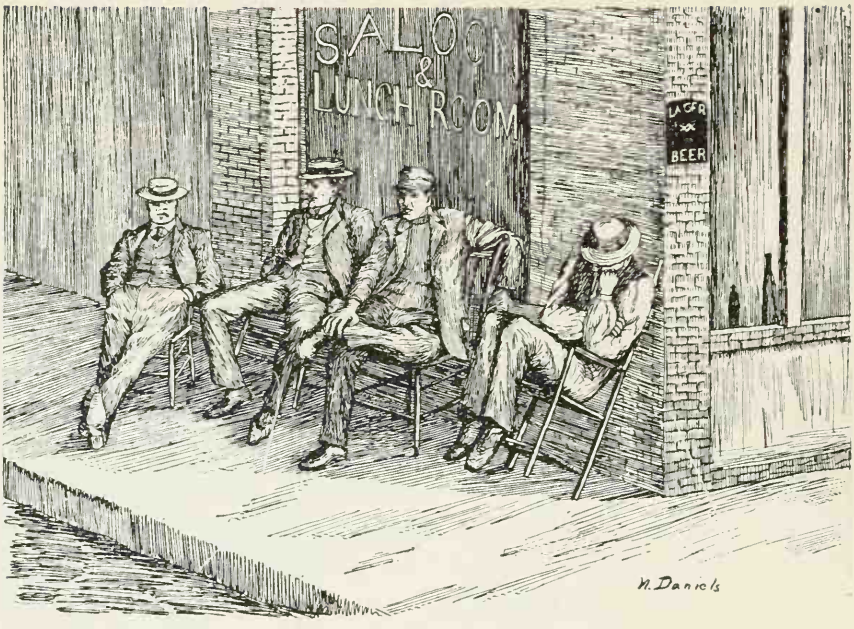
Pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfalls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever.

—Burns.

Avernus means birdless and is the name of a small and nearly circular lake in Campania, Italy. It is located in the desolate crater of an extinct volcano. The ancients say that a sulphurous and mephitic vapor rose from the infernal depths and hung over the dark waters, poisoning the atmosphere and stupefying the sense of the eagle and the nightingale that tried to pass from shore to shore. The wing suddenly became powerless, and the eagle, with his pride, and the nightingale, with his song, fell into the river of death.

There is a lake of pleasure, of folly, of sin, lying near the homes of the young. A deadly air hangs over it. The young, forgetful or ignorant of its fatal vapors, spread their wings upon its hither shore—those wings made in Heaven and good enough for angels. But at last their flight is checked, and be the heart once proud like the eagle's or sweet with song like the lark's, alike it falls into the dark flood. Every young heart of man or woman carries with it a vitality that may make and a genius that may beautify a vast empire. As God implants in the young bird a power that makes it at last spread its wings and cast itself upon the soft air, so into the young bosom, which He loves more than He loves the sparrow, He has emptied an urn of enthusiasm, of hope, of sentiment, of love, of ambition, which are to become the wings of all subsequent flight. Trusting yourselves, my young friends, to these wings, the great air of the world will softly bear you up. But to permit this holy vitality to exhaust itself in a saloon beneath the pavement, to compel the inspiration of a young heart to spend its divine resources upon a drunken song, or to study only the shape and colorings of a toilet, to turn away such a gifted spirit from the enthusiasm of learning, of art, of culture, of religion, and make it beat its bright wings only in the foul atmosphere of vice, is the most painful of all the pictures seen in the drama of man.—David Swing.

A bee found a pot of honey ready made, and began to sip out of the dish rather than to fly about the meadows and gather little by little the sweetness from the cups of flowers. When it began to get tired it found that its wings were all clogged and would not open, nor could it drag its body out of the mass. So it died, buried in pleasure.—J. Edmond.



The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing.—Solomon.

ON THE BORDERLAND OF CRIME.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as when it stands.

—Cowper.

"Work is as necessary for peace of mind as for health of body. A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work."

The bird that ceases to use its wings does not hang in mid-air, but drops like a stone to the ground, and by a law almost as certain he sinks into evil habits whose time and faculties are not engaged in innocent and good employments. So much is this the case that though the periods of relaxation are desirable there is danger in unduly prolonging them. "There are few, indeed," says Addison, "who know how to be idle and innocent; every diversion they take is at the expense of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly." The purest water left to stagnate grows putrid, and the finest soil thrown into fallow

soon throws up a crop of weeds. Had David, as in other days, followed his army to the battlefield, he had periled his life but saved his character; escaping a temptation that owed perhaps more than half its power to the luxurious ease and idleness of a palace. Idleness is the mother of mischief, and who would keep their hands from doing wrong must employ them in doing good.—Guthrie.

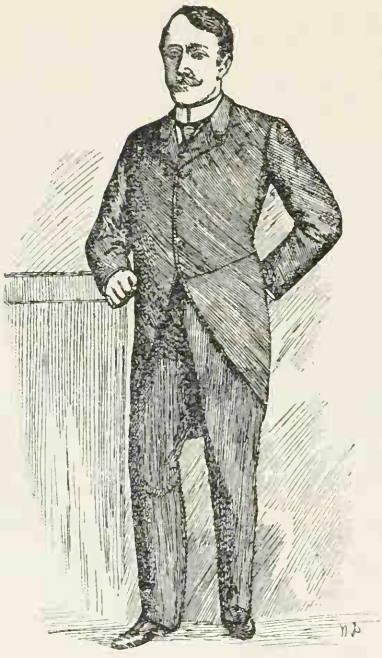
There is nothing that wastes strength like idleness, and nothing that keeps one's strength like tireless activity. Alice Rollins, in a little poem, tells of a potter at his work whose one foot was kept busy turning his swift wheel, while the other rested patiently on the ground. When sympathy is expressed in "How tired his foot must be!" the potter corrects the error as to the source of weariness:

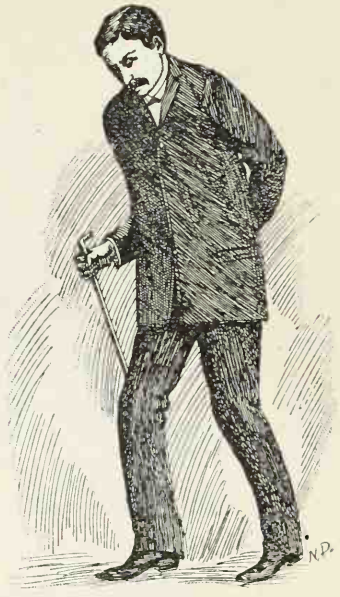
"Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired;
No, marm, it isn't the foot that kicks,
The one that stands gets tired."

If you want to get tired, do nothing. The man that is idle is least ready to lend a helping hand, while the man who is doing most is always ready to do one thing more. Shun idleness as you would a deadly foe.

The man who did not think it respectable to bring up his children to work in later years heard from his three sons. One was a driver on a canal; another was arrested as a vagrant; the third had gone to an institution to learn to hammer stones under a keeper.

George Schorb says laziness is the unpardonable sin. Nature abhors a vacuum, especially in the head. If it is not filled with good, the bad will surely find something. If the soil is not cultivated weeds will grow. It is important to direct the occupation of a people, but much more important to direct their leisure. Idleness should always be considered a disgrace.





As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.—Solomon.

ERECT OR STOOPED-SHOULDERED.

A man cannot aspire if he looks down. Look upward, live upward.—Marden.

The youth who does not look up will look down, and the spirit that does not soar is destined perhaps to grovel.—Disraeli.

If we look down, then our shoulders stoop. If our thoughts look down, our character bends. It is only when we hold our heads up that the body becomes erect. It is only when our thoughts go up that our lives become erect.—Alexander McKenzie.

Stooped shoulders are a deformity and a serious detriment to good health. One of the first principles of physical beauty, strength and healthfulness is erect carriage. Man's upright carriage is one of the strong marks of distinction from the brute creation, and the Creator has made it essential to physical perfection and fullness

of days. A stooped form is unnatural. Keep the body straight. This is important.—S. P. Spreng.

There is a personality, within this outer stature, which also has form, proportions and carriage. It is the true self. This inner man originally was erect, upright, holy. But sin came and smote him into deformity. Originally he looked upward; since his fall his thoughts are downward, and he continually goes from bad to worse. He stoops earthward. All the imaginations of his heart are evil. If our habitual thoughts are down and not up, then our character is sure to bend—and is bent and we are returning to the deceitful and destructive ways of sin. It is essential to spiritual healthfulness that we hold our heads up and that we strictly maintain an erect carriage. This erect bearing is one of the strong marks of distinction between the followers of Christ and the servants of sin. There should be no stoop-shouldered Christians. But it is to be feared that if the veil were drawn aside and we were enabled to see the spiritual man as he is in multitudes of Christians, we would behold a sorry lot of deformities.—S. P. Spreng.

A noble aspiration gives the youth a manly, erect bearing On the other hand, to have no aspirations or to aspire to that which does not ennoble life gives the individual the stoop-shouldered appearance.

John Ruskin is said to have given away most of his fortune in his efforts to teach English artisans what is beautiful. George W. Childs, Philadelphia's nobleman; Elizabeth Fry, England's prison reformer; W. E. Dodge, New York's philanthropist; Frances E. Willard, the leader in temperance work; Gladstone, the invincible, and a host of others of God's nobility, have risen to such great heights because of an aspiration towering far above selfish ambition or the love of glory, riches and outward advantages.

Honor thy father and thy mother.—Jehovah.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

During the French Revolution an innocent girl and her father were imprisoned. When the massacres of September commenced and the sight of blood seemed to increase the rage of the assassins the girl's father was led forth to be executed. The young girl threw herself between her father and her enemies so that a sword lifted against her father could not be struck but through the body of his child. The courage and filial affection for a moment stunned the assassins. She seized the favorable opportunity and plead for his life. One of the monsters proposed that she should drink a glass of blood and her father would be saved. She shuddered and retreated, but filial affection gained the ascendency and she yielded to the horrible condition. The cry of "Pardon" was heard, and she fell into her father's trembling

arms, who was overcome by such powerful affection and so providential a deliverance. Even the outrageous assassins shed tears, and the father and daughter were conducted to a place of safety.

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death as a punishment for offenses committed in the discharge of an important public office which he had filled acceptably for many years. His son, eighteen years of age, learning of his father's doom, rushed before the judge who had pronounced the fatal decree, and, throwing himself at his feet, prayed that he might suffer instead of his father. The magistrate, satisfied of the sincerity of the youth, laid the whole matter before the king. The king was so deeply affected by the son's reverence and love for his father that he pardoned the father and appointed the son to a confidential office.

Hebrew tradition gives an account of a Gentile gem merchant who had a very valuable sapphire, unsurpassed in brilliancy and color. A Jewish elder was sent to search for such a stone. The gem merchant informed him that he had what was desired but could not get it at once, as it was in a room in which his aged father was sleeping, and money could not induce him to wake his father. The elder was compelled to return at once, and offered him many times its value for the gem, but the merchant could not be persuaded to disturb his father. He lost a very profitable sale, but he had something better—the consciousness of having the blessing that comes from a son's filial affection.

Some may suppose these to be extreme cases, but there are many examples of children risking their lives and all to show their affection for their parents.

Do your parents know of the filial affection toward them? Show it in every possible way now and make their lives the happier. To-morrow it may be too late.

A child is known by his doings.—Solomon.

FILIAL INGRATITUDE.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.
—Shakespeare.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea monster.
—Shakespeare.

He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.
—Young.

A poor negress, a slave in the Mauritius, with great labor and long parsimony, had saved as much money as enabled her to purchase her daughter from their common owner; being content to remain in bondage for the pleasure of seeing her child walking at large, with shoes on her feet, which are there the badge of freedom among people of color, no slave being permitted to wear them.

Soon after the affectionate mother, happening to come into a room where this daughter was sitting, very naturally and unconsciously sat down beside her, as she had been wont to do. A moment or two afterward the daughter turned round in a rage and rebuked her, exclaiming, "How dare you sit in my presence? Do you not know that I am a free woman and you are a slave?"

How often in this land that boasts that the shackles of the slave are broken does it occur that parents are the slaves of their children in everything but in name. The love for the child prompts the parent to self-denial in the extreme, and then, when the child is grown and has formed associations that are not congenial to the highest welfare, the son or daughter repays the debt of gratitude by resorting to that most unpardonable of crimes—ingratitude. This feeling of ingratitude steals by degrees over the soul until the parent is subjected to the conditions that become the servant and slave.

The young man that refers to his father as the old man and to his mother as the old woman may be ignorant of the fact, but there is no mistake about it that he is not the grateful son that he should be, and is in great danger of moving down the inclined plane that ends in recklessness. The young woman that can enter society and enjoy the fashions and fleeting pleasures of youth while her mother is by necessity compelled to lead a life of drudgery at home may awake to real facts when it is too late, when regret of the past will not efface from the mind the acts that made her an ungrateful daughter.

Young man, young woman, your parents will soon leave you. Nothing will so fill your life with true happiness as to know that you did your utmost to repay your parents for their self-denying life in order that you might prosper.

His sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not.—Samuel.

PARENTAL NEGLECT.

Be wakeful, be vigilant;
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

—Caroline Bowles Southey.

A father took his little girl of a few summers out walking one pleasant afternoon. In their rambles they found themselves near a ledge of rocks. The tempting breeze caused the father to sit down to enjoy it. Almost unconsciously he fell asleep. The little girl amused herself in picking flowers and grasses. Venturing nearer to the edge of the rock, and looking down, she saw a beautiful flower, as she supposed, just within her reach. Stooping down and leaning over she grasped the flower, but in so doing she lost her hold and fell into the depths

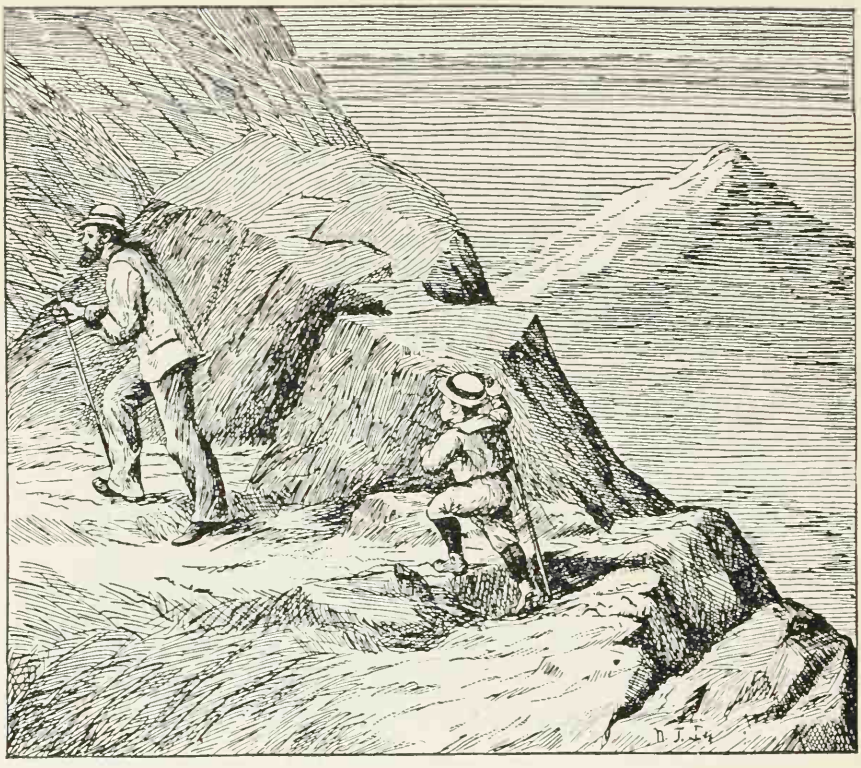
below. Her cry of anguish as she fell awoke her father, who, hastening to her relief, could do nothing but pick up the lifeless form of his loved one, with the little hand still clutching the flower. The regret and remorse of a lifetime could not cancel the effect of that moment of neglect.

There are other parents whose children are in danger, morally and spiritually, of pitfalls more destructive than any precipice. The parents who permit their children to run at large without knowing what company they are in, or who permit their children to be out at night without knowing where they are, may be awaked from their slumber of neglect by the cry of anguish that comes from a lost or ruined life.

Parents may think that their children are able to judge for themselves, that they are too wise or too cautious to permit their foothold to be lost, that they are too well trained to yield to the temptations to evil, that they no longer need the care and oversight of earlier years. They may, however, find that in unguarded moments an enemy has been sowing seeds that are springing up and are yielding a harvest of tares.

The public was recently informed of a youth of a well trained Christian family whose parents led a very busy life. They were satisfied that "our boys are all virtuous and have no bad habits." Imagine their surprise to find that a promising son had almost ruined himself by cigarette smoking. Although under their daily care, they had not observed that bad companions were misleading one of their household until the ruinous effects of the cigarette had left its mark upon him.

This circumstance suggests the care necessary in training the young. How frequently the case that the young man or young woman has fallen over the precipice before the parents are aware of any danger!



That ye should follow his steps.—St. Peter.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

A little boy and his father were walking through a garden where there were tender vines.

"Now, papa," says Ned, "you be careful
That you step in just the right place,
For right in your footsteps I'm stepping."
"Ah! that," sighed the father "is the case."

Let's stop now and think ere we journey,
Would we travel the road just ahead
If we knew that our own cherished darlings
Would follow the path we have led?

—Ada Clarke.

A good story is told by Dr. Johnson of a father hearing the voice of his child behind him as he was pick-

ing his way carefully along the mountainside, "Take a safe path, papa; I'm coming after you." Ah! if older Christians, while passing along the rugged hill of life, would only remember that young Christians and children are coming on after them, how much more circumspect would they be concerning the path taken. Would any father visit the theater, the gambling saloons, the tavern, the place of licentiousness, holding his little boy by the hand? Will Christian parents permit themselves to frequent doubtful places of any kind with the almost dead certainty that their children will follow them there? Will unconverted parents continue to press on their downward course while they hear the little feet of their darlings pattering after them? Will anyone allow himself to mislead a little child?

"What will you take?" was the question asked an observant boy at table, and referring to the drink he might desire.

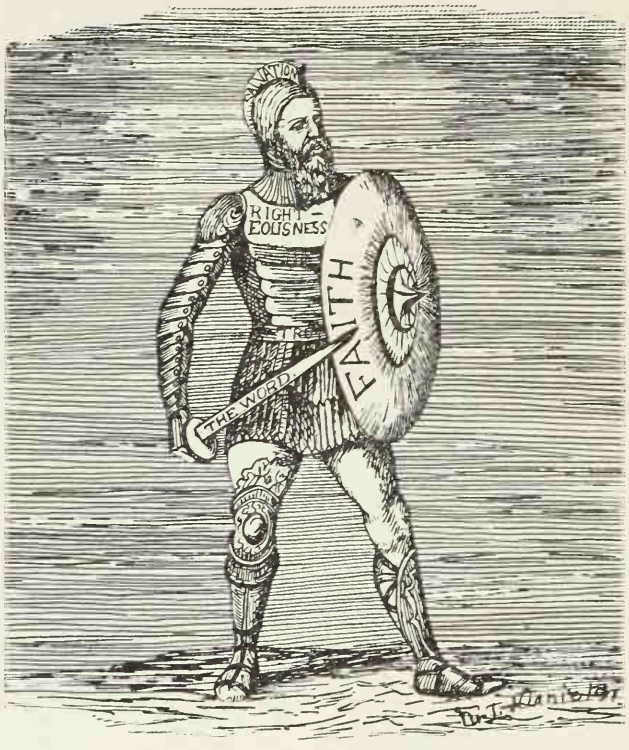
"I will take what father takes." The father had received from the waiter a glass of intoxicating drink.

The father heard the boy's remark, set aside his glass, and called for water.

The saddest of all experiences is the consciousness that an opportunity for right doing has been lost.

Fathers and mothers, your opportunity in behalf of your boys and girls is to-day—*now!* Don't let it slip from you.

Our opportunity is to-day. Voltaire made the age of five the limit inside which character substantially is settled. That limit cannot be set with safety very far ahead. I don't want to be so absorbed in the cares and pursuits of my generation as to forget the next.



Shew thyself a man.—David.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER AND HERO.

Our hero, the Christian, stands out with a helmet of salvation on his head, a shield of faith on his arm, shoes of gospel peace on his feet, his loins girt about with truth, a breastplate of righteousness, the sword of the spirit in his hand. Such a soldier does not enjoy lying about the fort; he likes the open air of the battlefield where courageous deeds are to be done.

We frequently associate heroism with daring deeds in time of danger or with the clash of bayonet and boom of cannon on the battlefield, but there are heroes of a still higher order. Our day needs heroes in all the walks of life. The heroic Christian soldier rises above what the world calls fame and success. He has the courage to

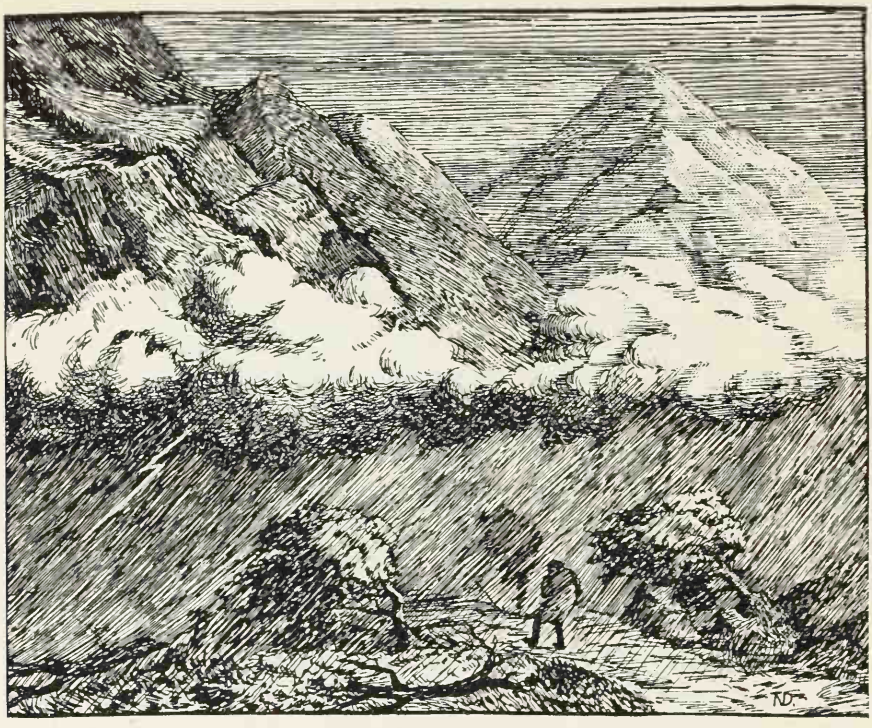
withstand every evil, and, although beaten back and discomfited, is ready to stand single-handed, if need be, bearing every attack upon Christian manhood.

Many a modern young man has an inordinate hankering after publicity. Some would crown as heroes the winners in a game of baseball or football, where very little brains and no moral worth are required. The effort of our daily papers is disgusting and ruinous to our youth. Heroes, did I say? These are not heroes. Higher, purer, nobler and more worthy are the aspirations of the royal manhood of to-day. Moral worth is the true measure by which every man's stature is determined. England's prince is no longer great because he is a prince. Every man is measured by what he is. Everyone has in himself the possibilities of Christian manhood. A sound mind, a well-balanced judgment, an inflexible purpose, a magnanimous soul, together with a never-yielding faith in a Divinity that shapes our ends will, yea, must, make a hero of any young man. Moral heroes! Spiritual heroes! These are the birthright of every American citizen, the heritage of every man and woman. Do not sigh for an opportunity of exhibiting valor. To rise requires an effort. Any man can slide down hill.

Of all heroes, God's heroes are the noblest. Heroes of long-suffering, forbearance and charity; heroes of unostentatious self-denial, of the household, lowly, toiling ones, climbing mountains of sacrifice under heavy crosses, without a human hand held out in sympathy; men and women shut out from stimulating activities, faithfully performing earth's lower ministries, pointing souls to a purer, nobler life in Him who is our life.

Friend, you may be a hero; you ought to be one. Awake the dormant powers within you.

> Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
> Be a hero in the strife. —Longfellow.



I will ascend above the heights of the clouds.—Isaiah.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Alpine tourists tell of climbing peaks through the mists until they stand above them under the cloudless sky. In the valley beneath lies the waveless ocean of white fogs and vapors. Listening, they hear the chiming of bells and the sounds of life and labor below. Now and then a bird darts up out of the cloudy sea, perches on a crag and sings a glad song to greet the brightness, and then dives down again and disappears.

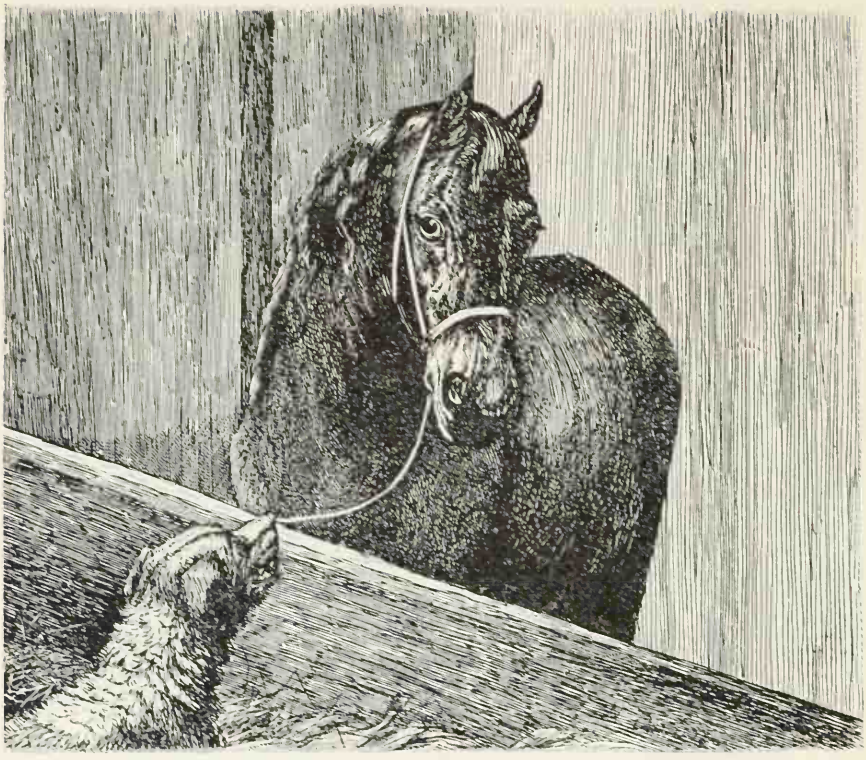
When in Madeira Mr. Corderoy rose early one morning, hoping to reach the summit of a certain mountain to gaze upon a magnificent scene and enjoy the balmy air. He had a servant with him and they had ascended about two thousand feet when a thick mist was seen descending upon them, quite obscuring the

whole face of the heavens. Mr. C— thought there was no chance left but at once to retrace their steps. As the cloud came nearer the guide ran on penetrating the mist and calling to Mr. C— ever and anon, "Press on, Master, press on! There is light beyond." He did press on, and in a few minutes the mist was passed, and they gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above; beneath was the almost level mist concealing the world below and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. Says Mr. C—: "There was nothing between us and heaven. I have often thought since there was nothing like 'pressing on' in every trial of life, assured that although the mists of earth may hang around us at certain stages of our journey, there is light beyond."

Someone says that it is one of the mysteries of our life that genius, that noblest gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. It is often necessary that man push on through the mists of poverty, adversity, and even persecution, before he reaches the clear sunlight of an elevated position of hopes and expectations fully realized. Succeeding centuries show the mighty purposes God was working out in the apparent failure and humiliation of some of the noblest men of the past.

Paul wrote a number of his best epistles while confined in a prison at Rome. Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress" on the untwisted paper used to cork the bottles of milk brought for his meals. The civil war revealed to us the strength of a Lincoln. Garrison and Wendell Phillips would probably never have been known had it not been for slavery. Milton was blind and poor when he produced his greatest works.

Noble, virtuous manhood persistently pushes through the mist and rises in the sunlight above the clouds.



Beware of covetousness.—St. Luke.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

—Pope.

Æsop's Fable of the Dog in the Manger is old, but the subjects of application have by no means all passed away. The dog lay down to sleep in the fresh, sweet hay placed in the stall for the horse, and would not permit the horse to eat the hay, although he could not eat it himself.

There are persons whose only happiness seems to be in the effort to keep others from the enjoyment of blessings to which they are entitled. This spirit often

exhibits itself even in childhood. "If I cannot have it, he shall not have it, either," says the boy who is denied what may seem to be a pleasure to him. As the child grows up the same spirit accompanies it in the home, in the social circle, in business and even sometimes in the sacred pew. When this spirit takes hold of an individual it grows, and of all evils is the most treacherous. Many a man, when he begins to accumulate wealth, begins to acquire this spirit of covetousness. The miser does not in hoarding his dollars gain happiness. Every dollar added to his pile increases the covetous spirit. He does not enjoy his wealth, and he envies those who make good use of their means. With him it is get, get, get. Others may perish or suffer for lack of food, but he has no heart in anything except to acquire and to hold. What is most to be guarded against is the first approaches of this spirit. Selfishness and self-gratification lead to it. No one should be wrapped up in his own interests to the extent that he loses all interest in the rights and happiness of others. Once this spirit gains possession of an individual and he is always ready with excuses for his conduct.

James, who ate all the grapes, excused himself by saying that when he had eaten half he happened to think that he had eaten his sister's half instead of his own, and expressed sorrow for his sister. This boy's excuse is as plausible as is that of many kindred selfish spirits.

In what strange contrast is the spirit that seeks to make others happy—a spirit that has actuated all great and prominent men and women that have been a blessing to the world. Study the lives of great men and women of the past and then seek to acquire their spirits, and you will never be in danger of the dog-in-the-manger spirit.

Charity suffereth long.—St. Paul.

CHARITY.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,
And even when you find them
It's wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Judge not;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

—Adelaide Proctor.

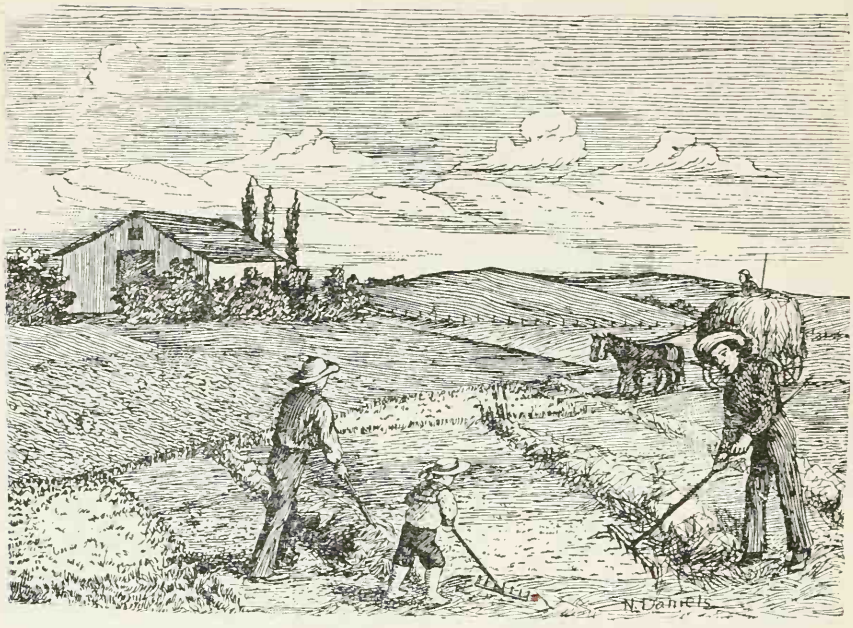
Alexander the Great had an ugly scar on his forehead, received in battle. When an eminent artist was requested to paint his portrait, he said: "If I retain the scar it will be an offense to the admirers of the monarch, and if I omit it it will fail to be a perfect likeness—what

shall I do?" He hit upon a happy expedient. He sketched the emperor leaning on his elbow, with his forefinger on his brow, covering the scar upon his forehead. There was the likeness with the scar hidden.

Thus should we study to paint each other with the finger of charity upon the scar of a brother, hiding the ugly mark and revealing only the beautiful and the good.

A young lady was giving concerts in the provinces of Germany, and added to her renown by announcing herself as a pupil of the celebrated Liszt. Arriving at a small provincial town she advertised herself in the usual way, but to her astonishment learned later that Liszt was included in the list of new arrivals at the hotel. Her deception would now be exposed. In her despair she adopted the wisest course, and went direct to the great musician himself and acknowledged her great wrong and humbly implored his forgiveness. Learning more of her history as an orphan struggling with poverty, he asked her to rise and play a piece intended for her proposed concert. He stood near and gave her advice and suggestions, and, when it was concluded, said: "Now, my child, I have given you a music lesson. You are a pupil of Liszt, and you will please to add to your programme another piece and announce that you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece will be played by the Abbé Liszt." Could any reproof be keener than such forgiving kindness—such noble-generosity as this? But Charity is ingenious in covering "a multitude of sins."

At the battle of Fredericksburg many Union soldiers were lying wounded on the field for more than a day. A Southern soldier took a supply of water and went down among the wounded and relieved their sufferings. Both armies suspended hostilities for more than an hour to give this brave youth an opportunity to carry on his act of mercy.



The people shall labor in vain.—Jeremiah.

FRUITLESS LABORS.

Here we see a little boy raking in a hayfield. He is apparently imitating the men. He goes through the motions, but in one respect he fails. The teeth of the rake are turned upward. The raking is much easier this way, but he gathers no hay. He labors, but his labor is in vain.

How like this little boy is the labor of many people. They apparently are always busy but never get anything accomplished. Their labor amounts to nothing because it means nothing to them, or because there is no definite grip of purpose in what they do.

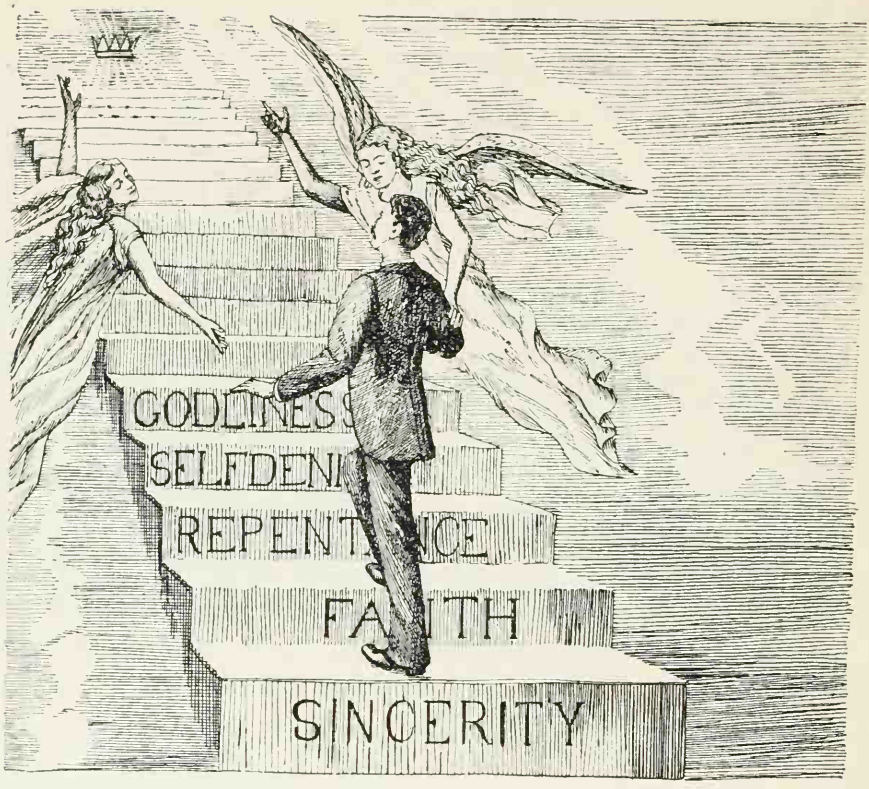
Everything depends upon the spirit with which we work. A keen observer said, in passing a building that was in process of construction, "I can always tell whether those fellows are doing 'time work' or 'piece work.' In one case the blows of their hammers drag along slowly, and seem to say, 'By the day, by the day;' in the other

case the hammers strike briskly, and say, 'By the job, by the job.'" The spirit that prompts our actions is manifest to those around us, whether we are conscious of it or not. The work that counts carries with it the energy and best life of the worker, where the teeth of a fixed purpose are set downward, and where the raking is for results.

There are men in every occupation, men toiling for bread, men attempting to secure a home, manufacturers, mechanics, men of leisure, students, men in reform work, men in Sabbath-school and church work, as well as women in the various occupations which they fill, who do much, if not all, of their raking with the teeth turned upward. While the raking is easier, they never gather anything, and having nothing of the inspiration that comes from visible and tangible results, their life-work becomes monotonous and void of interest.

In happy contrast is the work of those whose energies are all absorbed in a determination to win in life's great struggle at any cost. The work may be humble and the chances may seem to be against us, and yet when the teeth of a resolute purpose are set into the work something must come to pass.

Kitto was a deaf pauper. A hopeless case, you say, and yet he became one of the greatest of Biblical scholars of his age. Disraeli, the young Hebrew, when hissed from the House of Commons, said: "The time will come when you will hear me." True to his purpose he forced his way through race prejudice and surprised England itself as he stood at the head of that nation. Henry Fawcett, England's most popular Postmaster-General, lost both of his eyes when quite young. To his grief-stricken father, who had, while hunting, shot him in the eyes, he said: "Never mind, father, blindness shall not interfere with my success in life."



The path of the just is as the shining light.—Solomon.

UPWARD STEPS.

A noble deed is a step toward heaven.—Holland.

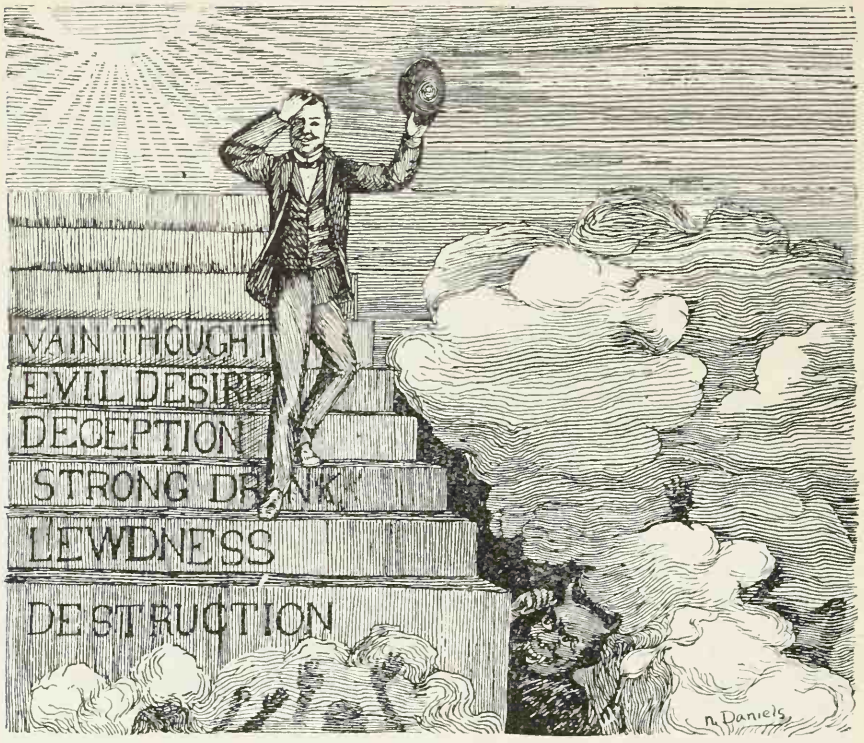
Every man has the capability of choice. He must choose for himself whether his life shall tend upward or downward. No one can face upward and step in that direction unless he is sincere. Sincerity is the first step to virtue and noble manhood. This quality is essential. Without it a man is not a man; without it no really great work was ever achieved. Look at all the really great and good men. Why do we call them great and good? Because they dare to be sincere; they dare to be what they seem to be.

With this quality in possession, faith in God leads upward. With every advancing step the view is en-

larged and the sphere of usefulness is increased. The eye must, however, be kept upward. Many have failed here in supposing that real success means gaining wealth or doing something unusual. This is a false standard and has ensnared many. He is the most of a man who enriches the lives of those around him, who lives not for himself but for others.

A traveler, once fording the Susquehanna on horseback, became so dizzy as to be near losing his seat. Suddenly he received a blow on his chin from a hunter who was his companion, with the words, "Look up!" He did so and recovered his balance. Looking on the turbulent water endangered his life, and looking up saved it.

No man is safe in taking a look downward, just this once. That look may cost him his standing place, and which the earnest effort of the remainder of his life may never regain. Did you never write a letter, and just as you were finishing it let your pen fall on it, or a drop of ink blot the fair page? It was the work of a moment, but the evil could not be entirely effaced. Lord Brougham one day occupied a conspicuous place in a group to have his photograph taken, but at an unfortunate moment he moved. The picture was taken, but his face was blurred. It takes a lifetime to build a reputation, but only a moment to destroy it. This suggests that no man is safe unless he continues his course upward. Many have risen high in the steps leading to true manhood and Godliness, but in an unguarded moment they looked downward and fell. Almost any community can cite such a case. Look upward, young man. Find your place in life and fill it. Choose upward, ever toward that which is elevating and ennobling. Let your ambition be to be remembered, not as a great scientist, lawyer, scholar, doctor, or merchant, but as a great man, every inch a man, a Christian gentleman.



Going down to the chambers of death.—Solomon.

DOWNWARD STEPS.

A man need not be a philosopher to roll down hill. Going down is easy when once the mind is made up not to go upward. A downward course is generally preceded or begun by indulging in vain thoughts and harboring them. No man who indulges in idle and evil thoughts can go upward. Here is where quite frequently the fatal mistake is made. Our thoughts are ever forming our characters, and whatever they are most absorbed in will tinge our lives.

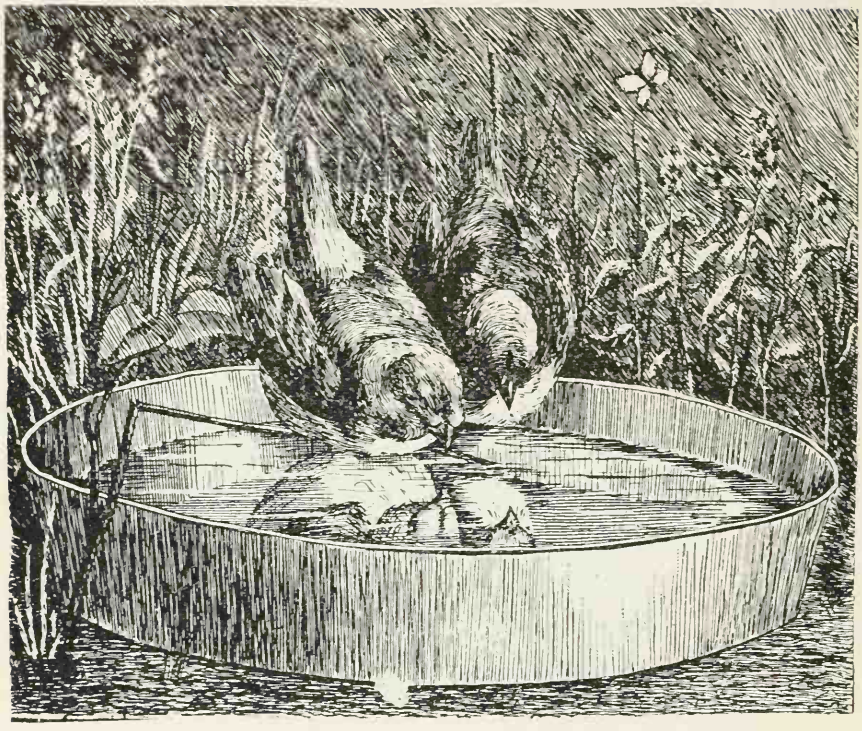
Let vain thoughts once enter and control the mind and evil desires at once spring up. Having taken the first step it is easier to take the second.

> When to mischief mortals bend their will,
> How soon they find fit instruments of ill.
>
> —Pope.

Deception, self-deception and deception of others, then naturally follows. The individual reasons with himself that the sin to which evil desires prompt is but a small affair of which one can easily repent at any time and be forgiven. Or it may be considered not as a sin but as a human weakness. Deceptive reasoning suggests something like the following: "All men have their failings. I have mine. Why do I have these desires, unless they are to be gratified?" By this method of reasoning all avenues to truth are closed and the heart becomes hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, and then it is an easy matter to violate a plain command of God with little or no self-condemnation. When once self-deception has taken hold of man, his eyes are closed to the light and his mind becomes blinded and insensible to the truth of God. The downward steps are then easy, whether it be strong drink, lewdness, or any other form of evil, destruction just as certainly awaits him, while the arch-fiend is waiting in joyous glee to welcome him.

After the downward course is begun it is an easy matter to throw off all sense of shame and to bid defiance to all threatenings against sin.

Charles Lamb, one of the brightest spirits quenched by drink, wrote mournfully: "Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first glass was delicious look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself going down a precipice, with open eye and a passive will, to see his destruction, and not to have the power of will then to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him and yet not to be able to forget the time when it was otherwise—how he would avoid the first temptation to drink!"



Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.—Psalmist.

YOUR SHADOW.

A wad some power the gifttie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us.

—Burns.

Miss Smuller in a little poem represents Mr. and Mrs. Wren intending to build a nest in a quiet place. While sitting on a twig over the water Mrs. Wren is made to say:

"But do look down, my dear, and see:
Two other birds! Who can they be?
That's what I'd like to know.
How aggravating! Who are you

Who dare to trespass thus?
There's only room enough for two.
I thought that everybody knew
This place belonged to us.

Don't nod your head at me, I pray,
How cross you do appear!
Come, Mr. Wren, we'll go away;
I'm sure I have no wish to stay
With scolding neighbors near.

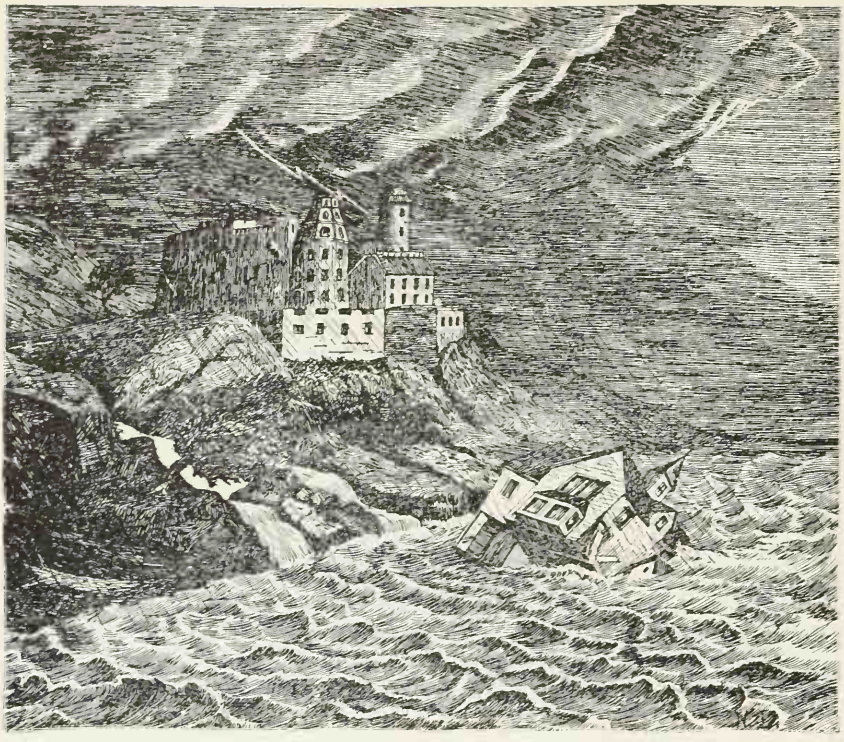
Ah, there they go! Well, then, my dear,
Of course, we'd better stay.
Now I reflect, it's all quite clear,
Just yield a point, and there's no fear
But you will have your way."

"Only shadows" sometimes separate firm friends. Shadows may be a blessing or a curse. It depends altogether upon what use we make of them. Standing in the light the dark prospect upon which we gaze may really be our own shadow. Shadows reveal defects.

A little boy, on a moonlight night, thought he saw a ghost, and ran away from it as fast as he could. The faster he went the faster it followed. When he turned, it turned; until, at last, he tripped and fell, and then found out that it was his own shadow.

Shadows reveal our good qualities as well as our defects. Happy is he who does not become vain in love of these. Lowell says that the wise old Greeks represent the lovely youth Narcissus as resisting every charm until he came to look in a still, clear pool. It shone like a mirror. In it he saw his own beautiful form and fell in love with it, thinking it a deity. That love, necessarily unrequited, was his death, as all self love must ever be.

While we may draw many profitable lessons from our own shadows, it is an encouraging thought that we may hide under the shadow of the Almighty. When the burning sun of oppression, criticism and false accusation is oppressing us in our onward course, we may find refuge beneath the "shadow of His wings."



The foundation of God standeth sure.—St. Paul.

FOUNDATIONS.

Don't risk a life structure upon a day's foundation.—

The Scripture likeness of a house built on the rock and of a house built on the sand is very familiar, nevertheless the looking after foundations is as much neglected to-day as ever.

The government building at Chicago, a large, massive structure and apparently well built, so that it might stand for a century, was recently torn down, not because the superstructure was not firm, but because the foundation at several places was found faulty. Thus, at a great expense, the old building is removed and a new structure is erected, all because the foundation was not safe. Men fail of their best efforts because they were unwilling to prepare well in days when preparation was the one duty.

The foundation for greatness must be laid in youth. Young men frequently make a serious mistake here. They are content with following the pleasures of youth instead of improving early opportunities for preparation for life's great work. Wellington frequently said that Waterloo was fought and won while he was a schoolboy. It was what he learned then that prepared him for that great battle. Inattention to the foundation has ruined many a structure. Inattention to the intellectual and moral development and preparation has ruined many a life.

See yon building rise. While men were engaged in laying the foundation there was nothing attractive about it. Dirt and stones and mortar are not sightly objects. It is only when the superstructure is rising that the attention of the passer-by is given to it. This is why not more attention is given to foundation work. Many a youth who has attracted attention by doing work successfully thinks that his foundation is sure, and looks only to the superstructure. Many a college graduate has dreamed of greatness while delivering his final oration as the applause of friends greets his ear; but too often he is never heard of afterward. Life consists of more real and earnest things than brilliant graduating orations.

Do not mistake the applause of others as success. Avoid the idol which many worship—the love of notoriety and applause. Look to the foundations, intellectually, make thorough preparation for your life work, morally, shun even the appearance of evil, spiritually, build on Christ, the only foundation.

> Build it well, whate'er you do;
> Build it straight and strong and true;
> Build it clean and high and broad;
> Build it for the eye of God.
>
> —Marden.

but first of all look to the foundations.

His hands refuse to labor.—Solomon.

TRAMPS.

Here we have a scene at once practical and of every-day occurrence. To say that these men are discussing the issues of the day seems ludicrous, and yet that is what they are presuming to do. The man that is not willing to earn a living by honest labor generally has a panacea for every ill brought about by idleness and poverty. The word tramp ought, however, to have a wider application, as suggested in the following story:

A conceited young European who came to America complained that he found no "upper classes" here. An American asked him what he meant by the "upper classes," and he explained that he referred to those who had never done any work, nor their fathers before them. "Oh," said the American, "we have many of that class of persons here, but we call them by a different name; we call them *tramps*." The reply was just, for the most respectable thing in the world is honest labor.

While there are many who refuse to labor, preferring the idleness of the tramp to an honest living, there are

among the class called tramps not a few who, if they knew how to find employment, would gladly engage in honest toil. There are unfortunate ones who have not had opportunities, and are not able to help themselves, and who might be converted into industrious, respectable and honorable citizens, were a helping hand extended to them.

The hand of charity is too sparingly extended, as suggested by a story of a Western deacon. A tramp came to his door one day and begged for some bread. The deacon took him in, lectured him on the sinfulness of his life, and finally asked him if he knew the Lord's Prayer. The tramp did not. The deacon offered to teach it to him, while he cut some slices of bread. "Our Father"—he began. "What!" said the tramp, "is he your Father and my Father?" "Yes," answered the deacon. "Then, brother," was the unexpected retort, "couldn't you cut that slice a little thicker?" Words of encouragement would revolutionize the lives of many of these unfortunate ones.

Then, again, many have been dragged down by the awful power of appetite. Are all these beyond rescue? Yes, if the more fortunate ones make no effort to help them break the power that binds them. It is frequently the case that the influence or disinterestedness of others tends to hurl them into still greater depths. Poor fellows! Are there not thousands that can be rescued before they reach that point? Let us be careful how we treat even a tramp. Kindness may save him.

There are spiritual tramps. They go wandering around from church to church, making a home nowhere, doing no work in any church. They follow sweet sermons, fine singing and the last sensation. They have never decided where they want to settle, and are rightly called spiritual tramps.

ASSUMED SIZE.

ACTUAL SIZE.

They love the praise of men more than the praise of God.—St. John.

EGOTISM.

One of the largest and weakest qualities in man is his egotism.—Swing.

Egotism is the nomination and the election and coronation of self as king.—Swing.

"Do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do," says Jesus to his followers. This custom seems to have prevailed in the East, but has not been confined to that locality. The only difference between the men of that day and this is that the form of the trumpet is changed. The spiritual egotist is represented by the following: "Mr. Brown, what is the state of religion in your town?" "Bad, sir; very bad. There are no Christians except Mr. Davis and myself, and I have my doubts about Davis."

It is said that the egotism of Napoleon never per-

mitted him to acknowledge guilt. While he spent much of his time on St. Helena in talking of himself and his career, he referred to his transgressions as indifferent acts, but never expressed a regret nor showed uneasiness of mind nor remorseful feelings.

Kneller, the artist, once said to a sitter, "Flatter me, my dear sir; I paint better when you flatter me."

Surpassing all these in vanity is the exclamation of Farinelli, the noted musician. "What a divine air!" said an admirer to him, when he ceased playing. "Yes," said the Italian, as he laid down his violin, "one God, one Farinelli."

A man was asked why he talked to himself so much. "Well," said he, "there are two reasons. In the first place I like to talk to a sensible man, and in the second place I like to hear a sensible man talk."

Another said: "There are two things that bother me. One is how the world got on before I came into it, and the other is how it is going to get on after I leave it."

Few things are harder than to admit unreservedly that we are in the wrong, and thus our arch enemy makes our self-conceit a vehicle of deadly calamity.

There are people who go about complaining of ill-usage received from others and declare themselves victims of bad luck that makes their best endeavor of no avail, and even forces them to the commission of terrible crimes; when, if they only had the faculty so aptly described by Burns as seeing ourselves as others see us, human foes and adverse fortunes would disappear from view behind the apparition of self, a hidden, strong and relentless enemy.

The egotist is never happy. He is bent on worshiping himself and is always living in fear lest someone else receive the praise due him. Other people with their interests are unimportant compared with self.

Presumptuous are they, self-willed.—St. Peter.

PRESUMPTION.

None pities him that's in the snare,
And warned before, would not beware.

—Herrick.

The presumptuous man is overconfident, self-willed, blind, headstrong, venturesome without reasonable prospect of success and heedless of the usual probabilities of safety. Rash, adventurous, foolhardy, he is ever ready to assume too much, and thus brings upon himself the evil effects which are but the natural results of exposing oneself to danger.

In the above illustration this man proposes to enjoy the so-called pleasure of ease and self-gratification, even though he knows that he is in imminent danger of being torn up by wild beasts.

The presumptuous man is ever ready to apologize

for a rash act by the expression, "I did not think." He does not wait to examine into the safety and security of investments, but impelled by first impressions he acts hastily and repents afterward. For examples, note the numerous victims of mining, lottery and other schemes whereby it is presumed that fabulous wealth comes by the turning of the hand. How many would have saved themselves from the pangs of remorse, poverty and hard labor had they but taken a second thought.

Cotton Mather used to say that there was a gentleman mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Acts to whom he was often and greatly indebted—viz., the town clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel was, "*Do nothing rashly.*"

This is not only good advice, but, if heeded, would bring untold blessings and avert numerous calamities among all classes of men. The young man in seeking pleasure or employment, the merchant and business man in making investments, the professional man in following his calling, all will profit by consulting the "town clerk of Ephesus."

The man that is controlled by evil and sinful influences is full of presumption. It blinds his eyes, it hardens his heart, it sears his conscience, it fascinates his imagination, it perverts his judgment, it gives a wrong bias to the will, it effaces from the memory recollections of the beautiful and the good and hides from his view his guilt, his danger and his immortality. The path of sinful pleasure is strewn with Plutonian flowers, whose odors stupefy the senses and make the victim dream of happiness that he will never enjoy. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Meddle not with them . . . given to change.—Solomon.

THE CHAMELEON.

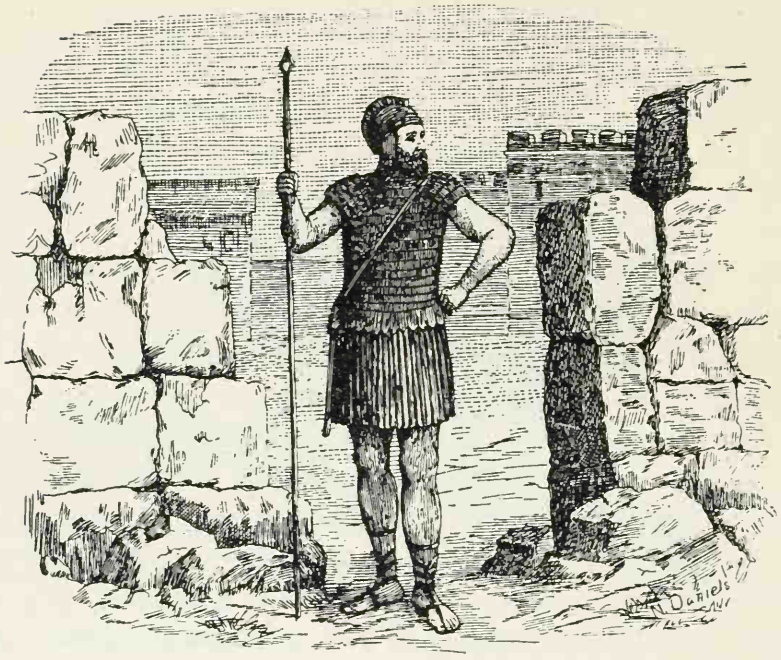
Here is an animal not as attractive as it might be, but the study of it is nevertheless interesting. It is called the chameleon and is found in Madagascar and Africa. It is a lizardlike reptile. It has what is called a prehensile tail, by means of which it can fasten itself to the limb of a tree. It has the power to change its color more or less with the color of the objects about it or with its temper when disturbed. In a cool, dark place it is nearly white or grayish, on admitting the light it changes to brown, bottle-green or blood-red of various shades and more or less mottled in arrangement. All movements of its body are slow, except that of its tongue, which moves with a great velocity in catching insects. The glutinous secretion on its tongue helps it in capturing insects. It has air sacs in different parts of the body. These are connected with its large lungs,

and when full of air the animal looks bloated; the next minute it may appear lean and shrunken, having emptied these sacs. The story that the chameleon lives on air gained currency partly from this circumstance, and partly from the almost invisible quickness of motion of the tongue.

But what of this animal? What lessons does it teach us? Who cannot make the application? Is it true that in politics, in religion, in morals, in disposition and in appearance there are *chamelcons* in the human race, those who are constantly changing and ever changeable? Figuratively speaking, we find men who change their color with every passing breeze, or, like the chameleon, may look bloated one minute and shrunken the next. There seem to be not a few men, and women, too, who are afflicted seriously with the "universal joint." It is very difficult to find where such individuals stand, and when we think we find them, in the language of the Irishman, "They are not thar."

Take, for example, the elections in our large cities. One party carries the day by an overwhelming majority, and the very next election gives the opposite party just as large a majority.

In the church this chameleon swells to full size on all prominent occasions, but in the prayer meeting and when works of charity are to be engaged in the lean and shrunken condition is assumed. In the presence of the church the garment of light is worn, while in the home, in business and in the daily routine of duty it takes a darker hue. Have you ever seen anything that resembles this chameleon? Anything that changes its appearance to suit the occasion? Do not look too far away from home for it.



I sought for a man that should stand in the gap.—Ezekiel.

STANDING IN THE GAP.

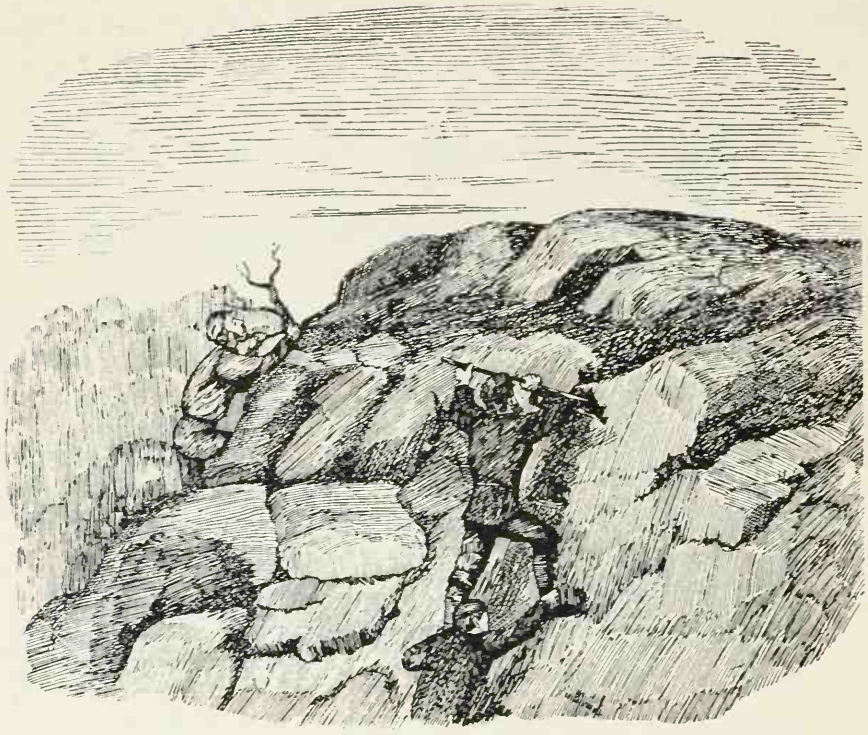
There are gaps to fill. These may be filled by exposing oneself for the protection of something, by making defense against assailing danger. Filling a gap may consist in a word of comfort to a sorrowing one, a look of sympathy toward a discouraged one, an expression of interest in a disheartened one struggling against temptation, doubt and unbelief. It may be the extending of the helping hand to the downtrodden or oppressed, or the elevating of the moral tone of a community, a society, or a church. It may be the suppression of an evil, the breaking of the bread of life to the dying or the rescuing of a single soul. It may be a young McCall giving himself for Africa's teeming multitudes, or it may be the quiet, unassuming worker, who, in narrower and unknown circles, is just as freely giving his life to save and to elevate his fellow-man. It

may be the struggling father who is laboring beyond his strength to feed, to clothe, to sustain the little ones whom he loves better than his own life, or the toiling mother whose intense love for her children causes her to give her own life rather than that they should suffer for food or for anything that may hinder the development of possibilities.

Whatever the gap it ought to be filled. It is honorable to fill gaps. It is written of Moses that he stood in the breech to turn away the anger of the Lord from the children of Israel. Sometimes it is difficult to find men who are willing to stand in the gap to ward off individual, social, political, moral or spiritual evils. Such a case is recorded in the Divine Word.

Why these openings that are not filled? Why, at the close of this century, blessed and chosen of God, should there be any of earth's wanderers who become a prey to his foes because there is no one to give a word of cheer, a look of approbation, an encouraging stimulus to withstand evil? Why a scarcity of social, political and religious reformers? Why an absence of enthusiastic effort in so many lines of benevolent and religious work? Why a scarcity of means and workers in home and foreign missions? Because men are not willing to stand in the gap. With some this means, "Here am I, send me," and with others it means, "Here is my pocketbook, take it." The gaps or openings to be filled to-day are not for *men*, but each opening is awaiting a *man*, who is not to lie down or sit down, but to *stand in the gap* and, if need be, defend that gap at the risk of his life.

Why should not you be that man?



Diotrephes loveth to have the preëminence.—St. John.

SEEKING PROMOTION.

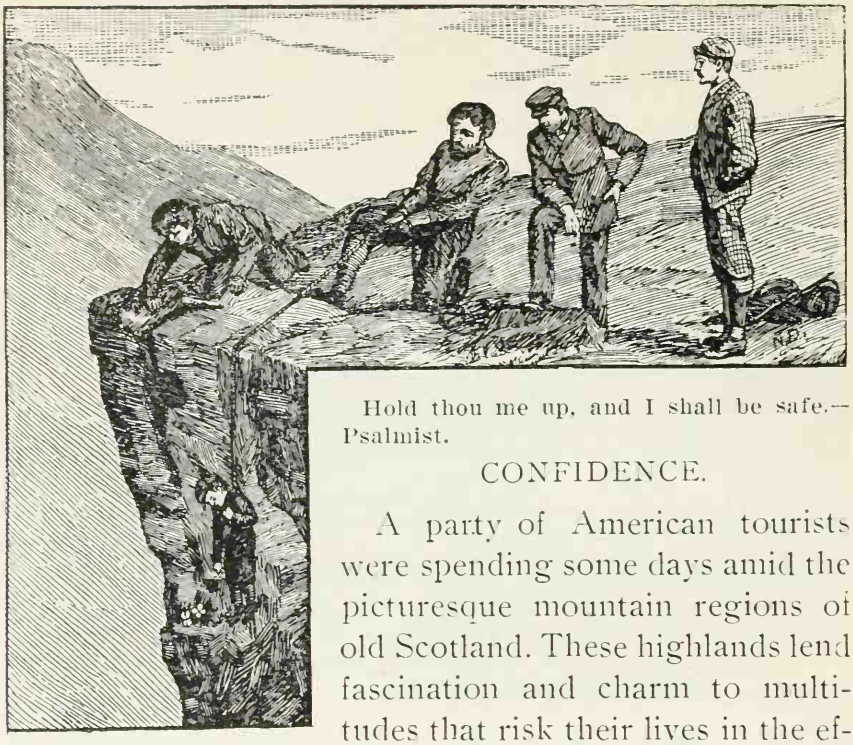
The race of Diotrephes is unfortunately not extinct.

What a strife there is among men for these "chief rooms" of this world! How men wrangle, and debate, and bribe, and sell their manhood for some seat in the legislature, or a petty office in a county seat! And what of this selling of what is honorable and good, to get into what is considered by the world's people as "first class society," or to be a leader of fashion, or of our club, or society. How comes this infatuation to be boss, leader, ruler, dictator, and have chief seats and first places? How comes this strange thirst to be richer than our neighbor, better dressed, able to put on style, belong to a "set" in society where only a few can go? This mad self-preference which can

be content to see thousands suffer while we founder at a millionaire table? Oh, what is this abnormal possession of humanity which can be content to live on the sufferings and tears of another part of humanity? There is an assumption of superiority in this rush for the upper seat in the world which betokens a self-assumed, presumptuous idea of fitness for the place. This of itself betokens a certain measure of unfitness. The one most worthy of the place is *called* to it. He does not put himself in it. The place calls for him. It is not his rush for it. Moses, David, Gladstone, Lincoln, were demanded for these high callings. On the part of neither was there insane seeking, wire-pulling and intrigue to get into office. To be worthy of a place is a first qualification. To have the place call you is a second.—Isaiah Reid.

Then again, it is never honorable to rise to position and fame by pulling down others. If you cannot rise without pulling down others, it is more honorable to remain on the lower rounds of the ladder. Many men have concluded that they were fitted for a place, and, in pushing upward, have learned their mistake with sad results. If we are faithful where we are and continue in building up a noble character God will look after our promotions. True promotion depends more upon worthy character than upon a mere opportunity of an opening.

Seeking promotion by the way of worth of character is honorable, but seeking it by way of scheming and wire-pulling never pays. Let others manipulate the chicanery of the party in political machines. Men may enthrone the unworthy; God never does. Rather be a crowned hero of God's and fill some humble place in life than wear the undeserving and unmerited garlands of honor, that will eventually lead to ruin.



Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.—Psalmist.

CONFIDENCE.

A party of American tourists were spending some days amid the picturesque mountain regions of old Scotland. These highlands lend fascination and charm to multitudes that risk their lives in the effort to scale the heights which only the eagle has visited. This party was studying the works of God in the rocks and flowers, as well as enjoying the beautiful scenery, which everywhere abounded. One of the enthusiastic botanists of the party, in looking over the precipitous sides of the mountain, saw far below on a narrow ledge of projecting rock some beautiful specimens of rare flowers, which he was very anxious to obtain. No one in the party would venture to secure these much desired blossoms. Near by were a father and son, with their faithful dogs, guarding a flock of sheep on the pasture slopes. They offered the boy a large reward if he would consent to have a strong mountain rope tied around his body and to be lowered to pluck the flowers for them. The father at once consented, but the boy, although he was a fearless mountain climber, and had often been

lowered over the dizzy crags to the sea-bird's nest, hesitated to accept even so liberal an offer. The tourists attempted to show him that the rope was strong enough for half a dozen men His real fear was made apparent when, after gazing at the company and then at the strong, stalwart form of his father, he replied: "I will, if my father holds the rope." This was agreed to, and the coveted flowers were soon obtained.

Several valuable and practical lessons can be learned from the conduct and reply of this brave mountain boy who had such faith and confidence in his father's strength and love.

In the busy scenes of life we are often called upon to place confidence in others. Well, if like the boy, we are not too eager to hazard life or property for a tempting reward, without first carefully considering whose word or arm is being trusted. Many, by an overanxious desire to become wealthy, have placed confidence in designing and unscrupulous persons, and have thereby brought upon themselves great loss or even utter ruin.

The reply of the boy suggests the strong confidence that may be placed in those whom we find true. Then again, with Omnipotence upholding, there can be no place of duty too dangerous for anyone of us. When God's strong arm sustains us, what have we to dread? This noble boy who, without fear, hangs over the dizzy mountain crag, because his father's strong arm holds the rope, teaches us a lesson of trust in the "Everlasting Arms." When duty calls us to places of danger, where precaution may assail or death may threaten, why should we fear to face any foe, in labors to elevate humanity, as long as we have the assurance that there is willingness and ability in Him who says, "Go . . . I am with you alway."

Who hath gathered the wind in his fists?—Solomon.

CATCHING THE WIND.

The following is taken from Spurgeon's John Plowman's Talks:

You cannot catch the wind in a net. Some people get windmills in their heads and go in for all sorts of silly things. They talk about ruling the nation, as if men were to be driven like sheep, and they prate of reforms and systems, as if they could cut out a world in brown paper with a pair of scissors. Such a body thinks himself very deep, but he is as shallow as a milk-pan. You can soon know him as well as if you had gone through him with a lighted candle, and yet you will not know a great deal after all. He has a great head, and very little in it. He can talk by the dozen, or the gross, and say nothing. When he is fussing and boasting of

his fine doings, you soon discover that he makes a long harvest of very little corn. His tongue is like a pig's tail, going all day long, and nothing done.

This is the man who can pay off the National debt, and yet, in his little shop, he sells two apples in three days; he has the secret of high farming, and loses more at it than any man in the country. The more he studies, the more he misses the mark.

He is going to be rich next year, and you will then see what you shall see; just now he would be glad of half a crown on account, for which he will give you a share in his invention for growing wheat without plowing or sowing.

It is odd to see this wise man at times when his wits are all up in the moon; he is like Chang, the Chinaman, who said: "Here's my umbrella, and here's my bundle, but *where am I?*" He cannot find his spectacles, though he is looking through them; and when he is out riding on his ass, he pulls up and says, "Wherever is that donkey?"

I have heard of one learned man who boiled his watch and stood looking at the egg, and another who forgot that he was to be married that day, and would have lost his lady if his friend had not fetched him out of his study. Think of that, my boy, and don't fret yourself because you are not so overdone with learning as to have forgotten your common sense.

The regular wind-catcher is soft as silk and as green as grass, and yet he thinks himself very long-headed; and so indeed he would be if his ears were taken into the measurement. He is going to—well, there's no telling what. He is full of wishes, but short of will, and so his buds never come to flowers or fruit.

WINKELRIED'S STATUE.

Neither count I my life dear unto myself.—St. Paul.

PATRIOTISM.

In 1836 the battle of Sempach was fought between the Austrians and the Swiss. The Austrians, armed with long lances, greatly outnumbered the Swiss, who were armed with short weapons. An unexpected movement of the Swiss surprised the Austrians, who prided themselves in superiority of numbers and equipments. The Swiss, trusting in God, were confident of success, but sixty of their number were cut down before the Austrians lost a single man. Defeat was staring them in the face, when suddenly a brave and fearless Swiss changed the whole scene. Arnold von Winkelried, at this critical moment, stepped forward from the ranks, and, shouting to his comrades, "I will cut a road for you; take care of my wife and children," he dashed on the enemy, and, catching hold of as many spears as his arms could en-

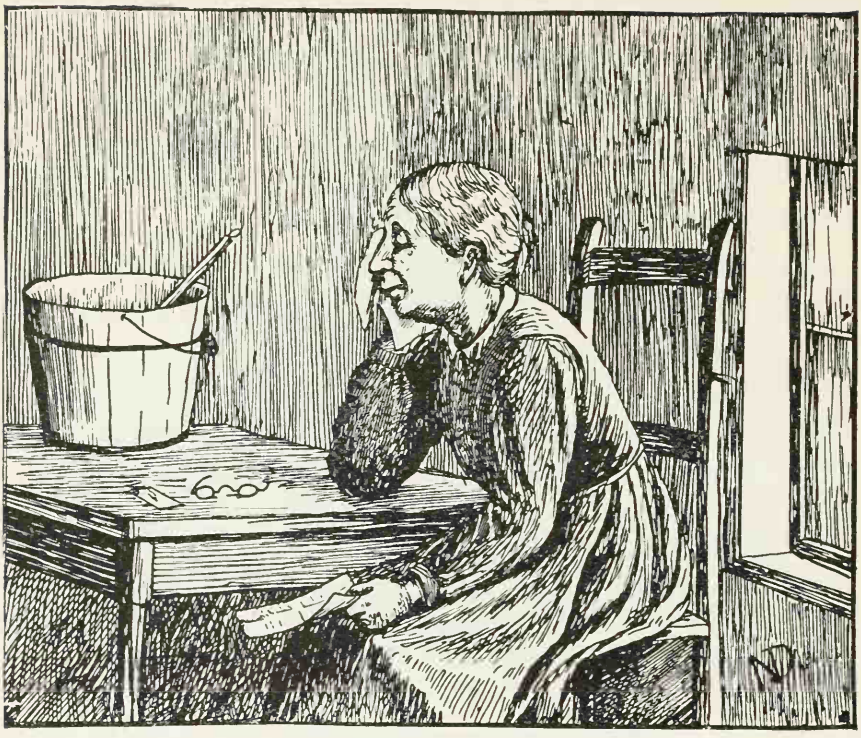
compass, he bore them to the ground with the whole weight of his body. His comrades rushed over his corpse, burst through the gap made in the Austrian ranks, and began a fierce hand-to-hand encounter with their clubs and battle-axes. The Austrians, impeded by their heavy armour and long lances, made a brave stand, but, becoming panic-stricken, were completely routed, losing in the fearful carnage that followed nearly three thousand men, while the Swiss loss was only one hundred and twenty. The heroic action of this Swiss patriot, Winkelried, is beautifully expressed in a poem by Montgomery, from which we cull the following lines:

"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed,
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous, as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.



Despise not thy mother.—Solomon.

ASHAMED OF HIS MOTHER.

It is a sad day in the life of a boy when he is for any cause ashamed of his mother, and it is a day of keenest sorrow to a loving mother when she is made to feel that her children are ashamed of her because she is lacking in any of the graces and acquired refinements of life.

A story is told of a poor and ignorant woman who had the highest ambition for her son, her only child. She worked early and late at her loom as a weaver of rag carpets, she denied herself everything but the bare necessities of life, that Harry might go to school instead of working for his own and her support. She set herself resolutely to work to earn money to send him to college. She grew old and bent at her loom, but hers was a labor of love and she never complained.

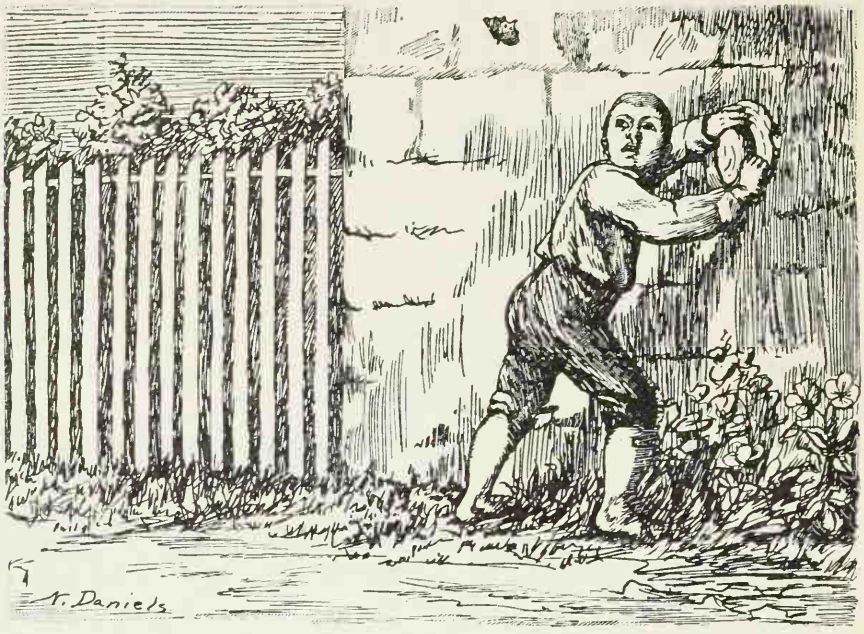
"I'll have my pay for it all when I see Harry graduate," she said. "It'll be the happiest day of my life if I live to see it."

"I have to," she said, when her friends protested. "You know I'm going to see Harry graduate and I'll be obliged to have some clothes fit to wear. Then it'll cost a good bit to go to the college town where he is. And there's the new clothes for Harry to graduate in—I want him to look as nice as anybody. I must go to see him graduate. It's to be my pay for all the years and years I've worked so hard for him."

But, alas! she did not see Harry graduate. In the midst of her preparation for the journey there came a letter from her boy, in which he frankly admitted that "it might be embarrassing to both of us if you came to see me, you are so unused to the usages of city life; and your country ways would be criticized in a manner that would be very annoying to us."

The real meaning of the letter was but too apparent to her. He would be annoyed—he would be ashamed of her! She tried to believe that "Harry was right," but in her heart she felt the full force and bitter cruelty of the letter. Love could not blind her to it. She read it again and again through her tears, and then burned it, that no eyes but her own might ever read of her boy's disloyalty. And while the fire consumed it the cherished hope of years became as ashes also, and her heart received a wound that no lapse of time can ever heal. But there must come a day when her son will be made to feel the selfishness and sinfulness of ever having been ashamed of such a mother.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—Shakespeare.



Turn not aside after vain things.—Solomon.

VAIN PURSUITS.

What boy has not at some time chased a butterfly? There is something attractive in the sport, even though he knows that his running is in vain. Many times he thinks he has overtaken the object of his pursuit, to find that it has escaped his grasp. At last it settles on a wall. Now he has it surely, for he has placed his hat right over it. But again, to his surprise, the golden tints on its wings attract his attention in the sunlight above. Still he pursues, now losing sight of it for a time, then again more certain than ever of success, as it lights upon a flower or shrub; but always meeting with the same result—just as he has it, it is gone. Repeated failures do not turn him away. Complete exhaustion alone compels him to give up his vain pursuit.

How like the little boy are those who have reached mature years and who might, if they were to stop and

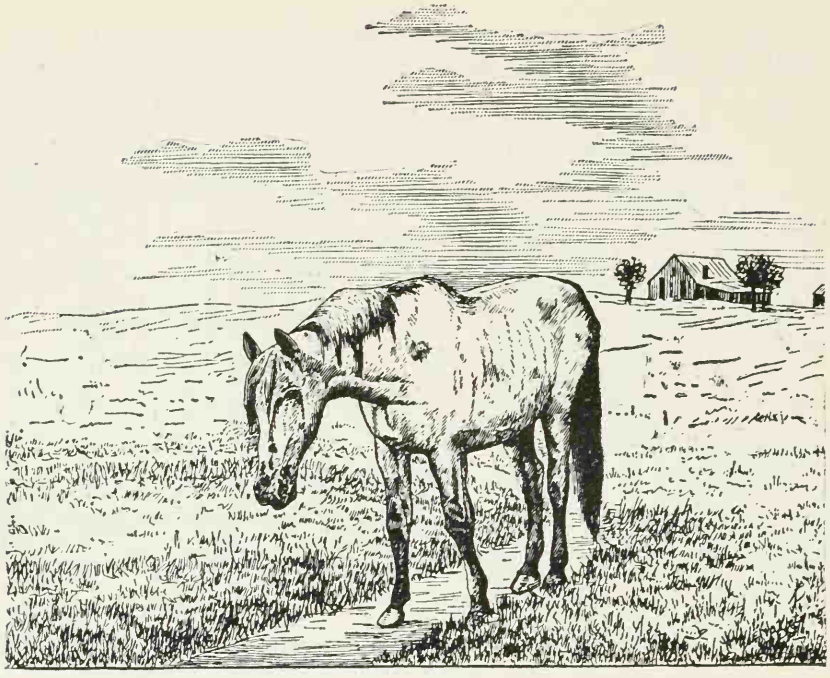
think, profit greatly by the sports and amusements of childhood days. Like the boy, we do not see our folly until we have spent time, energy and money in gaining that which we never apprehend.

Take for example the report of gold being found in the Klondike region. Thousands are ready to leave comfortable surroundings and paying positions for the hardships and privations of that desolate region. And why? To gain that which not one of a thousand gains—wealth. It would seem that the hardships and failures of multitudes that went searching for gold in the days of the California gold fever, as well as the repeated failures of more recent dates, would suggest a more careful course to pursue. But the American mind is bold, daring and venturesome and will not profit by the experiences of others. Even for a butterfly-prospect of getting rich they, with open eyes, rush into extreme hardships and even death.

What shall it profit a man if he gain all the gold on the banks of the Klondike and die of starvation in the midst of his treasure?

Seeking wealth in the gold fields of Alaska is only one of the many vain pursuits that men follow. Others resort to chimerical speculations and visionary schemes which promise large returns, but the promise is the only reward given.

Others again follow vain pursuits in pleasure which, if innocent, may award no further loss than that of valuable time, but, too frequently, these pursuits lead to the way of death. The path may be innocent at first, but frequently it leads to prodigality, intemperance and immorality. American manhood and womanhood is too noble and exalted to spend its energies on butterfly pursuits.



Ephraim is joined to his idols.—Hosea.

HABITS.

Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to strip them off 'tis being flayed alive.—Cowper.

A faithful horse had done service for many years in a bark mill. At length he became old and blind and stiff. Kindness then prompted that he be turned out to pasture the remainder of his days. But, to the astonishment of his owner, every day, when it was time to work, the horse would start on a tramp, going round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. Passers-by would stop and look at the old horse as he went around, just as if he was working as in days gone by. The force of habit had fixed itself upon him.

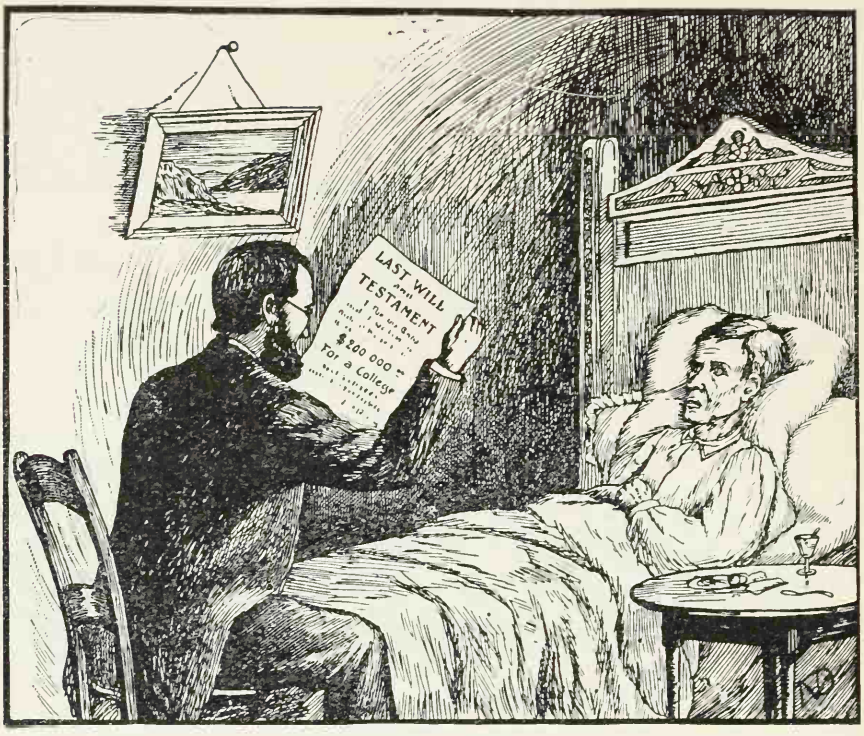
Youth everywhere is forming habits either good or bad, and the future is largely determined by the habits acquired in early life. The idle, careless youth becomes

the profligate, worthless man. The careful, temperate, industrious youth becomes the strong, reliable and trusty man. As a rule, men do not become truly great when bound down by evil habits. Now and then men, like Gough, are found who break away from early-formed habits, but these are the exception and not the rule.

Many good and great men have in later years been overcome by habits formed in early life. General Grant and Phillips Brooks were men universally honored and esteemed, but their lives were shortened by their habit of smoking.

The young man who permits an evil habit or a secret vice to fasten itself upon him may not understand how his efforts to be free in later years are to be defied. Let him take warning from Gough, who says, "I would give this right hand to redeem those terrible seven years of dissipation and death." The indolent cannot by a wish become industrious, nor the spendthrift frugal, nor the libertine virtuous. The habit of controlling our thoughts in lines of truth, virtue and cheerfulness will insure beauty and harmony in character. The will is the monarch on the throne. Let it assume its right. Now is the time. Regret will not change your course.

If you are unfortunate enough to have acquired bad habits, break them at once before they gain a greater hold on you. You may think them absolutely under your control, but thousands have made the same assumption and have found themselves woefully mistaken. You may not be able to overcome and subdue these habits in your own strength, but there is a power stronger than any earthly power that can help you to conquer. God's almightiness has in many cases broken these. Cast yourself upon Him. Trust Him to break these bonds and He will do it.



Honor the Lord with thy substance.—Solomon.

THE LAST WILL.

It is the custom now of men of wealth, in their last wills, to make large bequests to various charitable, educational and religious institutions. Professor Swing says, "The wills of the rich are often penitential tears falling over a misspent life, telling us how wealth should be administered when one's cheek is still in bloom and the star of the soul shines out in its first magnitude."

While in many cases these gifts have been a blessing to mankind, we still hold that the principle suggested by Professor Swing in the above extract is much the safer and better one. Who has not heard of the will of some wealthy man being broken by a flaw, and the large sum set aside to purposes altogether different from that intended by the donor. The facility with which a man's

last will and testament can be broken, and the disgusting publicity which is given to the sanctities of the domestic life through the rapacity of litigating heirs, should make the poor man satisfied to leave only an untarnished name to posterity and the rich man anxious to be his own executor by disposing of his property while he lives.

There is another aspect that deserves consideration. Why should a man who has honestly accumulated wealth prefer to have that wealth benefit mankind after he has gone? Is there no real pleasure in distributing wealth while living and thus being a witness to one's own benefactions? What gain is there in deferring all this until you are ready to step into the grave?

There are thousands in our country who intend to bless mankind by gifts of benevolence. In the near future, when a little more wealth has been acquired, they are going to endow colleges and found libraries, museums and homes for the friendless. And they are sincere in these intentions. They fully decide that their memories shall be revered for their beneficent gifts. The real truth, however, is that, of these thousands of promising hearts, very few enjoy the golden days when benevolence is a pleasure to them. In the prime of life, when the powers of the mind are in full bloom, when eloquence, literature and art present their best productions, this is the time for works of benevolence and religion. Why leave all this to the weakness of old age, and probably die without carrying out their intentions? Is it not true that old age and a second childhood have frequently made an entirely different disposition of wealth than manhood in its prime would have done? A writer says that we pass our life in deliberation, and die in it. As far as possible, be your own executor, and the age in which you live will feel your influence.

Your labor is not in vain.—St. Paul.

IMPATIENT OF RESULTS.

This little boy is hoeing up seeds that he planted yesterday, to see whether they have sprouted. His father, smiling at the innocent amusement of the boy, is looking for ripe fruit before the time. Both are making the same mistake.

One of the characteristics of Americans is our impatience of results. We want to see the growing plant immediately upon the sowing of the seed; we want to reap the harvest with the least possible cultivation of the crop. There is no doubt that, within certain limits, this impatience has its advantages. It makes us alert, eager, quick, ready in resources. But it has equally obvious disadvantages. Its tendency is to be satisfied with superficial results. It leads, not infrequently, to harsh and unjust judgments of those who are doing work that

in the end will tell but that is not at once crowned with a showy success.

There are many instances where we are impatient of the results that attend our labors. We want to gather the fruit before it has had time to ripen. Time is usually an element in any permanent success. There are those who, by a stroke of genius or of fortune, mount at a bound the ladder of fame or pecuniary success. It is, however, by no means certain that they will stay at their glittering elevation. Those who do stay are generally those who climb step by step. The fact that now and then one clears the distance with a leap inclines others to impatience. Illustrations of these truths are not wanting. We are sometimes impatient of slow gains, and many may prefer the sudden fortunes of speculation to the slow and sure method of small but steady increase, even though there is the risk of sudden failure. Many men, lured on by the bait of sudden riches, have risked and lost their all. It pays in this respect to be patient and not permit the desire for immediate results to overcome the better judgment of the man of sober moments.

The young must especially learn this lesson. How many have made a failure of life because they were not willing to toil on slowly but surely, awaiting in due time the desired results. It is right for us to desire results. We must do so if we would succeed, but we can desire speedy results without becoming impatient.

In all moral, reform and religious work the same principle holds. Patient, earnest, steady toil wins in the end. Apparent results may be slow in becoming visible. The parent in training the child, the Sabbath-school teacher in sowing the seed, the pastor in earnest labor, the reform worker in his self-denying labors; all these may labor without seeing results. But this labor is not lost. It is sure to bring results.

Theudas boasting himself to be somebody.—Acts.

BOASTING.

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

—Young.

The Mongols illustrate boasting by the following story:

Two geese, when about to start southward on their autumn migration, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so, if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog produced a stock of strong grass, got the two geese to take it, one by each end, while he clung to it by his mouth in the middle.

In this manner the three were making the journey successfully, when they were noticed from below by a

boy, who loudly expressed his admiration of the device, and wondered who had been clever enough to invent that method of locomotion. The frog opened his mouth to say, "It was I," lost his hold, fell to the earth and was dashed to pieces.

The boasting man generally lives for himself and in himself. He is ever ready to tell of his great deeds, and the hero of all his stories is the one who tells them. The great difficulty with the boaster is that he overestimates his strength. He must first of all learn that God did not make him to be a great man; while his tales may at first be pleasing, they soon become stale and he becomes a bore upon society.

Be careful that you do not commend yourself. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking if your own tongue must praise you. Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness and rob yourself of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had to gain knowledge, wisdom and experience by hearing those whom you silenced by your impertinent talking.—Sir Matthew Hale.

Sir Thomas Overbury says that the man that has nothing of which to boast except his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under the ground.

With what happy feelings does a candid mind turn away from the boaster to the individual controlled by the opposite spirit. Self and self-interests are lost sight of in the determined effort to give due credit to others, to recognize the good qualities of others and to commend them on all proper occasions.

> Humility is the base of every virtue,
> And they who dig the deepest build the safest.
> God keeps all his pity for the proud.
>
> —Bailey.

I will arise . . . and he arose.—St. Luke.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

"I will arise and go to my father," said the prodigal, in the "far country." The resolution was a good one and proper to be made, but by itself alone it left the needy young man to fill himself with husks among the swine.

"And he arose," was his deliverance, for it was putting the resolution into practice.

Resolutions are worthless without a corresponding action. Better not form resolutions than not carry them out when they are formed. "I will arise," must be followed by "and he arose," or the Father's house is not regained.

It is in execution that we are all most likely to come short. For the prodigal son to resolve that he would arise and go to his father was a comparatively easy matter; the real pinch of difficulty began to be felt when he commenced to carry out his resolution and started upon

his journey toward the old parental homestead. So with everyone, the real pinch of difficulty comes, not in forming good resolutions, but in performing them.

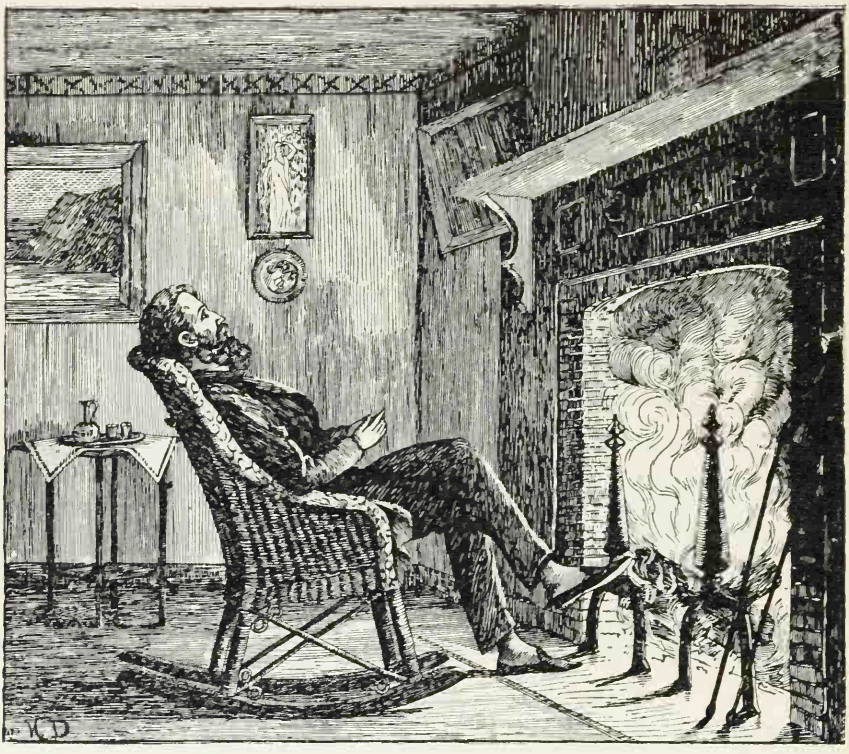
Many men permit their lives to slip away with their large purposes unaccomplished and their smaller intentions unrealized, simply because they never transform the "about to be" into the "shall be." There are many striking examples of failure through lack of immediate and present effort. "Unwise delay" has killed many a well-designed project. Vague planning is worthless without the transforming of the plan into downright accomplishment of some sort. Maxims are good only when they are crystallized into actions. The plan you have in mind, what can you *now* do toward its fulfillment?

"We aim to make this publication the best family sheet in the country," wrote an editor of a newspaper. To which the editor of a rival sheet made reply: "Neighbor, why do you always keep aiming? Why don't you shoot sometimes?" It is the shooting that brings down the bird.

To nourish in the heart noble aims and purposes is not in itself sufficient for the attainment of life's true end. The noblest aims have been known to evaporate; the noblest resolutions have been known to melt away into thin air. Conviction of duty, right desire, and good resolve are all needed; but they are not enough. Conviction must be carried out; desire must be transformed into deed; resolve must crystallize into solid fact.

Day-dreaming is an unprofitable business. "Wishing, of all employments, is the worst."

To fulfill our mission we must "do noble things, not dream them all day long." Gathering up our strength, pulling ourselves together, as we sometimes say, we must concentrate all our energy upon some definite thing, exclaiming with the apostle, "This one thing I do."



The good that I would do.—Romans.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

The world is full of people of good intentions. Like in the above scene, many a rich man is seated in his comfortable home, indulging in good reflections, in projecting plans for doing good on a large scale, in bringing abundant relief to the poor. In *imagination* he has made a great many people happy. But he is so engrossed in his good intentions that he never gets ready and never has the time to carry out any of his charitable plans. Although he is surrounded with everything necessary to be comfortable, he often sighs when he sees the sufferings and hardships that poverty brings, and indulges in the wish that he might be able to relieve them. He keenly realizes that he must provide for his *own* wants

first. How willingly he would gratify his benevolent wishes *if he only could.*

He rides in the street car, but he is tired, and his earnest reflections upon how he may be the founder of some noble institution that will bless mankind prevent him from observing that in the same car in which he has a comfortable seat there are several hard-working women compelled to stand while men of means occupy the seats.

This class of men, and women, too, is far too numerous—men who form excellent plans and projects for doing *great* things, and who are always thinking about what they could do and would do, *if they had the means*, while they utterly neglect to do any of the thousand little useful things which are within the power of everyone.

An explosion occurred in a mine in England. Many came and worked with a will. The crowd of bystanders expressed sincere sympathy with the ill-fated miners. Among them was a young man who seemed to be very sincere and very free in his expressions of sympathy, but who had not offered to "lend a hand" to remove the earth. "Young man, your brother is down there," cried a bystander. This suddenly changed the attitude of the young man. Pulling off his coat, he grasped a shovel and went to work with a will.

If only all these people of good dispositions and intentions could recognize a *brother* or a *sister* in the thousands everywhere who need help daily, what a change would be wrought. How intentions would fly into activities! How self and self-interests would be forgotten in the effort to do good to others, in the effort to alleviate the pains and sufferings of humanity. Not only great deeds, but little acts and words of kindness, scatter gloom and give sunshine where it is most needed.

On a tombstone was found this inscription. "Here lies a man of the best intentions."

Turn us, O God, and cause thy face to shine.—Psalmist.

TURNING WINTER INTO SPRING.

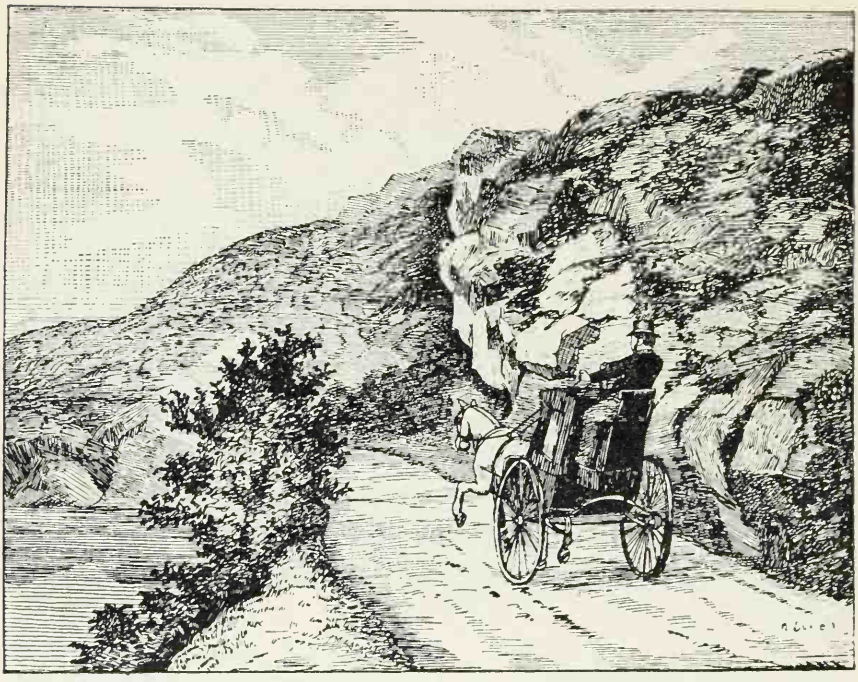
In the midwinter season many people fall, naturally, into the error that the sun emits less heat than during the midsummer. But while we are shivering with the cold, the fact is that the mighty furnace of the sun is glowing with the same heat as in July—a heat so intense that every square foot of its vast surface gives off enough energy to drive the colossal engine of the Centennial Exhibition—a heat that would melt a column of ice fifty miles in diameter as fast as it shot toward the sun, even though it flew with the speed of light! The simple reason why we all shiver in February is that our globe lies at another angle toward the solar furnace and receives only its indirect radiations. The change is in our position. There is only one way by which nature turns winter

into spring; it is by bringing the face of the earth into a new position toward the sun rays. Then the snow-banks vanish, the seeds sprout, the grass peeps out, the buds open, and the sun reneweth the face of the year.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

This astronomic fact teaches us many important and practical lessons. Much of the unhappiness and the disagreeable in life can be accounted for if we look within ourselves. We often attempt to make a scapegoat of "unfavorable circumstances" and of our "hard lot," while all the time the change so much desired could easily be brought about if we were to place ourselves at another angle to our surroundings. Too often we place ourselves at the point of view that the Quaker had when he said, "All the world is queer, except *thee* and *me*, and *thee* is a little queer."

That former friend, who has become estranged, as you think, by no fault of yours, may possibly be won again, if you were only to change your attitude toward him. He may think as you do, and a slight misunderstanding may lose you a friend. Suppose you take the initiative and show that as far as lies in your power you propose to break down all barriers of hard feelings. This frigidity of winter can in many cases be turned into the glow of spring by a kind, encouraging or appreciative word. Or do you know the worth of a smile? The gloom of winter can all be driven away by the smile of approbation. You desire to turn winter into spring, my friend? Then do not so much try to change circumstances as to change your angle of vision.

As the earth teems with new life when brought into a different position with respect to the sun, so the soul that seeks God's face, God's favor, will find that the winter will be past and gone and the time of the singing of souls will come again.



Remove thy foot from evil.—Solomon.

THE SAFEST METHOD.

The man who tries how near to the buzz-saw of temptation he can put his hand will never be able to point out to others the folly of his course.—Ram's Horn.

An Irish nobleman was in search of a coachman, and, as the situation was a desirable one, there were many candidates for it. Calling them together, his lordship asked the first:

"Now, how near the edge of a precipice can you drive me in safety?"

"Oh," answered Pat, "at four feet off I'd undertake to go along aisy with fresh horses, and never a taste of an accident should your lordship have."

"You must drive well," said the nobleman. And then he put the same question to the next applicant, who promised to go with equal safety to closer quarters.

A third was sure he could drive within a foot, and then the competition became so eager, his lordship had offers of being driven within a few inches of the edge.

"And how near would you go?" asked his lordship of a quiet man, who had remained silent.

"Sure, I'd kape myself and your lordship as far away as I could," was the reply.

"Then you're the man for me," cried the nobleman, and engaged the sensible driver on the spot.

"I can drink or leave it alone."

So has said every man who has died a drunkard.

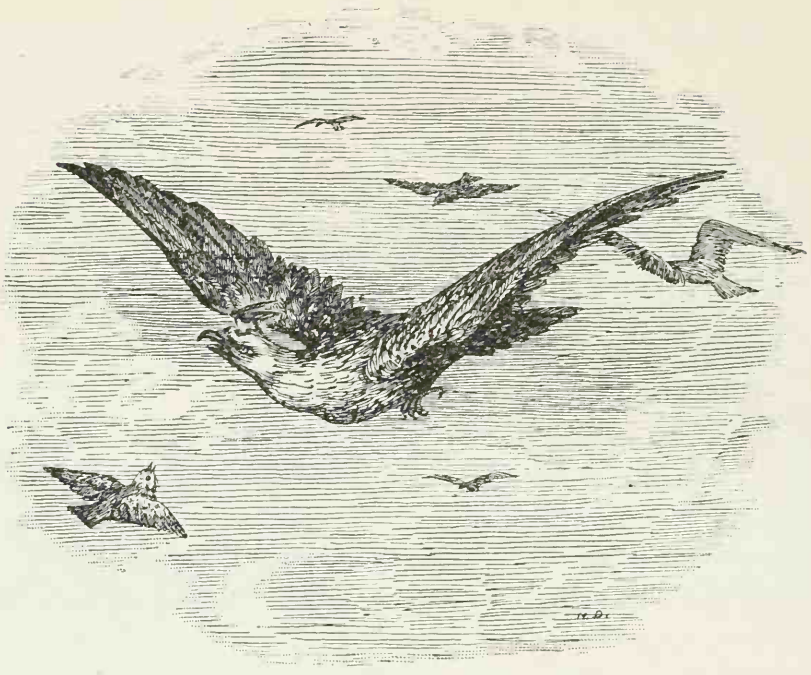
This is the confident statement of every moderate drinker.

But down they go, 60,000 to 80,000 every year.

We see the bloated, miserable God-forsaken wrecks all about us every day, and yet that smile of assurance in your own will power comes up again and you say, "They have gone down, but I—never."

A young man stood at the bar of a court with a verdict of guilty against him for some crime. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court and said: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. My father plead with me to forsake bad company, but I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did. I spurned his advice. I thought I knew when to stop; but when I turned my back upon my home temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to my ruin." Mark that confession, young men, who are beginning to be wiser than your parents, and take the safest method.

The only safe method to deal with evil is to keep as far removed from it as possible. The happy time coming will not be realized in any other way. Why not make that time to-day by choosing God and the right.



It is a little one.—Lot.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—Frederic W. Farrar.

A picture in a public gallery in London gives a scene in the Higher Alps. A noble eagle in flight is pursued by scores of birds. The hawk and other large birds he can keep at a distance. Whenever they come too near he tears them with his claws or strikes them with his beak. The humming-bird, a tiny thing compared with the eagle, has joined the other birds in their attack upon the eagle. He can do more injury than all the others. He sits on the head of the king of birds, pecking away and scattering the feathers as the eagle soars higher. The humming-bird is small and has a small beak and little strength, but sitting on the vital

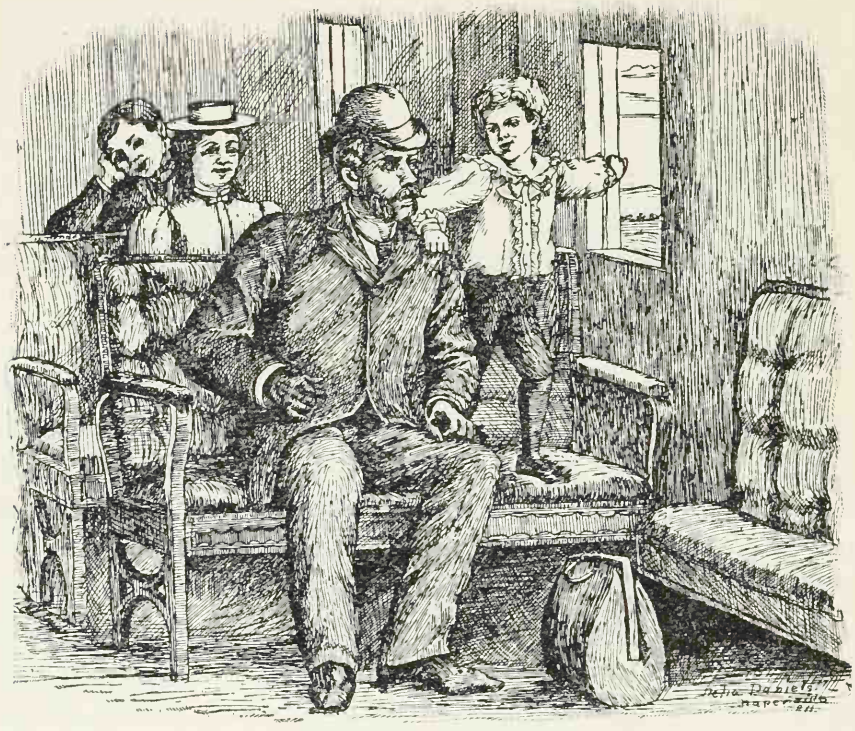
part, and constantly teasing, he frequently injures the brain of the eagle and causes his death.

How often is it the case that we allow little things to annoy us, to destroy our peace, our happiness, our health. Great troubles we manfully meet and conquer, but little things, little humming-bird troubles, get near our hearts, and we fail to comprehend that only God's infinite grace can help us overcome.

A little boy who held a sixpence near his eye said, "Oh, Mother, it is bigger than the room," and when he drew it nearer still he exclaimed, "Oh, Mother, it is bigger than all outdoors." A silk fiber stretched across the glass of a telescope may hide a star. A hair may strangle a giant. A pebble dropped into the ocean from an infant's hand will stir the waters to their great depths and their widest bounds. Little things have turned the tide of a great battle, crushed a dynasty, obliterated an empire and changed the map of a continent. Little things frequently shape the policies of governments and make and unmake public men. Little things raise men from poverty to wealth and destroy the accumulations of years of hard and honest labor. In earlier years we may have planned wisely and cautiously, but some little thing —some concealed switch—may have turned us from our course entirely. A very small self-gratification, a very little love of pleasure, a very small thread, may hide the light from view and turn us on the wrong course.

There can be no little transgression of God's infinite holy law. There can be no little sins. Little "shortcomings," little "indiscretions," are not found in God's vocabulary. Nothing is little in the eye of God. Nothing is too little for the pen of the recording angel.

It is the little rift within the lute
That, by and by, will make the music mute.—Tennyson.



Train up a child in the way he should go.—Solomon.

DECEIVING CHILDREN.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.

—Scott.

A short time ago a gentleman took his little son on a railway excursion. The little fellow was looking out of the window, when the father slipped the hat off the boy's head. The latter was much grieved at his supposed loss, when papa consoled him by saying he would "whistle it back." A little later he whistled and the hat reappeared. Not long after the little lad flung the hat out of the window, shouting: "Now, Papa, whistle it back again!" A roar of laughter in the carriage served to enhance the confusion of perplexed papa.

Children soon learn to know whether the parents' word is to be relied on or not. A child about five years

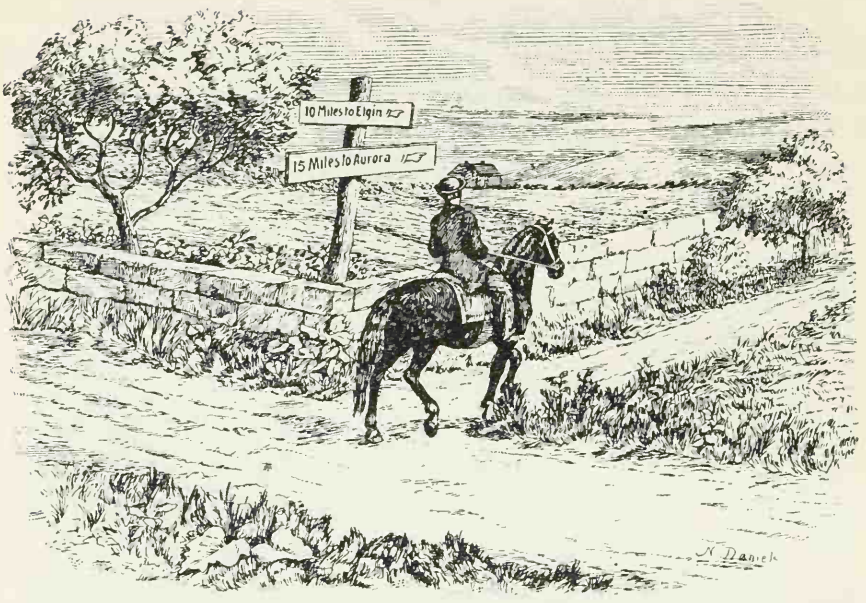
old was rude and noisy. The mother kindly reproved her, saying: "Sarah, you must not do so." The child soon forgot the reproof and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said: "Sarah, if you do so again I will punish you." But not long afterward Sarah "did so again." A young lady present said. "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to punish you." "Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good. My mother never tells lies."

Robert Hall once said to a mother: "If you do not wish your child to grow up a liar, never act a lie before her. Children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not is a lie, whether acted or spoken."

This deception on the part of parents, if followed up closely, exists to an alarming extent. Parents who would not for a moment think of uttering a falsehood yet act in such a manner or present matters in such a light to the child that there exists a doubt in the child's mind as to the integrity of the parent.

This deception is sometimes carried into our religious life and festivities. Who doubts the logic of the little child's question after a Christmas festival when being told that there was no Santa Claus, innocently asked, "Well, is there a real Christ?"

Dr. Leonard Bacon once preached a sermon on what he called the obverse side of the Fifth Commandment—*the duty of parents to be worthy of honor*. The child is born into the world with this right. His pure eyes look to his elders for example. His soul waits for impulse and inspiration from them. Woe unto that parent who, by unworthy character or by neglect or by deception, causes one of these little ones to stumble; it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.



Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil.—Isaiah.

CHANGING GUIDEBOARDS.

A number of boys, wishing to have some fun, changed the guideboard at the crossing of two roads. The result was that a physician, who had been called in haste to attend a case of accidental poisoning, followed the guideboard and took the wrong road and arrived when the patient was beyond recovery The physician, unacquainted with the roads was not to blame for the mistake, and the boys meant no harm. But the result!

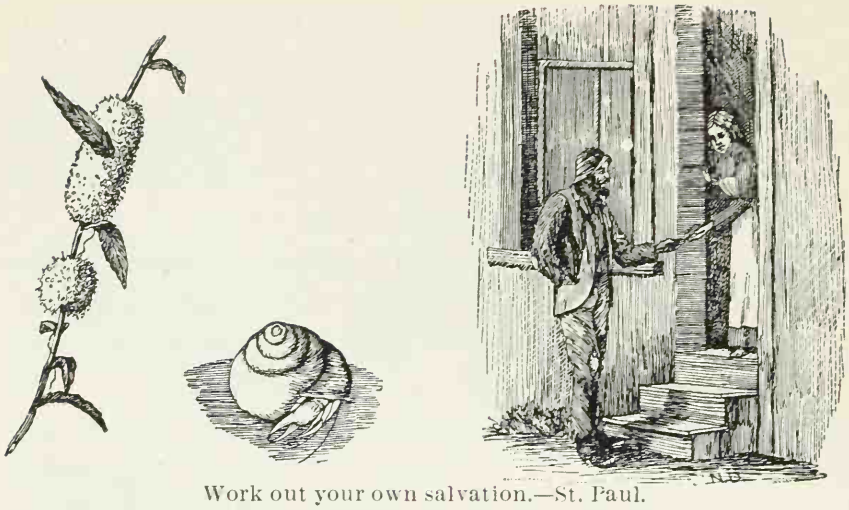
Innocent jokes! How often they haye resulted in permanent injury or in loss of life. Not infrequently has the victim of the joke been a member of the same family. A young girl was very much afraid of fire-crackers. Her brothers, knowing her dread, determined to have a little innocent fun, and lighted a number, and, unnoticed, placed them under a seat in the yard which she was occupying. The result was that she was thrown into spasms, and became a helpless, hopeless invalid.

Many persons have paid a very high price for what they supposed would be only a little innocent fun.

Do you remember that poem of Southey's about Sir Ralph the Rover? On the east coast of Scotland, near Arbroath, a good man had placed a float with a bell attached on the dangerous Inchcape Rock, so that incoming ships, unwarned in the darkness and storm, might be warned and keep away. In a moment of deviltry Sir Ralph the Rover cut away both bell and float. This was a cruel thing to do. Years passed by. Sir Ralph roamed over many parts of the world and at last returned to Scotland. As he neared the coast a storm was raging. Where was he? Where was the ship drifting? Oh, that he knew where he was! Oh, that he could hear the bell on Inchcape Rock! But years ago, in his thoughtlessness and sinful folly, he had cut it away with his own hands. Listen to the grating sounds heard amid the storm! In the grasp of the breakers the ship is hopelessly tossed about, and at last strikes that very rock. Amid curses of rage and despair the ship goes down, bearing with it him whose sin has found him out. He sinks to rise no more until the great day of judgment.

Another aspect of this subject. In a higher and more important sense there are those that change guideboards. The young man who follows the advice of associates should be sure that the guideboard has not been changed.

Many young men have been led to give up the simple faith of childhood and pious parents when in our higher institutions of learning. Philosophy and the so-called power of independent thought are substituted for a consecrated, holy life. It is dreadful to change a guideboard that physical death ensues; it is much more so when the issues involve eternal life and eternal death.



Work out your own salvation.—St. Paul.

PARASITES.

An idle life is death anticipated.—Goethe.

Better far be burned at the stake of public opinion than die the living death of parasitism.—Drummond.

Prof. Henry Drummond says that parasites are paupers of Nature. They are forms of life that will not take the trouble to find their own food, but borrow or steal it. The parasite has no thought for its race or for perfection in any shape or form. It wants two things—food and shelter. In the picture above we give three forms of the parasite.

The Dodder is a plant, a vine that fixes itself to some other plant, as to hops, flax, the nettle, etc., and, decaying at the root, is nourished by the plant that supports it. The Hermit Crab takes up its abode in the cast-off shell of some other animal and, like Diogenes in his tub, lives a very lonely but a very active life.

The Hermit Crab is not altogether a parasite, but within its body is frequently found a bunch of rootlike processes, called Sacculina. This organism has neither legs nor eyes, nor throat, nor stomach, nor any other organs, and is a typical parasite.

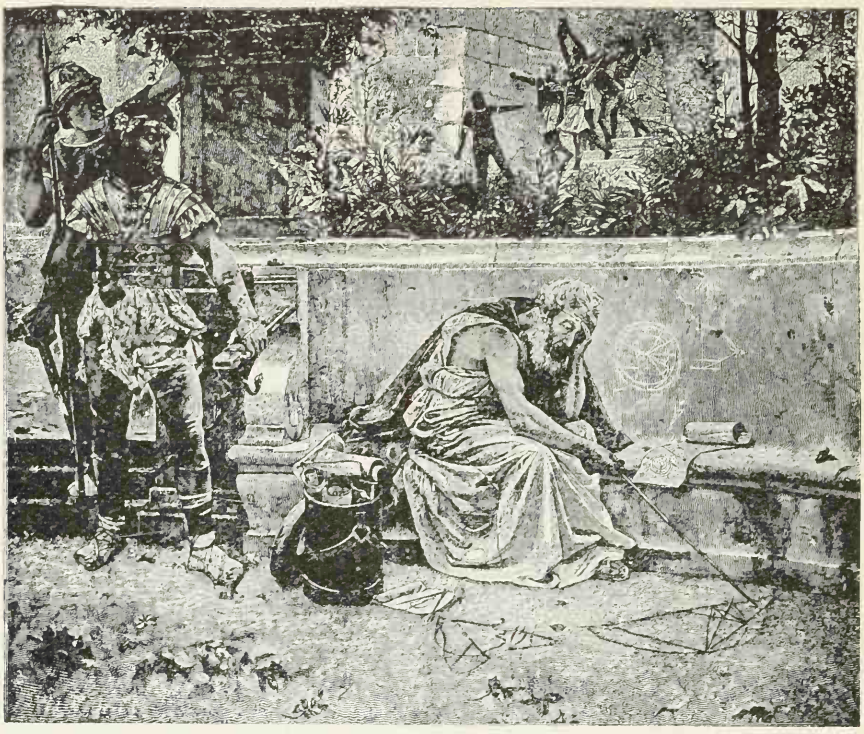
Parasitism is always accompanied by degeneration,

and scientists tell us that this is true of the Sacculina, which might have been a crustacean. Let the parasitic life begin, and away go legs, jaws, eyes and ears, the organism becoming a mere sac, absorbing nourishment. There are many other parasites found in the higher forms of life which we cannot name here.

The third parasite in the picture belongs to the genus Homo. Have you ever seen this specimen? Here again this parasite expects to find food and shelter without earning them. It is impossible to name the different varieties. They are found in the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual world. The general law of parasites, as stated by Drummond, is that anything which secures food to the individual without the expenditure of work is injurious and accompanied by degeneration.

All that can be said of idleness generally might be fitly urged in support of this great practical truth. All nations that have prematurely passed away, buried in graves dug by their own effeminacy; all those individuals who have secured a hasty wealth by the chances of speculation; all children of fortune; all victims of inheritance; all social sponges; all satellites of the court; all beggars of the marketplace—all these are living and unlying witness to the unalterable retributions to the law of parasitism.—Drummond.

In the religious sphere the parasitic habit makes awful ravages on the souls of men. While truth and knowledge seem to increase, life and character are degrading. A mere adherent of the church presents to the world a false conception of the religion of Christ. Vital Christianity in the home will in most cases prevent parasitic children.



He did it with all his heart and prospered.—2 Chronicles.

CONCENTRATION.

Be a whole man at everything.—Gurney.

Archimedes one day drew a mathematical figure in the sand, and was so intent upon the solution of his problem that he had but one request to make of the Roman soldiers who had been sent to kill him. His request was that his life might be spared long enough for him to finish the solution of his problem, but even this was ruthlessly denied him.

In order to succeed in life it is necessary to have a certain amount of concentration. Duties may be varied, but the duty of the moment demands the whole strength of man. Many men are laboring hard, but not having the faculty of concentrating their powers upon a single subject at hand, their arduous toil often means nothing

but defeat, while others, who concentrate their forces and dispel worry from the mind, with much less labor turn defeats into telling victories.

How often the school boy finds it a difficult task to give his whole attention to the lesson at hand. It requires not a little effort on his part to become the diligent student who knows what application is. In every great success the power of concentration is clearly seen, overcoming difficulties, driving away discouragements.

Dividing the energies and powers of a man is the curse of many a business life, and frequently hinders progress in other fields. Coleridge is said to have left behind him about forty thousand treatises on metaphysics and divinity—not one of them complete. How much greater blessing men might be to the world if there were not this scattering of energies.

Gladstone is a remarkable example of the power of concentration. Whatever the work he had in hand, in his long and eventful life, took hold of him so entirely that he had to be roused from it as most are roused from sleep. The rare power of being totally indifferent to his surroundings was invaluable to him as leader of the House of Commons.

William Pitt, although in some respects not a worthy example for young men, teaches an important lesson on what fixedness of purpose will do. Neglecting everything else, he bent all his energies in acquiring political supremacy, and for a quarter of a century stood at the head of one of the most powerful nations of the world.

Concentration that wins is shown by Sidney Smith when he suggests that we read so heartily that dinner-times comes two hours before you expect it. Charles Kingsley says: "I go at what I am about as if there was nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men, but most of them can't carry it into their amusements."

Fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks.—St. Paul.

DANGER NEAR THE COAST.

Vessels are not often wrecked in mid-ocean. It is only when the coast is neared that danger is imminent. The same truth holds in the moral world. The life that is headed toward the deep seas of purity, honesty and noble manhood is not in danger, as is the life that has cut away from the "old life," but is still moving in the shallow waters near the shore. Hezekiah Butterworth beautifully illustrates this truth in the following lines:

When life was young my white sail hung
O'er ocean's crystal floor;
In the capes alee was the dreaming sea,
And the deep sea waves before.

And a Glo'ster fisherman called to me
From the pier's extremest post:
"Strike out, my boy, for the open sea,
There's danger near the coast!"

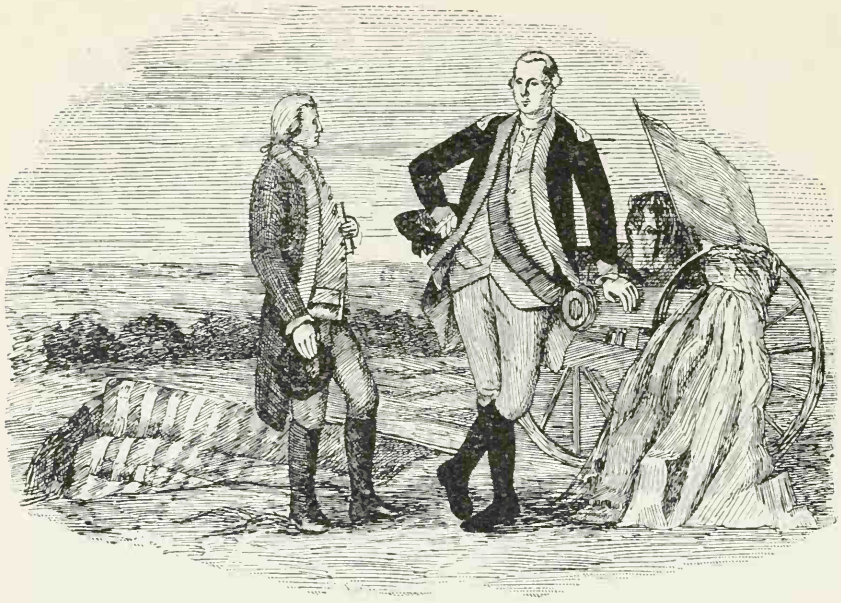
From the seaport town I went away,
And a Christian man returned,
And I told in the old home church one day
The truths my heart had learned
When the grizzly fisherman said to me:
"Of strength we may not boast;
Strike out, my boy, for the open sea;
There's danger near the coast."

"False lights, false rocks, are near the land,
The reef the land-wave hides,
And the ship goes down in sight of the town,
That safe the deep sea rides.
'Tis those that steer the old life near
Temptation suffer most;
Strike out again for the open main;
"There's danger near the coast!"

And so on life's bay I sail away,
Where free the sea winds blow,
As I sailed from the old home port that day,
And the rocks of the Norman's Woe.
And when I steer the old life near,
The fisherman, like a ghost,
On the wave-rocked pier I seem to hear—
"There's danger near the coast!"

This truth finds application in religious circles. The individual or the community that is not ready to swing out away from evil, but delights to linger near its shore, will never be bold and aggressive in defending the right, will never be strong in any sense.

What community does not know of men who were rescued from the "old life" and for a time were examples of promising manhood, but, believing themselves strong, they ventured "near the coast" and were overtaken. This is true not only in the grosser vices of intemperance and lust, but also in the "little" things that lead to indifference and apathy in the "new life." If Christians were generally to heed the warning, "There's danger near the coast," the Church would be revolutionized in a day.



Redeeming the time.—St. Paul.

PROMPTNESS.

General Washington's private secretary once apologized for his delays by saying, "My watch is out of order." "Then," replied Washington, "you must get a new watch or I must get a new secretary." Pompey once said, "It is not necessary for me to live, but it is necessary that I be at a certain point at a certain hour.

Franklin said to a servant that was frequently late and was always ready with an excuse, "I have generally found that the man that is good at an excuse is good for nothing else."

Some persons have the habit of being behind time. They arrive at the breakfast table a little late. Their letters are mailed just after the time of closing the mails. The train has just left as they appear on the scene. They are not apt to break engagements, only that they always come a little after the time.

Grouchy, Napoleon's marshal at Waterloo, was only a few minutes late. The few minutes were improved by

Blucher, the general on Wellington's side, and decided the victory of the day and sent Napoleon to St. Helena.

Persons who are not prompt in all their doings sometimes think that they themselves only are injured by their neglect, while in fact lack of being prompt and punctual is a marked inconvenience, discourtesy, and often a positive loss to someone else. Delay on your part often means stealing time that belongs to others. Delay in answering a letter, in speaking a word, in proffering a helping hand, in performing a piece of work, may not only result in no good, but in positive evil.

Promptness is a characteristic of truly great men. As a rule, the most truly successful and competent men of the community are always prompt. "I have no time," or, "I will go a little after time so as not to lose time," are the men who are always hustling and never accomplish anything.

Dr. Fitch says: "I give it as my deliberate and solemn conviction that the individual that is tardy in meeting an appointment will never be respected or successful in life."

Five minutes late! Who can estimate the result? A conductor's watch is behind time—a frightful collision occurs; a leading firm needs funds that are available to its agent, the agent is tardy in transmitting—the firm becomes bankrupt.

Victory or defeat, success or failure, a useful life or a wasted life, princely manhood or a shattered humanity—all these may hinge upon an important five minutes.

"Too late" may be written on the tombstone of many a wasted life—too late in rising, too late in business, too late in meeting engagements, too late in efforts to benefit mankind, too late in religious duties and at last,

"Too late! too late! will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

Why talkest thou with her?—St. John.

PURITY.

A woman paused where a chandelier
Threw in the darkness its poisoned spear;
Weary and footsore from journeying long,
She had strayed unawares from the right
to the wrong:

Angels were beck'ning her back from the den,
Hell and its demons were beck'ning her in;
The word of a sister, like one who forgives,
Drew her back, and in heaven that sweet
word lives.—Anon.

At the Columbian Exposition, in one of the corridors of the Art Building, stood a marble group, representing an outcast woman, who, trembling with fear and cowering with shame, seeks protection from one whom she instinctively recognizes as a new found friend. Her timid, upward glance reveals a soul in which the shades of the guilty past are contending in mortal combat with the newly awakened aspiration and hope for a better life. Bending over, as if to shield her by his mantle from

those who drew back their garment's hem, for fear of defilement, and looking down into her very soul with an expression of infinite sorrow, compassion and pardon, is the Christ of Galilee, the friend of sinners. No Christian could catch the Master's thought, thus vividly embodied by the sculptor, without feeling a measure of his "passionate passion for souls," "that pours itself out for the lost."—Mrs. Rev. L. Grosenbaugh.

No line of Christian work shows more clearly the imprint of divinity than this oneness with God in helping to take away the sin of the world by uplifting fallen womanhood. Yet those engaging in rescue work soon find that an almost impassable gulf separates these victims from the possibility of returning to a pure life, the double standard of morals upheld by society for the sexes probably forming the greater part of the chasm.

So long as girls must work for a mere pittance that will not provide for the actual necessities of life, and are told, when complaint is made, that they are expected to resort to other resources, we can but expect young women to accept friendships which prove destructive to virtue and from whose power they are unable to escape.

A mother's influence can go far to prevent the impartation of false views of life by the current and modern novel, and to open the eyes of her daughters to the grand possibilities and golden realities of pure, untarnished womanhood. Mothers should also endeavor to remove temptation from unwary feet by the training in purity, courage and chivalry of their sons, as well as their daughters.

That Christian sympathy and helpfulness are awakening on this question is seen in the establishing of the many rescue homes in our large cities, notably the Florence Crittenton Homes, found in nearly every large city of the United States.

"MY PAPA."

Keep thyself pure.—St. Paul.

THE TRIUMPHS OF MANHOOD.

There is nothing that man may justly pride himself in more than in a clean, pure life. There is nothing that degrades a man and brings shame and reproach upon him as when he turns aside and mars and blots his record of virtuous conduct. It is only while the crown of purity is on his brow that man can pride himself in exalted, noble manhood. Fortune and wealth may not have favored him, he may be little and unknown in man's sight, but with a clean record, a beautiful character, he is one of God's noblemen.

"First pure," says the inspired Word, and then records the triumphs of a Joseph who overcame a subtle temptation.

"First pure," says God's Word, and then records as a warning to all future generations the sad effects of uncleanness and licentiousness. What name brings a dreadful blot upon the otherwise clean and virtuous record of a David? Bathsheba. What rent in twain

Solomon's magnificent kingdom? Polygamy. What destroyed the nations of antiquity? Their secret vices.

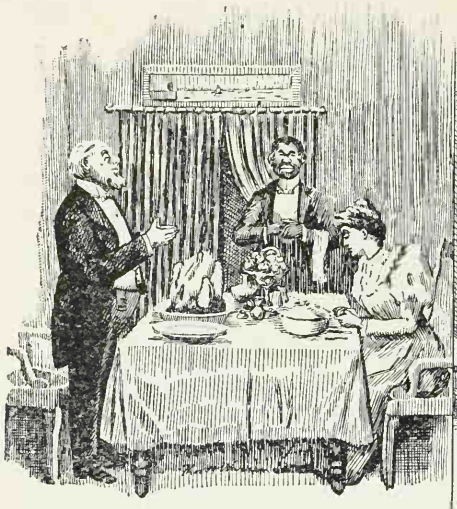
Of John Milton it is said that when he was a member of the English legation to Italy, allurements and temptations were thrown in his way, and although no man saw him, yet he calls God to witness that he kept himself pure. Daniel Webster never allowed anything indelicate or profane in the stories to which he listened, and under no circumstance was he known to utter any language which might not be repeated in a lady's drawing-room. Charles Sumner, a man of great personal charm, a favorite guest in the most brilliant circles of society, never deviated from the path of Spartan rectitude and virgin beauty. To these might be added a brilliant galaxy of true-hearted, illustrious, names.

Let no one who prizes virtuous manhood think that he ought to explore the way that leads to death. It is a dangerous experiment to enter heaven by the way of hell. Let the dearly bought experiences of others suggest the proper course.

The idea of a double standard of morals, allowing men freedom to indulge themselves, while expecting a white and stainless life from their sisters, is delusive and full of mischief. All honor to the noble women who are pressing home the truth, "If chastity is a law for woman, it must be so for every woman without exception; and if it is a law for every woman, it follows necessarily that it must be equally so for every man."

Notice the striking contrast between the serene and peaceful ending of a virtuous life of more than three-score years and that of the profligate Byron, who at thirty-six wrote:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone."



"O Lord, we thank Thee that Thou hast provided abundantly for US.

"Thank God, I found a loaf of bread in a barrel in an alley."

The rich and poor meet together.—Solomon.

SIDE BY SIDE.

In our large cities there is a distance of a hundred miles between the fashionable and unfashionable side of a brick wall.—Joseph Cook.

One of the questions agitating the large and congested centers of our nation to-day, and one that has consequently become national in importance, is the growing hatred between the poor and the rich. In all ages this hatred has existed. Centuries ago Alcibiades arrayed the poor of Athens against the rich. The result was that Athens was devastated, the rich becoming poor and the poor becoming deported slaves under the Romans. And thus it has ever been. Forced measures have ever intensified the feeling and widened the breach between classes and clans. The poor resented the contempt of the rich and the rich oppressed the poor the more. Class hatred may apparently have cause for existence in those countries where hereditary classes hold sway, but in our country, where there is no artificial aristocracy, where there is no impassable gulf between the classes, but

where the boy born in the hut or log cabin has the privilege to aspire to the highest position, here, there is no excuse for class hatred. Wherever this spirit is nourished and fostered, there is the probability of retarding the solution of the problem. Society is alike indebted to the poor and the rich. There is a constant shuffling of the scenes. The poor of to-day become the great industrial leaders of to-morrow, while the children of the rich are frequently found among the sons of toil of the next generation. The obscure become renowned and the renowned pass into obscurity. In this constant change neither can say, "I do not need thee," to the other class.

A more genial and helpful spirit would soon exist were each class to consider how helpless it would be without the other. Capital is utterly helpless without labor, and labor equally so without capital. Rather than to increase the spirit of class hatred, let each man see that ability is sure to receive recognition and bend his energies in making the most of himself. In our public schools, so beautifully and well equipped, the poor man's son is on a level with the rich man's son. To each is given the same instruction, and frequently it is the poor boy that is brought into prominence and usefulness. It would almost seem that the adversity that the poor boy must encounter makes him all the more hardy to endure the storms and to stand above the common level, while the case of the child of wealth makes him effeminate and helpless. Our public schools are a great factor in solving the class question. We plead for a more tolerant and sympathetic spirit on each side. This will, more than any agitation, place all on a common level.

Weep with them that weep.—St. Paul.

SYMPATHY.

We often do more by our sympathy than by our labors.—Canon Farrar.

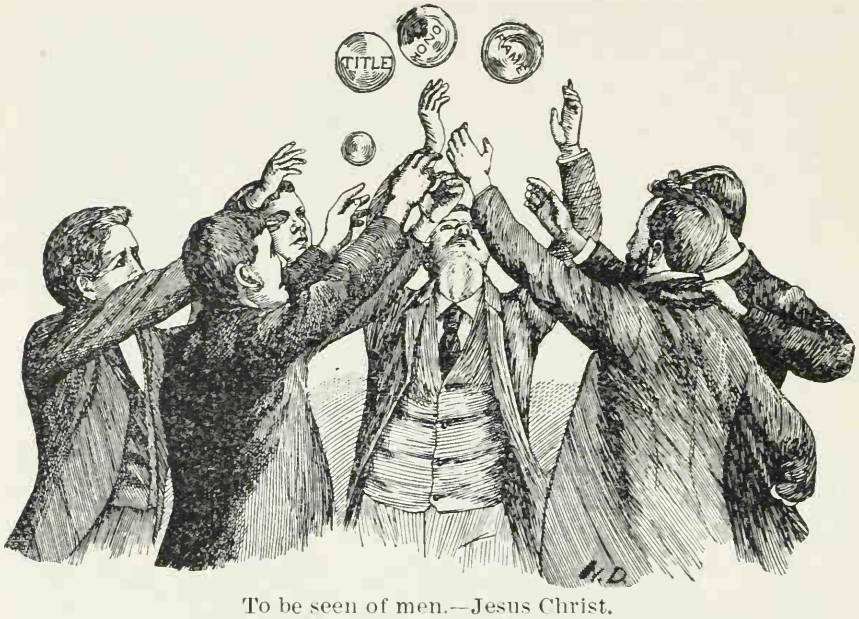
"Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm,"
so sympathy softens a sorrow it has no power to move.—Thwing.

An eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room and, holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, papa, how I hurt it!" The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with the slight-

est tone of impatience said, "I cannot help it, my boy." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out he said, in a low voice, "Yes, you could; you might have said, 'Oh!' "

Among the various forms of Christian duty, that trait of character called sympathy, that fellow feeling that makes our sorrows one, deserves a high place. Among the toiling, lowly ones of earth's teeming millions there is many a life made bitter, many a hope relinquished, many a heart crushed for the lack of human sympathy. What heartaches, what woes, what discouragements might be dispelled as mists before the rising sun, were the sympathetic look, the kindly word, the helping hand not so often withheld. Oh, that expression of sympathy! It costs the giver nothing, but is an anodyne to nerves all unstrung by the tension brought on by the hardships of life. Then, also, there should be the sympathetic ear to hear the story of grief and sorrow and for lack of which many endure deep suffering and perhaps fall into actual sin. Nothing cuts like neglect, and, on the other hand, nothing heals wounds, softens trials and cheers the soul like sympathy. No one is above the word of cheer in the hour of adversity. To make a man who has met with adversity in financial matters feel that matters might be worse, and that he still has what is of more value, friends and character, is a benefit that cannot be estimated in money value. "What can I do to help you?" sends a thrill of hope and courage to the despondent heart. For want of just such sympathy many a good man and woman has felt the sword of cold neglect pierce the very soul.

Christian sympathy in the hours of bereavement lightens the load of grief wonderfully. The visits and messages of a Jonathan to a David strengthen the faith in an unerring Providence.



To be seen of men.—Jesus Christ.

THE STRUGGLE FOR APPLAUSE.

O Popular Applause! what heart of man,
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?
Always be as solicitous to shun applause as assiduous to deserve it.—Chesterfield.

Our artist here represents men struggling to grasp the bubbles of honor, fame, titles and applause. This representation is not at all unlike the struggle going on all around us. These air-inflated bubbles are carried along by the breeze. They fascinate the unwary and attract the attention of unthinking youth.

Oh, this struggle for applause! How many a noble, gifted youth has it turned from the path of usefulness and virtue and sent him seeking after empty honors. Only when much of life is spent in this useless pursuit does the victim at times see his error and turn away in disgust. It is remarkable what a great price many are willing to pay for the fleeting plaudits of mankind. True honor, ease, comfort, peace of mind, the happiness, fortunes and destinies of others are all sacrificed for the gratification of a vain desire that never satisfies.

The artless youth that threw away his satchel of books and, turning away from school, ran after the rainbow is to be commended rather than these applause seekers.

The young man that has turned away from true worth of character and has his eye on the applause that comes from titles, position and place of honor generally overestimates his strength and abilities. It is natural for him to do so. Infatuated by the one desire, nothing is great that does not have its source in his own beclouded mind. The reputation and character of others may be blasted and ruined, if thereby he can climb toward his desired object.

Mr. Hervey was once complimented by a friend on account of his writings. "Oh, sir," said he, "you would not strike the sparks of applause if you knew how much corrupt tinder I have within."

Suppose the desired goal is reached, what is gained thereby? Napoleon had a true estimate of the worth of applause when he returned from his successful wars in Austria and Italy, amid the huzzas of the people. A friend said to him, "It must be delightful to be greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration." "Bah!" said Napoleon, "this same unthinking crowd, under a slight change of circumstances, would follow me just as eagerly to the scaffold." He well knew the fickleness of the multitudes. Honor, titles, fame, are fleeting and never satisfy. All these are insignificant compared with the "Well done, faithful servant," of the Master. Seek God's approval first and life must be a grand success. Nothing short of God's abounding grace can remove from the heart this inordinate desire for office and place. Be content to be dead to applause that no desire shall arise to be great or good or wise in any but His eyes.

Thou shalt not covet.—Jehovah.

COVETOUSNESS.

An avaricious or covetous man is never content with what he has. A circle cannot fill a triangle. Even if the whole world could be encircled, the heart of the avaricious man could not and would not be satisfied or filled with it. The avaricious man is like barren, sandy ground of the desert which sucks in all the rain and dew with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others. A covetous rich man does no good with his riches while he lives.

Beware of growing covetousness, for of all sins this is one of the most insidious. It is like the silting up of a river. As the stream comes down from the land, it brings with it sand and earth, and deposits all these at its mouth, so that by degrees, unless the conservators watch it carefully, it will block itself up and leave no

channel for ships of great burden. By daily deposit it imperceptibly creates a bar which is dangerous to navigation. Many a man when he begins to accumulate wealth commences at the same moment to ruin his soul, and the more he acquires, the more closely he blocks up his liberality, which is, so to speak, the very mouth of spiritual life. Instead of doing more for God, he does less; the more he saves, the more he wants, and the more he wants of this world, the less he cares for the world to come.—Spurgeon.

Avarice sometimes overreaches itself, as is illustrated in the following:

A very rich merchant who had an only son made his will, by which he gave all his wealth, which amounted to three hundred thousand francs, to certain monks, leaving them to give to his son such sum as they wished. The merchant died; the monks took all to themselves without wishing to give anything to the heir. The latter complained to the viceroy, who, having seen the will, asked the monks what they offered to the son. "Ten thousand francs," they replied. "You wish, then, to have all the rest?" "Yes, my lord, we demand the execution of the will." "That is just," said the viceroy, "but you do not understand it properly. It is said that the son shall have that which *you* wish. You grant ten to the heir; it is two hundred and ninety thousand francs that *you* want. Ah, well! following the clause of the will, this sum is set apart for the son. I order you to give it to him; the ten thousand francs remaining are therefore yours." They were obliged to submit

The Parthians having conquered the Roman general, Crassus, who invaded their country, the Parthian king is said to have poured into his mouth melted gold, saying, "Now be satiated with what thou covetedst through life."

I know thy works.—Revelations.

POSTHUMOUS PRAISE.

Human nature is at its best and highest only when there is a sense of appreciation either human or divine. We detest flattery, but we plead for a more timely recognition of benefits received from others, of acts of love and kindness, of toiling ones who become wearied with burdens along life's stormy way. Many are dying for want of a word of encouragement and appreciation, which to them is often better than medicine. Criticism, with its chilling influence, may be given in unsparing doses, while for some reason commendation is so frequently withheld until it is of no benefit to anyone. Margaret Preston makes emphatic protest against this procedure in the following lines:

"What use for the rope, if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help in a comrade's bugle-blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need that the spurring pæan roll,
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?

What worth in eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
No! no! if you have but a word of cheer,
Speak it while I am alive to hear!"

We pronounce finished and highly figured eulogies over the dead and decorate their caskets and graves with beautiful and costly flowers, whereas we withheld the few words of cheer that might have lengthened their lives and increased their usefulness. In the midst of this strange neglect it is consoling to know that the great Master says to every struggling heart craving sympathy, "I know thy works." Even a cup of cold water given to needy ones does not escape his notice.

Too often we entertain the best of intentions, but put off their fulfillment, until to our profound regret the opportunity is forever passed. We conclude that:

"We'll see that friend, and make him feel
The weight of friendship true as steel;
Some flower of sympathy bestow;
But time sweeps on with steady flow,
Until, with quick reproachful tear,
We lay our flowers upon his bier."

Sing sweetly and strongly of the virtues of the dead, but recognize as well the virtues of the living and inspire them to still better things.

"You have been a good mother to us," said the grown children, as they were called to her bedside. "You never told me that before," whispered the mother, and passed away.

Strew flowers, if you please, upon my grave,
And laud, if you wish, after I depart,
But to benefit me, bouquets now I'd have,
Of loving sympathy to cheer my heart.
Speak the word now, while above the sod,
It may help a weary one nearer God.

A flattering mouth worketh ruin.—Solomon.

FLATTERY.

Hold!
No adulation! 'tis the death of virtue!
Who flatters, is of all mankind the lowest,
Save him who courts the flattery.—Hannah More.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery is the food of fools:
Yet now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—Dean Swift.

The distinction between real praise (that is, hearty, genuine commendation of what is worthy in another) and flattery is very aptly illustrated in the anecdote of the pastor who, having outworn his welcome, was with difficulty persuaded to resign his charge. No sooner had he done this than he was fairly overwhelmed with expressions of regard and esteem. On the Sunday when he was to preach his farewell sermon an unusually large congregation assembled. Imagine the consternation when the pastor announced that, since making known his intention to resign, he had received so many proofs of his people's devotion to him, that he had decided not

to leave them, but to continue at his post so long as he was spared for service.

In compliments, two and two do not make four; and twenty and twenty fall very short of forty. Deal not, then, in that deceitful arithmetic.—Robert Hall.

No flatterer can be a good friend. A more wily and dangerous enchanter does not exist on the face of the earth, and yet it is the very life and soul of the fashionable world, for when it is absent the atmosphere is filled with vapors and complaints.

Spiritual flattery has ruined many a promising youth, many a talented student, many a gifted minister. There is a dangerous crisis when a proud heart meets with flattering lips. One of the chief means of dulling the Christian graces and deadening the spiritual life is spiritual flattery in which the virtues of Christians are unduly praised.

He died at night. Next day they came
To weep and praise him; sudden fame
Those suddenly warm comrades gave.
They called him pure, they called him brave;
One praised his heart, and one his brain;
All said you'd seek his like in vain—
Gentle, and strong, and good; none saw
In all his character a flaw.

At noon he wakened from his trance,
Mended—was well! They looked askance;
Took his hand coldly; loved him not,
Though they had wept him; quite forgot
His virtues, lent an easy ear
To slanderous tongues; professed a fear
He was not what he seemed to be;
Gave to his hunger stones for bread;
And made him, living, wish him dead.

—E. R. Sill.

Flatterers are the worst kind of traitors; for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint all thy vices and follies, as that thou shalt never, by their will, discern evil from good, or vice from virtue.—Raleigh.

They murmured against the good man.—Matthew.

FAULT-FINDING AND COMPLAINING.

Some murmur if their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.—Archbishop Trench.

"What are you crying for, child?" asked a mother. "Archie hurt me." "How, pray?" "I was going to hit him, when he ducked his head and my fist went against the wall." Just as reasonable, just as plausible as this boy's statement, is much of the complaining and fault-finding of to-day. The real difficulty lies in the disposition rather than in external forces.

An old deacon one day went into a blacksmith shop. The blacksmith soon began to talk about what some Christians had done, and seemed to have a good time over it. The old deacon stood a few minutes and listened, and then quietly asked him if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus. "Yes, many

a time, and what of it?" "Well, do you remember about the dogs—how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus?" "Yes, and what of that?" "Well," said the deacon, "do you know you just remind me of those dogs, content merely to lick the Christians' sores." The blacksmith suddenly became quiet and had no more to say about failing Christians.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "The human race is divided into two classes, those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and inquire why it was not done the other way."

Do not, however, fail to distinguish between fault-finding and criticism. To say that it is "easy to criticise" is not a fact. Anyone can find fault, but it takes a well-balanced mind to give a just criticism. The fault-finder is not in sympathy with you, while the critic is your friend. No one delights in the visits of the fault-finder, but every progressive, fair-minded man courts the opinions of the critic. Only as we see our mistakes can they be remedied. Criticism is a worthy employment, fault-finding never. The chronic grumbler or objector deserves nothing but our sincere sympathy. He is generally out of harmony with much that is good and beautiful and quite frequently with himself. He sees everything through the green glasses which he has adjusted and cannot be convinced that he is in error. There he comes now! He is coming to tell you of his neighbor's shortcomings. He complains to you of the weather, the season, the times, the government; in short, of everything and of everybody except himself. Fault-finding, complaining, grumbling, murmuring is unprofitable business. If you have unawares acquired the habit, abandon it at once.

What shall the end be?—St. Peter.

STARTING WRONG.

"The beginning is half of the whole."

"Dear me," said little James, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong," and he tugged and fretted as if the poor buttons were at fault for his trouble.

"Patience, patience," said his sister. "The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right."

What a practical lesson can be drawn from this little boy's mistake. How frequently the first act leads to great evils and sad ends. The little boy struck his brother. That was the first wrong deed. Then he denied it. That was another. Then he was unhappy and cross all day because he did not tell the truth.

A young man is convicted of the crime of murder

and must suffer the extreme penalty of the law. His broken-hearted mother visits him and says, "How can it be that my boy so gentle, so sympathetic, my boy, the pride of my life, should come to an end like this?"

"Mother," he says, "I did not intend to do it, but once starting on the wrong course, I rushed forward till in a drunken stupor I committed the crime. Oh, the first wrong act! It has brought me here to-day!"

Many a youth who is cheered by brilliant possibilities has had a sad end because of a wrong beginning. Many a useful life is marred and hindered in the attempt to greater usefulness by the mistakes of early days. Much time is spent in trying to correct the mistakes of youthful days. A wrong start, if it does not always lead to ruin, at best greatly hinders the full development of manly Christian character. A right start may not always be followed by a virtuous, honorable, respected life, but it is a great incentive thereto. Even though there should be a deviation from the path of duty, recollections of former virtuous days and the voice of conscience frequently help to a return to the principles actuating at starting.

Start right, young man! A bad foundation has ruined many a stately and costly building. Have a clear and well-defined aim and plan. The man that starts on a journey but has no objective point generally gets nowhere. The man that has no aim in life, however hard he may labor, never accomplishes anything. As driftwood on the current he is a creature of circumstances. No one begins well in life who has not a well-defined aim, who has not decided what his life shall be. Do not stop with a definite aim, but, like the sculptor boy who sees the beautiful, finished statue in the rough marble stone, carve out that ideal life with the chisel of perseverance into a well-developed Christian manhood.

I can do all things through Christ.—St. Paul.

A DETERMINED WILL.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career?—Marden.

The saddest failures in life are those that come from not putting forth of the power and will to succeed.—Whipple.

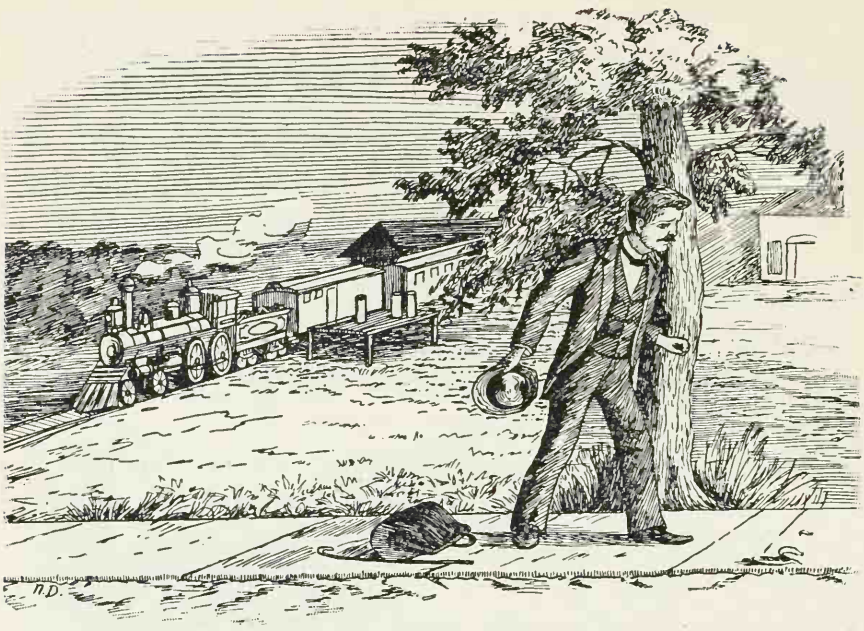
"Only Omnipotence can hinder a determined will, and Omnipotence will not oppose a determined man who is set in the right direction."

A striking example of what a determined will can do is seen in the career of Abraham Lincoln. As a boy he was very poor and had none of the advantages of education that the youth of to-day enjoy. At one time he learned that one of his neighbors had an arithmetic. He borrowed the book and in the evenings after a hard day's

work he lay upon the log cabin floor and by the light of the hearth copied the essential parts of the book. Such determination is rarely seen, but it was this spirit that placed Lincoln, in spite of poverty and many discouraging features, at the head of one of the greatest nations of the world.

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of a man never fails.—John Hunter.

Mirabeau says, "Nothing is impossible to the man who can will." The will is a mighty factor in determining man's future. "There are three kinds of people in the world—the will's, the won'ts and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything." This idea of the importance of will-power must be emphasized, and yet we would not by any means indorse the sentiment that there is nothing in circumstances. Not every man that wills so to be will rise to the height of a Bonaparte, a Gladstone, a Lincoln. There is not always a way where there is a will. Not every man can make of himself just that which he chooses. There is, however, nothing like a determined will. All men of note have been men of determined wills. Will power has forced itself up through poverty, through deformity and misfortune, through discouragement and prejudice, through defeat, if you please, and has at last crowned with laurels its happy subject. Grant, Washington, Wellington, Napoleon, Disraeli, Pitt, Thurlow Weed, Cooper, Girard, Thermopylæ, Waterloo, Trafalger are all names that suggest a command of extraordinary will-power. A resolute determination is half the battle of life, but accompanied by an untarnished character and an unfaltering faith in God, its achievements are beyond computation.



Forgetting those things which are behind.—St. Paul.

STOPPING TO WORRY.

A man is hurrying to the depot to catch a train. He slips on an orange peel or banana skin and the irresistible temptation is to turn back and see just where and how he slipped. He will stand a better chance of catching his train by letting the old slipping place alone and looking out for the next slipping place, than by turning round and walking backwards, with his eyes on the place where he slipped last, and his mind full of worry because he did slip there.

We all make mistakes, and if we have our eyes open we find out that they are mistakes. One of the greatest that mankind makes is to stop and worry over a mistake already made.

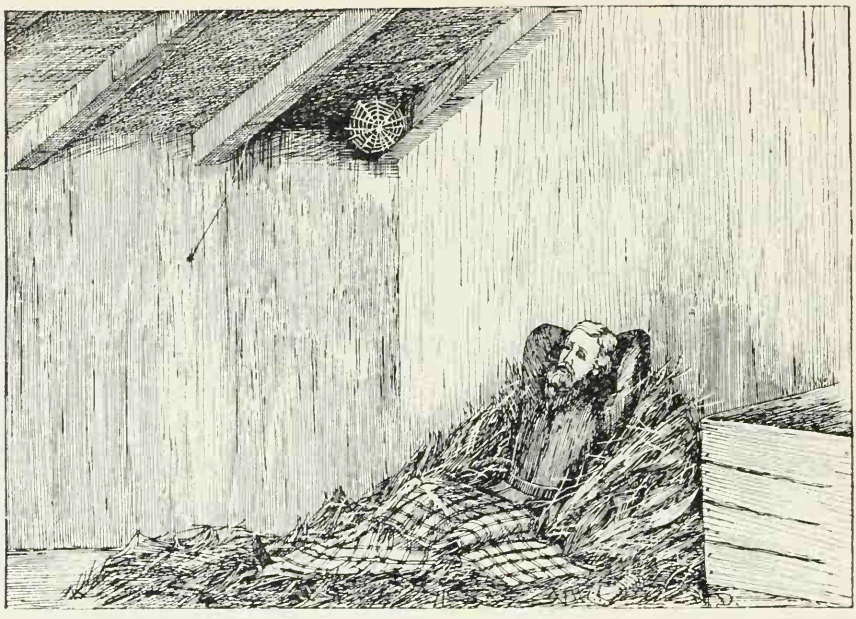
Worry makes many a life miserable fretting over troubles that never come, over evils that never occur, over imaginary defeats, over mistakes of the past.

Worry, not work, kills. It is worry rather than work that enriches the cemetery. And what good comes of worry? None, absolutely none, whatever.

Prof. Amos R. Wells says that neither brutes nor angels worry and advises that we get rid of worries not by degenerating to the stupid brute, but by rising to the trustful disciple. "There are two ways to get rid of worry. One is by less forethought; the other, by more. One is by forgetting the coming evil; the other, by remembering the coming joy. One is by less sensitiveness, the other, by more spirituality. One is by carelessness concerning the opinions of others; the other, by thought for the happiness of others. One is by disregard of success; the other, by care for our powers to succeed. One is by less love; the other, by more. One is by a weaker conscience; the other, by a stronger faith."

Shall we not recognize the elevation in character, the pleasure and the intense delight in always and everytime choosing the latter course? Do not worry, whatever you do. Worry has never helped anyone. Do not descend into a plane below it, but manfully rise above it. You say you cannot do it. You *can* do it with God's help. With a firm trust in God's ability to help you, bring to bear upon all circumstances all the cheerfulness, hope, trust, common sense, courage and whole-hearted enthusiasm and persistence you can summons, and worry will vanish like mists before a morning sun. Others have troubles as well as you. Contrast them with yours and the light that falls upon your own blessings will cause the burdens you have to bear to lighten and disappear.

There is no trouble so great that prayer, courage, determination and faith cannot overcome it, and no earthly shadow so deep and dark that the light of heaven may not shine through it.



Let no man's heart fail.—David.

BRIGHT SIDE OF FAILURE.

He fails who climbs to power and place
Up the pathway of disgrace.
He fails not who makes truth his cause,
Nor bends to win the crowd's applause.
He fails not—he who stakes his all
Upon the right, and dares to fall.
What though the living bless or blame,
For him the long success of fame?—R. W. Gilder.

Robert Bruce, discouraged and disheartened by repeated defeats, one night reached a poor hut under whose thatched roof he tried to rest till morning. Throwing himself upon a heap of straw he lay upon his back with his hands placed under his head. As the morning dawned he gazed at the rafters of the hut disfigured with cobwebs. Forgetting for a time the apparent hopelessness of the enterprise in which he was engaged, and the misfortunes he had encountered, he watched a spider trying to swing itself by its thread from one rafter to another, but failing repeatedly, each time vibrating back to the starting. Twelve times did he notice its unsuccessful attempt. Not disheartened at its failure, it made

the attempt once more, and lo! the rafter was gained. "The thirteenth time," said Bruce, springing to his feet. "I accept it as a lesson not to despond under difficulties and shall once more venture my life in the struggle for the independence of my beloved country." History records the result. Success crowned his efforts, and it is said that he never afterward met with any great defeat.

If the little ant does not succeed the ninety-ninth time in carrying its food to its home it makes the hundredth effort. Sometimes we learn more wisdom from failures than from success.

A little boy was asked how he learned to skate. He replied, "Oh, by getting up every time I fell down."

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet-maker, locomotive builder and grocer, but as often as he failed he "tried again," until he could stand alone; then crowned his victory by giving $1,000,000 to help poor boys in time to come.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the Tribune, and made it worth $1,000,000.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook until he made himself the ornament of his age and nation.

Stephen A. Douglas made dinner tables and bedsteads and bureaus many a long year before he made himself a giant on the floor of Congress.

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood; failed to earn his salt in the galley-slave life of a Mississippi flatboatman; he had not even wit to run a grocery, and yet he made himself a grand character of the nineteenth century.

Phillips Brooks failed as a teacher in a Boston Latin school, but, undaunted by disappointments, and predictions of friends, he became one of the richest natures and noblest preachers of the century.

STONEWALL JACKSON. GEN. BURNSIDE.

Opposing Brigadier Generals at Bull Run.

Cast down, but not destroyed.—St. Paul.

VICTORY IN DEFEAT.

The failures of the past prepare the triumphs of the future.—Max Muller.

Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruins, smiling yet;
Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessity;
Laugh at my scrap of clothes, and shun
Me as a fear'd infection;
Yet scare-crow like I'll walk as one
Neglecting thy derision.—Robert Herrick.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his only novel, "Norwood," has this to say of the battle of Bull Run, fought in 1861:

"On the 21st of July was fought the battle of Bull Run—a most victorious defeat. It ended all over-confidence in the North. It inspired the South with such vainglorious confidence that it failed, for a year or more, to put forth that power which it had, and then it was too late. It ended all lingering ideas of peace. It cast the most profound gloom upon the loyal states—a night of shame and sorrow. But out of that night there arose a

morning of purpose such as had not dawned before! There was to be a long and thorough war, and preparation must be broad and thorough! The whole after-fruit of this defeat upon the North was bitter to the palate, but wholesome to the people and salutary to the Government."

It is all very well to tell me that a young man has distinguished himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied with his first triumph; but show me a young man who has not succeeded at first, and nevertheless has gone on, and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial.—Charles J. Fox.

Goldsmith endured privations and untold hardships before his "Deserted Village" and his "Vicar of Wakefield" won him success and fame. Samuel Johnson, who wrote, "Slowly rises worth by poverty depressed," was held in the clutches of poverty and debt until his Dictionary, a work of seven years, was published. Then his name was on every lip, while universities hastened to bestow degrees. Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine; Arkwright, celebrated for his inventions in cotton spinning; Arthur Cavanagh, a noted member of Parliament, born without arms or legs; Columbus dismissed from court as a fool; these and hosts of others encountered cruel failure, which only strengthened their purpose, as the winds and storms do the oak. The determined soul laughs at failures and makes stepping-stones to greater victories. John Bunyan utilizes his imprisonment in a dungeon by writing "Pilgrim's Progress" and makes his name known and cherished through the ages down to the end of time. Then push on through adverse circumstances with a gallant heart. Pay the price of great achievements and thou shalt win.

CHARLES XII.

His heart was lighted up to his destruction.--Chronicles.

DEFEAT IN VICTORY.

While there may be victory in defeat, there may also be defeat in victory. When Charles XII. of Sweden set out on his audacious career he gained a brilliant victory over the Russians at Narva. Dr. Horton says that that was, strictly speaking, his ruin; it launched him upon a series of brilliant but ineffectual victories which brought no good to Europe and infinite harm to Sweden. From her great king's "successes" Sweden has never yet, and now, perhaps, never can recover. Happy king and happy country if her forces had been routed at the beginning and the king had been sent home to govern and develop his country! The world teems with ruined lives which were started on their path of ruin by a delusive Narva! "From our victories, good Lord, deliver us; from our misleading successes and alluring accidents of luck, good

Alas for these successful men whose lives are uncheckered with failure and trouble! Is not God, as Jeremy Taylor put it, "severely kind" to them? Might they not pray for some of the chastisements which a Father does not spare his children? Is not even disaster welcome which teaches self-sacrifice, compassion, charity, religion? The last thing we should desire for those whom we love is rapid and startling success. "Deliver us from premature success" should be our prayer; "let it come, if at all, as our nature is strengthened to receive it and secured against its dangerous influences." A sudden gleam of its false light may send us along a fatal course and land us in a quagmire.

"Ruined by success" is an epitaph that might very appropriately be placed upon the tomb of many a hapless youth. Flattery and praise, even at times so well meant but so cruel in fact, given when in the start a brilliant effort is made, have brought ruin to many a one who rested where bright deeds were done. The chilling blasts of adversity, the storms of failure and defeat have on the other hand nerved the arm of many who have snatched victory from apparent defeat.

Look at that noble youth, the pride of fond parents. All that parental affection and wealth can give are freely his. With a naturally bright intellect he rises and easily stands first in his college class. On graduation day his brilliant and rhetorical address awakens unbounded applause. "A brilliant future," say his admirers. But mark! He has not learned to stand alone; he knows nothing of the strengthening properties and nerve imparted by difficulties, obstacles, failures and defeats. The first wind of adversity lays him low. He has not learned the art of rising, and, depending upon the great achievements of the past, sinks hopelessly out of sight.

"He who stops where bright deeds were done,
May look for stars beneath the midday sun."

A GERMAN GIRL RETURNING FROM MARKET.

Gather up the fragment.—Jesus Christ.

ECONOMY.

Economy—the poor man's mint.—Tupper.

Beware of little extravagances; a small leak will sink a big ship.—Franklin.

Whatever be your talents, whatever be your prospects, never speculate away on the chance of a palace that which you may need as a provision against the workhouse.—Bulwer.

George Schorb says, "What's the good of your pocket if it has a hole in it? Payday with some families

means the day to pay debts, because they are a month or more behind. There is more than one kind of intemperance. Intemperance in eating, as a rule, costs more than intemperance in drinking. Many poor families buy everything they see in the markets, eat too much, and throw enough into the stove and garbage-box to support a small family."

The want of economy has ruined many a man who otherwise was possessed of excellent traits of character. Not a few men in our large cities are receiving handsome salaries, but the month's expenses are always equal thereto; they never get ahead; they never accumulate, and hence, never have the extreme satisfaction of owning a home of their own. "Live within your means" is a good motto, but a still better is, save something to-day for a time of need.

Too many practice economy on the principle controlling the Irishman. He was urged to lay by something for a rainy day. When asked soon after how much he had accumulated, he replied, "Faith, nothing at all. Yesterday was a rainy day and I spent it all—for drink."

We urge economy but with the same emphasis deprecate miserliness. There is a happy medium between it and extravagance. This golden mean is not hard to find. Choosing either of the others will surely ruin the character. We are, however, as a people rather inclined to extravagance than to avariciousness. Economize and bear, if you must, the ridicule of the extravagant. Their folly will be short-lived.

Economize in the use of your time. It is by making use of the spare moments, the odds and ends of time which some so carelessly throw away, that great men have risen to prominence. It is by making use of the moments and filling each well as it passes that men succeed in crowding so much into a short lifetime.

Economize your strength and all your powers for useful ends.

We are well able to overcome it—
We are not able to go up against the people.—Numbers.

AS YOU SEE IT.

Ten spies reported of the land of Canaan. Eight saw nothing but giants. Two saw a land flowing with milk and honey. And thus it has ever been.

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better to-day." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examining a bush, one observed that it had a thorn. The other that it had a rose.

Two children looking through colored glasses, one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said: "I would rather have something better than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

Two men went to see New York. One visited the saloons, and thought New York wicked. The other visited the homes, and thought New York good.

Two boys looking at skaters, one said: "See how they fall." The other: "See how they glide."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest that it is principally parlor.

Two boys having a bee, one got honey and the other got stung. The first called it a honey-bee, and the other, a stinging-bee.

Two boys got each an apple. One was thankful for the apple. The other was dissatisfied because it was not two.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any and is satisfied with this.

One man enjoys what he has. Another suffers what he has not.

One man complains that there is evil in the world. Another rejoices that there is good in the world.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—Revelations.

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

The more difficulties one has to encounter, within and without, the more significant and the higher in inspiration his life will be.—Bushnell.

Nature, when she adds difficulties, adds brains.—Emerson.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon.

John Carter, whom our artist has sketched, is one of the remarkable men who have achieved success under more than ordinary difficulties. When he was twenty years old he fell from a high tree and was taken up as dead. He lived but was paralyzed from the neck downward. Thus he lived fourteen years longer. He learned to use the pencil with his mouth. The beautiful etchings drawn in this way were admired by the best artists. Such invincible courage and self-reliance "ought to put strength into the weakest heart that shrinks disheartened from its appointed lot in life." It puts to shame those who with sound bodies and perfect senses are overcome by the trivial obstacles in their way.

No man has yet found a royal road to victory that

is worth having. If victory is indeed achieved it is at the expense of hard and persistent toil—of repeated and continued encounters with opposing forces. Difficulties are but tests to increase our faith and earnestness. They are to man what the resistance of the air is to the bird or the surface of a kite. God has hidden away the treasures and secret forces of nature that man may by searching develop the intellect and strengthen the character.

Disraeli might have given up after his first speech in the House of Commons. The light of events give sublimity to his words, "The day will come when you will be glad to hear me." Tennyson might have been disheartened by the sharp reviews of his first volume. Thackeray might have given up when the publishers rejected "Vanity Fair." George Stephenson might have yielded to despair when his railroad and locomotive were laughed out of the Parliament committee. It is said that Anaxarchus, when his bones were being crushed, cried out, "Thou canst not crush my mind."

"Paradise Lost" is now an essential in every library, and yet we do not often stop to think that its author was the blind Milton. Palissy, the potter, overcame the hardships of poverty, abuse and ridicule, and after sixteen years became famous. Afterward this sincere, earnest and courageous man was thrown into the Bastile as a heretic. His works to-day are almost beyond price. Arkwright, celebrated for his inventions in cotton spinning, was of humble origin and attained to success only after much opposition and many privations. Ask these and a thousand other men whose names are inscribed indelibly on history's page, ask them if it pays to persevere in the face of apparent insurmountable difficulties. Their records give no uncertain reply.

LOUIS AGASSIZ, who refused to lecture at any price, because he had no time to make money.

If riches increase, set not your heart on them.—Solomon.

THE DELUSION OF RICHES.

Contentment is nature's riches.—Socrates.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.—Goldsmith.

To be content with what we possess is the greatest and most secure of riches.—Cicero.

At the laying of the cornerstone of the Washington monument, July 4, 1848, Mr. Winthrop said: "Build it to the skies—you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles; found it upon the massive and eternal rock—you cannot make it more enduring than his fame; construct of the purest Parian marble—you cannot make it purer than his life."

Webster said that if our American institutions had done nothing else but furnish the character of Washington, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

In the light of these commendations, that might be greatly multiplied, may we not do well to stop and ask ourselves, what, then, this striving for wealth as the highest ideal of life means? Is it indeed a delusion, and are the highest ideals best reached from the humble home? Prof. Swing says that nearly the whole column of great names stands upon the bedrock of humble property. Our statesmen, our thinkers, our writers, our judges on the bench, our orators, have all been born poor. The pursuit and the possession of money clip the wings of the soul. In all the history of man the pursuit of gold has warred against the development of self. All through literature, all through art, the plain cottage, the unpretending home, stands for the triumph of earth.

Yes, the sentiment prevalent in our day that wealth gives success, is a delusion, a great delusion. The *tendency* of riches is to cause men to deteriorate in those qualities that are most elevating and Christlike. Where wealth increases, there is needed more moral strength to keep from influences that demoralize.

"Cash or Character," is the form that the question takes with many men in their accumulation of wealth. Riches never give character, although there are not a few men of wealth whose force of character was strong enough to withstand the temptation of riches. Wealth tends to make men trust it. It often makes them indolent, proud, self-indulgent. Luxury insidiously eats away the nobler traits of character.

One of the happiest traits of character is to be rich without much money—rich in intellect, rich in ideas, rich in deeds, rich in health and cheerfulness, rich in soul. Where is the millionaire that in nobility stands as an equal to a Gladstone, a Henry Wilson, or a Sumner?

CHARLES H. SPURGEON, who would not speak for fifty nights in America at one thousand dollars a night, because he said he could do better by staying in London, trying to save fifty souls in that time.

Neither count I my life dear unto myself.—St. Paul.

THE SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

According to the most common idea among men, he that makes the most money is the most successful. The standard so often adopted to measure or weigh everything by a money value is a false one. Money has its uses. The lack of it is hard to bear. But they are not the highest and best powers that are called forth in the acquisition of money. To amass a fortune is not necessarily the highest success. To miss a fortune is not of necessity a dismal failure. Poverty and scanty means are in no way or sense desirable, but we would make very emphatic and press upon the attention of youth everywhere that man's success or happiness is not measured by his bank account.

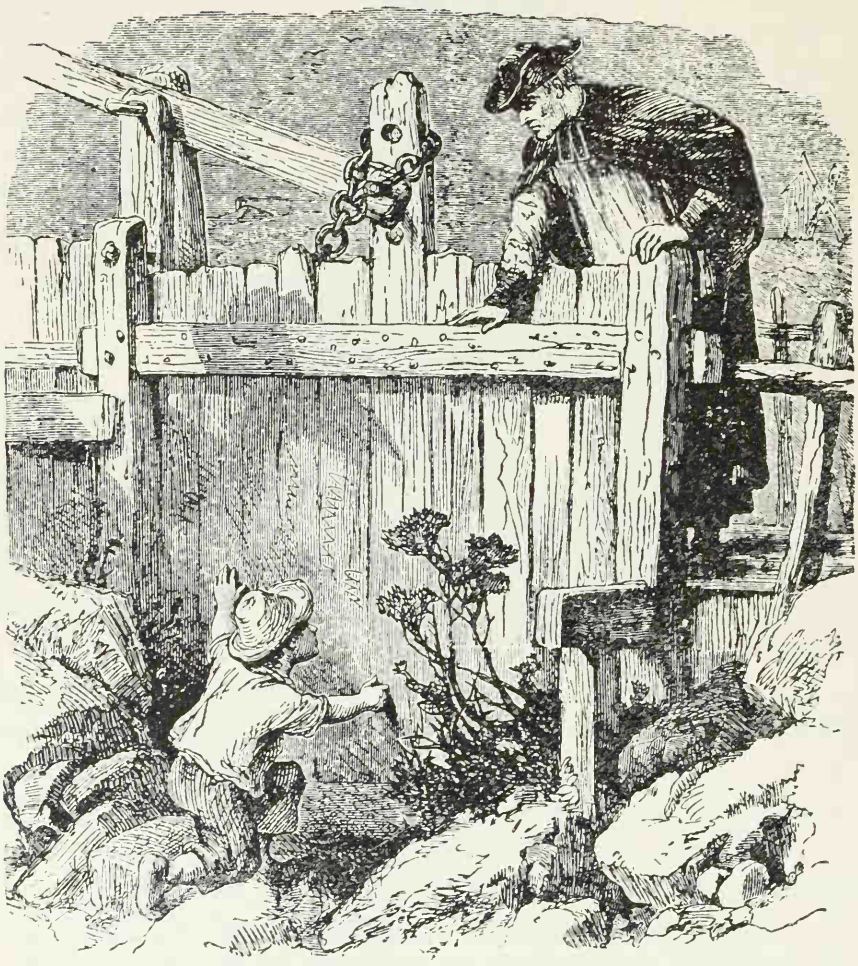
The successful man is the one that understands the true meaning of life, that takes its outlook on to another stage of existence, but has the heart to rejoice in human affections, that shows sympathy toward his fellow man in all his dealings, that can find true enjoyment in doing his daily work of whatever character that be, that has an eye for the beauties of nature all around him, that, while not destitute of honorable ambition, has learned contentment with his lot in life, and that is ready to do what he can to make the lot of others brighter and better. This man is not controlled by the rule of gold, but by the golden rule.

We often set up as a model the man with a large fortune, rather than the man of integrity of soul, and urge our youth to emulate him. If fortune fails to smile on us in filling our coffers, we count that we have not made a success in life.

A man may be a merchant prince and in commercial prosperity a grand success, but if lust of accumulation has eaten out all the finer qualities of the soul, the sympathy and affection for others, the desire to make others happy, the determination to live for God and the welfare of humanity, he is a lamentable failure.

The highest and best sense in which a life is a success is within the reach of everyone. The successful life is a happy one, availing itself of the many advantages of personal culture, enjoying the sweetness and comfort of home, no matter how simple or even scanty the material furnishing may be. Above all money considerations, we may develop sterling, manly characters and have here and now the joy of heaven in our hearts and the life of heaven in our lives.

Character, true, sterling, Christian character, is in itself success. Without it even the millionaire is a failure.



Ye looked for much; it came to little.—Haggai.

TRIFLES.

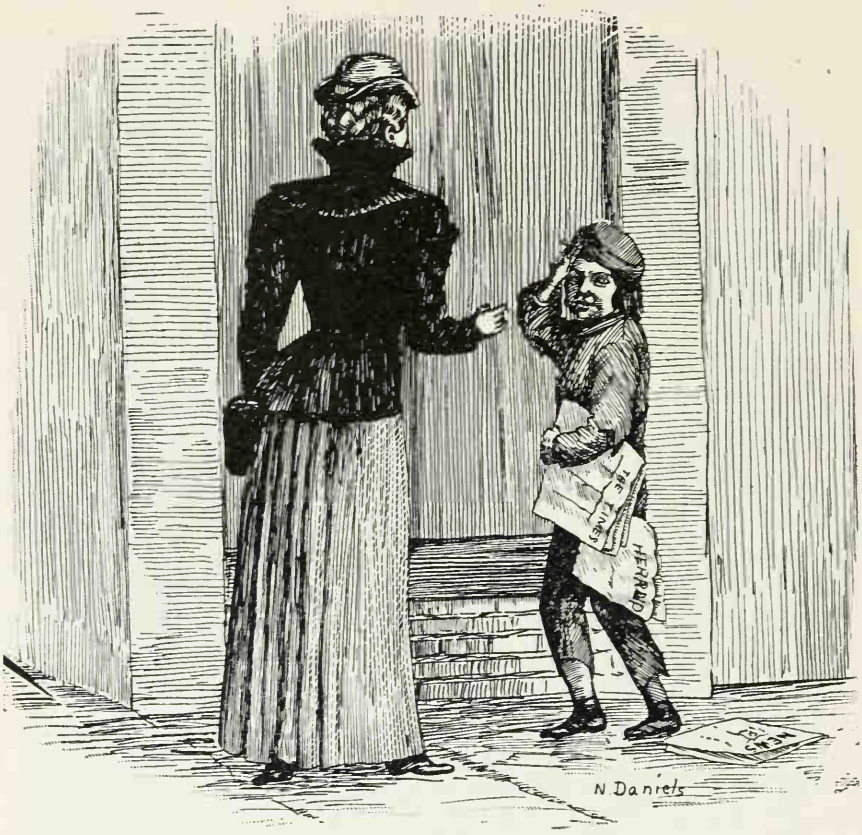
"The smallest crust may save a human life;
The smallest act may lead to human strife;
The smallest touch may cause the body pain;
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain;
The smallest deed may kill the truly brave;
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve;
The slightest shock may wake a heart to grieve;
Naught is so small that it may not contain
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain."

The people of Holland watch for the smallest leak in the dyke. They well know that if permitted to increase, a

few hours may bring devastation to their homes and their lands. Above is illustrated the boy who, in passing the dyke, heard the trickling of water. He placed his finger into the leak and for a whole night remained at his post rather than permit the waters to sweep away their homes. Exhausted, he was found next morning, and for this brave act was generously rewarded. The water issuing from the leak was a trifle, but not so the results, had it not been for the bravery of the boy.

An infidel German countess, dying, gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite, and around it square blocks of stone. These were to be fastened together by clamps. On the stone were cut these words: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." A little seed sprouted under the covering and the tiny shoot found its way through between two of the slabs and grew there until it burst the clamps asunder and lifted the immense rocks.

Alpine guides sometimes come to places where vast avalanches lie above. These are often so exactly balanced that the echo and vibration of the air produced by shouts and loud talking are sufficient to break the last icicle that holds it, and down it comes. In passing such places, the guide does not permit a word to be spoken. Thus the smallest circumstance may determine destruction. As trains are destroyed by the movement of a switch no more than the tenth part of an inch, so trifles sometimes determine, in a critical hour, men's fate for time and for eternity. Thirty years ago a man brought a handful of gypsy moths to this country for scientific experiment. Some escaped, and it has already cost the state of Massachusetts $700,000 to exterminate them. Evil thoughts multiply even more rapidly and are more destructive.



In honor preferring one another.—St. Paul.

CIVILTY.

A modest, sensible and well-bred man would not insult me, and no other can.—Cowper.

Conduct is three-fourths of life.—Matthew Arnold.

A well-dressed young lady, in hastily turning a corner in a large city, ran against a little ragged newsboy and almost knocked him down. Instead of passing on as many would have done, she quickly turned around and said, "I beg your pardon, little fellow; I am sorry that I ran against you." The little boy, who had never had anyone offer him an apology, was perplexed, but quickly gained self-possession and said, "You are welcome, and the next time you run against me you can knock me clean down and I'll not say a word." He was touched

with kindness shown to him. What burdens of life could be lifted if good, refined manners were used in addressing those less fortunate than ourselves.

Good manners should not be a sort of affectation that can be put off and on at pleasure, but in the true gentleman are part of himself. Sincerity, charity and unselfishness, a friendly feeling toward our fellow men, are all needed to make up a refined individual. President Quincy, of Harvard University, was once riding in a stage coach. A poor colored woman entered; he arose and gave her his seat.

Thomas Jefferson, riding with his grandson, met a slave who took off his hat and politely bowed. The President recognized the salutation and returned it by lifting his hat. The grandson wholly ignored the respect shown by the negro. Jefferson said, "Do you, my grandson, permit a slave to be more of a gentleman than you yourself are?"

Queen Victoria once showed a haughty spirit toward her husband, Prince Albert. He resented it and locked himself in his room. In a short time someone knocked. "Who is there?" inquired Albert. "It is I, the Queen of England," was the haughty reply. The Prince made no further reply. Some time after the Queen came again and gently tapped, saying in a low voice, "It is I, Victoria, your wife." The door was opened at once and the disagreement ended.

Douglas on being abused in the Senate, said, "What no gentleman should say no gentleman need answer."

There is at this day, undeniably, among the rising generation, a lack of courteous demeanor in the family. Of all the places in the world, let the boy understand that home is the place where he should speak the gentlest and the most kindly, and there is the place, above all, where courteous demeanor should prevail.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.—Solomon.

CHEERFULNESS

"Smile once in a while,
'Twill make your heart seem lighter,
Smile once in a while,
'Twill make your pathway brighter.
Life's a mirror; if we smile,
Smiles come back to greet us—
If we're frowning all the while,
Frowns forever meet us."

Cheerfulness does not depend on one's circumstances or condition. It is a matter of one's spirit, not of one's possessions. A bright face and sunny looks are often seen on one who is in sickness or in bodily pain.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. One glance at it lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realm of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within; even though it be a very plain face, its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for joy and scatters the shadows of gloom and despondency.

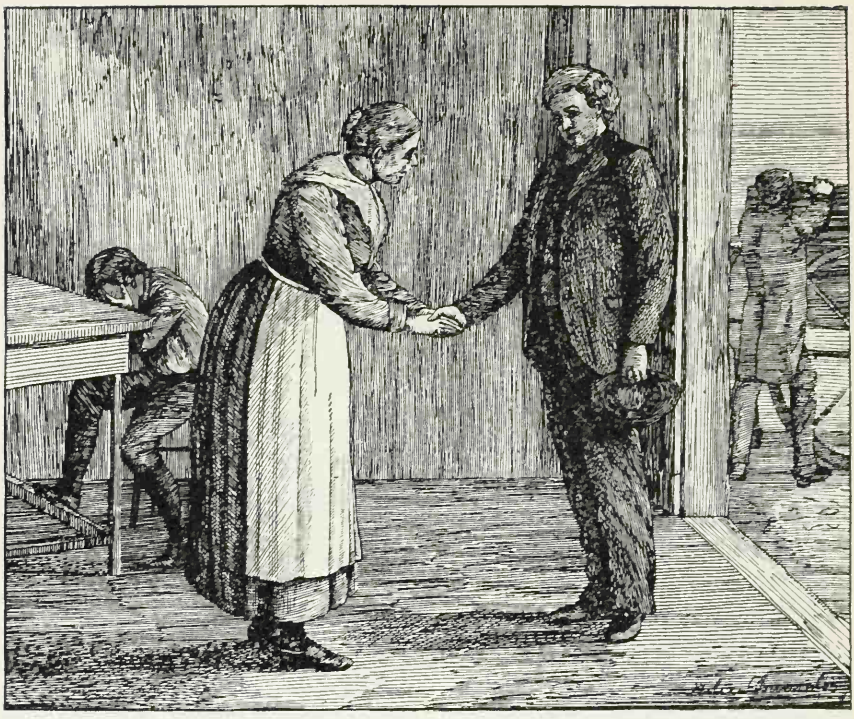
Said a person to an old man, "I suppose you are on the shady side of seventy." "No," was the reply, "I am on the sunny side, for I am on the side nearest to heaven."

Southey says that the Spaniards put on spectacles when about to eat cherries so as to make the fruit look larger and more tempting. In like manner should we make the most of our enjoyments and turn our backs upon despair, gloom and depressed spirits.

Hide your aching heart behind a sweet smile—and laugh. Laughter is a tonic. It should be indulged in for health and comfort's sake. Titus used to say that he had lost a day when it was passed without laughter. The pilgrims of Mecca considered it so essential a part of their devotion that they called upon their prophet to save them from sad faces.

Giggling is silly. In its use and propriety it differs greatly from laughter. Do not giggle. But have a good hearty laugh once in a while.

Cheerfulness makes men preëminently useful. If you wish to live a useful life, then prolong it and make the most of it by wearing a cheerful countenance. Cheerfulness gives us physical, mental and moral vigor. It is the normal atmosphere of the soul.



A MOTHER'S BLESSING.

Forsake not the law of thy mother.—Proverbs.

The character, teaching, example and training of the mother are, generally, the destiny of the child. From the Christian home, which cannot exist without the Christian mother, must flow forth the stream of virtue that shall refresh the arid and parched deserts of sin and unbelief. The mothers, for the most part, "make the children," either for good or for evil. Byron's mother was proud, ill-tempered and violent. Nero's mother was a murderess, Lord Bacon's mother was a woman of superior mind and of deep piety. Washington's mother was pious, pure and true. The intelligence, piety and executive ability of Susanna Wesley made her, through her sons, so remarkable that she was called "the mother of Methodism." If the inquiry is made as to the greatness of a man, the answer is generally found in noble

motherhood. Garibaldi says of his mother, "She was a model for mothers. I owe to her angel-like character the little good that belongs to mine." George Herbert says, "One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters." James Watts' mother was a cheerful, intelligent woman, always encouraging her son in his inventive genius. "The kiss of my mother made me a painter," says Benjamin West. "I have found out who made you," said a gentleman to John Quincy Adams. "What do you mean?" said Adams. The gentleman replied, "I have been reading the published letters of your mother, and they tell what I mean." "Yes," said Adams, "all that is good in me I owe to my mother!"

Melanchthon says of Luther's mother, "She was especially notable for her chaste conversation, godly fear and diligent prayer, and was looked upon as a model of virtue and honesty."

What noble youth does not ascribe any success with which he may have met to a mother's blessing, a mother's prayers, a mother's nobility of character? "Give me," says Garibaldi, "the mothers of the nation to educate and you may do what you like with the boys." Often amid the trying scenes of an eventful life the memory of a mother's parting blessing has given new inspiration to a discouraged and probably almost disheartened soul and spurred it on to victory.

Dr. Cuyler says, "I doubt if I ever would have been drawn to the service of Christ Jesus but for the faithfulness of that home preacher who rocked my cradle. At the starting point of nearly every minister's life stands a Christian mother. Dr. Potts requested all of us students in Princeton Theological Seminary who had praying mothers to rise up, and in an instant nearly the whole one hundred and fifty were on their feet, living witnesses of the power of a mother's prayers, influence and example."

J. A. GARFIELD. A. LINCOLN. BENJ. WEST.
WM. COBBETT. GEO. STEPHENSON. RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

Their poverty abounded unto riches.—St. Paul.

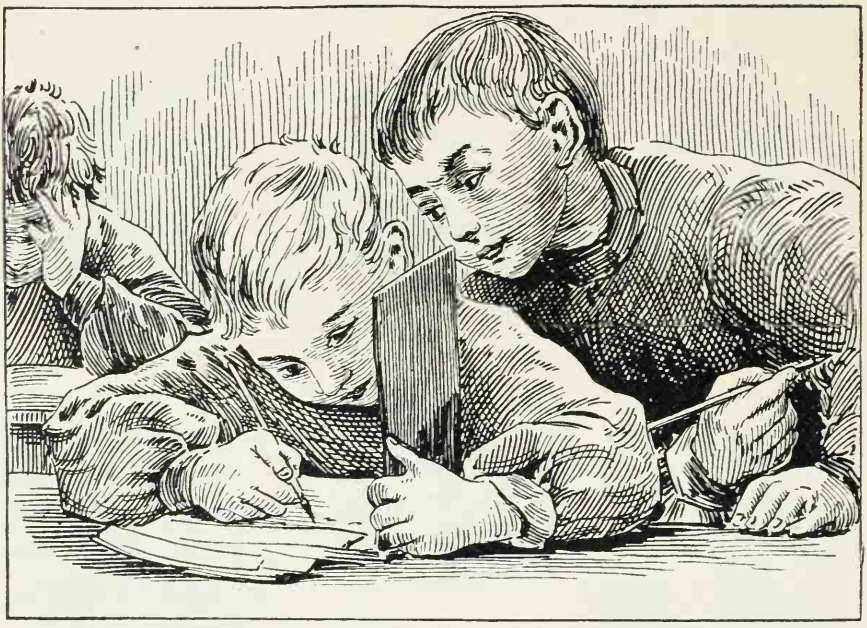
FAMOUS SONS OF POVERTY.

It is not usually the case that from the ranks of wealth and ease men come forth to do grand things. Poverty has in many cases wrought wonders, while wealth has enjoyed herself in her abundance. Guthrie says that those birds soar the highest that have had the hardest upbringing. Warm and soft is the pretty nest where, under the cover of her wings, amid green leaves and golden tassels and the perfume of flowers, the mother bird, of sweet voice, but short and feeble flight, rears her tender brood. Not thus are eagles reared. Their cradle is an open shelf; their nest a few rough sticks spread on the bare rock, where they are exposed to the rain and the blast that howls through the glen.

Such is the nursing of the bird that afterward soars in sunny skies and with strong wings cleaves the clouds and rides upon the storm. Even so God often nurses amid difficulties and hardships those who are destined to rise to eminence and accomplish great deeds on earth.

The leaders of forward movements in all lines of activity have, as a rule, come from the poorer classes. Men prominent in invention, discovery and scientific research have usually gone through the school of adversity. Luther was the son of a poor mountaineer; Kepler spent his days in want; Faraday's faithful care as scullion in Davy's kitchen led him from poverty to world-wide renown. Newton was the son of a poor widow. Ferguson's parents were too poor to send him to school, but as a shepherd's boy, with a string and a few beads he marked the movement of the stars. James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was a poor, sickly child. George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive engine, was a common collier working in the mines. Linnæus, studying botany, was so poor as to be obliged to mend his shoes with folded paper and often to beg his meals of his friends. Robert Burns, Scotland's born-poet, if ever poet was born, endured the sorrows and trials attendant upon a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door. It was his own experience that made him able to so thoroughly identify himself with the suffering poor as to voice their sentiments, aspirations, regrets and griefs.

Richard Arkwright, noted for his inventions in spinning, was of humble origin and was brought up in poverty. At one time he had to be furnished with a suit of clothes before he could appear to vote at an election. And yet this man, knighted by the king and universally honored, died, worth more than two millions of dollars.



Every man shall bear his own burden.—St. Paul.

LIFTERS AND LEANERS.

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Brings each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.
Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Did you ever see a boy leaning on his neighbor in school? Of course you did. The scene depicted by our artist is of too frequent occurrence to need explanation.

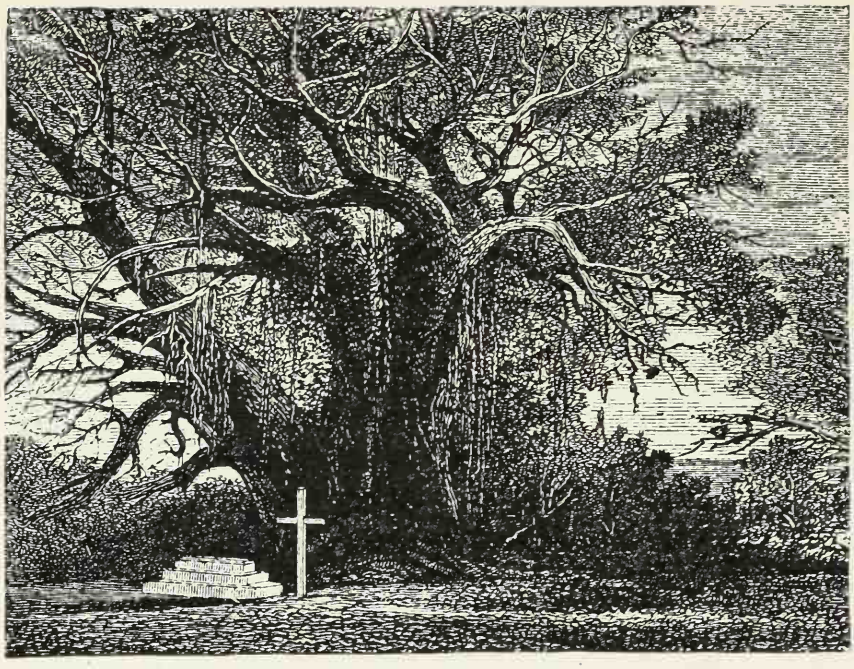
If schooldays were to end this spirit of leaning, then it might be a trivial affair, but this same spirit is exhibited in all avenues and walks of life. In a certain sense we are all dependent upon one another. "No

man liveth to himself." But in another sense we ought to be able to help ourselves and others instead of being leaners and dependent upon others.

The reason why there is a score of leaners to one lifter is found in the fact that there are so many who are willing to be helped by others, rather than help themselves. Much of the misery and suffering brought about by poverty could be averted were there not such an inclination to lean. Others have plenty, and why do they not owe us much of that which they cannot use? To depend upon them seems so much easier than to struggle for oneself. At the bottom of the make-up of these leaners there is always a large vein of laziness. The man that is tirelessly industrious has no time to lean. He is always helping himself and is looking around to help someone else.

Are there leaners in the moral and religious world? Who has not seen them? Not in prayer-meeting, for they are too busy to attend; not in looking after and caring for the sick and neglected ones, for they believe in delegating that work to others better fitted. These leaners are always ready to take the credit to themselves when anything of note has been accomplished, but when earnest, hard labor is at hand they are wanting. Oh, these leaners! What burdens they might lift from the shoulders of others, if they were only to do their part in lifting. Lifters or leaners, which shall it be?

Leaners, always borrowing but never lending. Leaners in business affairs, depending upon others to carry them through financial straits. Leaners in politics, always voting the party ticket, because others do. Leaners in church and state. Leaners everywhere. What a motley crowd! Be a lifter, and benefit the world by your presence.



MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE IN AFRICA.

Bear ye one another's burdens.—St. Paul.

LIVING SO AS TO BE MISSED.

"Live so as to be missed" was the motto of Robert Murray McCheyne, an able and devoted minister of Dundee, Scotland, who in his short lifetime furnished the best illustration of his own motto. Although his work was done and his career was ended before he was thirty years of age, and although he passed away more than half a century ago, yet the work that he inaugurated lives, and his early departure is still deplored by those who knew him.

It is possible for everyone to live so as to be missed. Greatness of intellect or of wealth are not essential for this purpose, but greatness of soul, a spirit of helpfulness, a magnanimity that reaches all men is a necessity in the fulfilling of this motto. Dr. F. A. Noble says:

"To me that is a pathetic touch in the Scripture narrative in which it is said: 'And Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died, and she was buried below Bethel under the oak; and the name of it was called Allon-bacuth.' This nurse had done her work in love and with fidelity, though it was a lowly work, and they laid her away tenderly under 'the oak of weeping.' She was missed as her mistress was missed. There is many a faithful old gatekeeper or sexton, or gardener, or foreman, or confidential agent, who is missed as genuinely when gone, though not so widely as a proprietor or capitalist."

It is the faithfulness in the performance of the duty at hand that makes men revere our memory after we are gone. "Only remembered by what I have done," wrote P. P. Bliss a short time before the Ashtabula catastrophe that ended his useful life, and yet, down through the ages of time his sacred songs will be sung, a warning to the thoughtless, an invitation to the weary and heavy-laden, and a comfort to the Christian pilgrim as he moves up the pathway of light.

Livingstone, who died in the heart of Africa, alone and without friends, to soothe a dying pillow, has done a thousand-fold more for the enlightenment of the Dark Continent than he could have done while alive. Those who gave their lives in pioneer mission work, like Henry Martyn or Alexander Duff; those who died as martyrs to the cause of freedom and liberty, as a Lincoln; those who lived lives of helpfulness, all these, although dead, they yet speak. They need no tall shafts to keep their memories green in the hearts of their fellow citizens. It is these lives of helpfulness of devoted men and women that live on after they are gone and that awaken in the youth of every age an enthusiasm; it is these lives that make practical the motto, "Live so as to be missed."

I will make thy name great.—Jehovah.

THE SECRET OF GREATNESS.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.
Blessed are they who die for God
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

—Adelaide Proctor.

An African prince who was sent on an embassy with costly presents for Queen Victoria, from an Ethiopian court, preferred a modest request that England's beloved sovereign would tell him the secret of England's greatness and glory. Her majesty did not, like Hezekiah, show the embassador her diamonds and her precious jewels and her rich ornaments, but, handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, said, "Tell the prince that this is the secret of England's greatness."

An African heathen was eating putrid fruit. He was given a magnifying glass, that he might see the real condition of the fruit, alive with worms. The native was disgusted at the sight, but instead of throwing

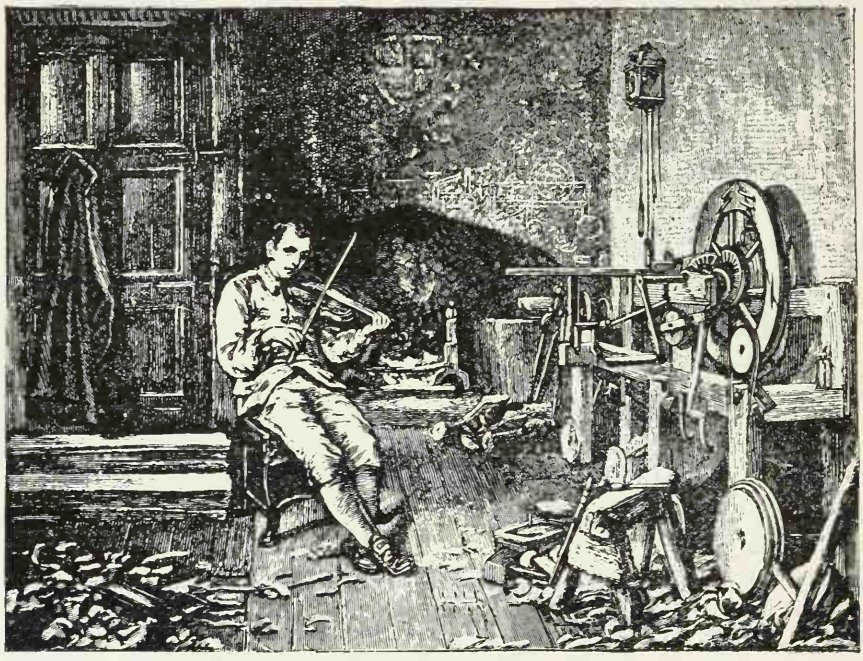
away the fruit he threw away the glass. How like the man that looks into the word of God and sees his true condition. Instead of following his convictions, he rejects God's word and cherishes his sins. Like the African above, there are many who would be great and still reject that which alone makes men truly great—the Law of the Lord. Man may for a time assume the role of greatness before men, but there are no staying qualities to such greatness. It quickly fades away in the sunlight of truth.

In happy contrast with these aspiring ones are the lives of many who may be little and unknown, but who in practical life exhibit the spirit of the Book of books. Among these, and these alone, are found the truly great, God's noblemen on earth.

During a plague in Marseilles the physicians decided that nothing could be done to save the people unless a victim could be dissected and the nature of the disease learned. But who would do this? Dr. Guyon rose and said he would do it. He wrote his will, bade his family farewell, entered the hospital, made the dissection and examination, wrote out the results, and in a few hours was dead. But now the physicians could treat the disease and the plague was stayed. Was Dr. Guyon, actuated by so noble a motive, wanting in true greatness?

True greatness lies not in wealth nor in social position, not in what men may say or think of us, but in greatness of soul. The men great in the eyes of the world may be unknown to Him whose it is to judge and to reward true greatness.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
—Longfellow.



CROMPTON INVENTING THE SPINNING JENNEY.

Of whom the world was not worthy.—St. Paul.

THE WORLD'S INGRATITUDE.

The greatest benefactors of mankind have prosecuted their work amid the frowns and intense opposition of the multitudes. It is only after they are dead that we begin to appreciate their work and then, to atone for neglect, or even opposition, we commemorate their life-work by great monuments.

To Dr. Wm. T. G. Morton, who discovered the use of ether, causing insensibility to pain during surgical operations, and whose life was a heroic struggle against adverse circumstances, the world owes a debt of gratitude. Although designing men attempted to claim the discovery and prevented the United States Government from rewarding this heroic, self-denying man, and although he died in sadness, because of the infringements upon his rights, yet his life was a success.

Roger Bacon was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for making known his discoveries in science.

Socrates, one of the wisest and noblest men of his time, after a long career of service in denouncing the wrongs of his age, and trying to improve the morals of his people, was condemned to death and obliged to drink poison.

Bruno, for his advocacy of the Copernican system, was seized by the Inquisition and burned alive at Rome in 1600, in the presence of an immense concourse.

To these may be added the thousands who died a martyr's death, because of their persistent adherence to the Christian faith.

Dr. Talmage said of Charles Sumner, "Now that he is dead the whole nation takes off the hat. The flags are at half-mast and the minute-guns on Boston Common throb, now that his heart has ceased to beat. Was it always so? While he lived, how censured of legislative resolutions, how caricatured of the periodicals, how charged with mean and ridiculous motives, how, when struck down in the Senate chamber, there were hundreds of thousands who said, 'Good for him, served him right!' O Commonwealth of Massachusetts! who is that man that sleeps to-night in your public hall, covered with garlands and wrapped in the stars and stripes? Is that the man whom only a few months ago you denounced as the foe of Republican and Democratic institutions? You took twenty-five years in trying to pull down his fame, and now you will take twenty-five years in trying to build his monument. You were either wrong then or you are wrong now. Was there ever better commentary on the hollowness of all earthly favor?" O, Ingratitude! what years of labor, what supreme efforts are spent in attempting to atone for thy base and relentless wrongs. Better to cease thine infamous work before thy victims lie beneath the sod.

WILLIAM PITT, who became prime minister of England, at twenty-four.

I write unto young men because ye are strong.—St. John.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF EARLY MANHOOD.

Gladstone says, "There is in every young man the material for good work in the world; in everyone, not only those who are brilliant, not only those who are quick, but in those who are solid, and even those who are dull or seem to be dull."

Dullness is not always an evidence of lack of brains. When Isaac Barrow was a boy he appeared so stupid that his father said, if God took away any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac. Yet that boy lived to be one of the greatest divines of the Church of England. Napoleon's teacher said he would need a gimlet to put learning into the head of the future conqueror of Europe.

Sir Walter Scott, Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Adam Clark and many others were notably dull boys.

Note some of the achievements of young men:

Newton made some of his most important discoveries before he was twenty-five.

William Wilberforce began his anti-slavery efforts before he was sixteen, and was a member of Parliament at twenty.

Franklin wrote for publication when fourteen and edited and published a newspaper and "Poor Richard's Almanac" before he was twenty-six.

Elias Howe invented the sewing machine before he was twenty-six. At about the same age Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin and Dr. Thomas Morton discovered the use of ether as an anæsthetic to relieve pain during surgical operation.

Charles Fox was in Parliament at nineteen.

Cromwell left the University of Cambridge at eighteen.

John Bright was never at any school a day after he was fifteen years old.

Gladstone was in Parliament at twenty-two, and at twenty-four he was a lord of the treasury.

Lord Bacon was graduated at Cambridge at sixteen, and was called to the bar at twenty-one.

Peel was in Parliament at twenty-one.

Henry Clay was in the Senate of the United States, contrary to the Constitution, at twenty-nine.

Webster was in college at fifteen, gave evidence of his great future before he was twenty-five, and at thirty he was the peer of the ablest men in Congress.

Keats and Shelley died before they were thirty.

Samuel Colt invented the Colt revolver at twenty-one.

Spurgeon was preaching at sixteen.

Your zeal hath provoked many.—St. Paul.

POWER OF ENTHUSIASM.

Enthusiasm! What has it not accomplished? The record of the world's advancement in discovery and invention, of progress in science, art and literature, is a continuous rehearsal of the victory of enthusiasm over hardships, discouragements, opposition, poverty, prejudice, slander, persecution and physical disabilities. Enthusiasm leaps over mountains of hindrances or tunnels its way through them, while cold indifference is declaring that it cannot be done.

Joan of Arc, the simple Maid of Orleans, possessed with an enthusiasm that knows no defeat, with her simple, yet consecrated, equipments, thrills with intense fervor an army that mighty rulers could not control. It was her intense earnestness that swept over France, inspiring the multitudes with faith, courage and hopefulness, that fought the battles of a nation and that has made

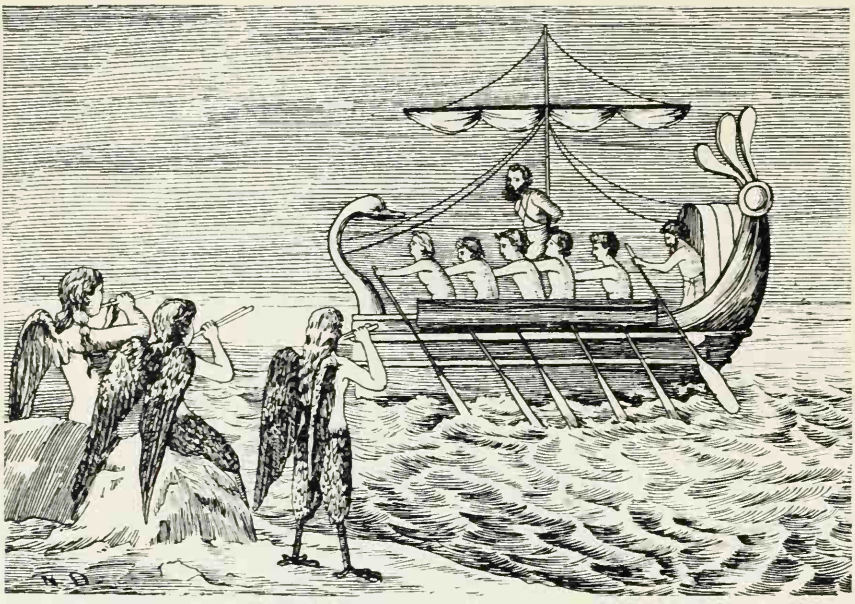
her a heroine down to the end of time. Gladstone, one of the ablest and best of England's prime ministers, at nearly ninety years of age is an inspiration to manhood everywhere. His intense earnestness placed him at the head of a mighty nation and gave vivacity and youthful vigor in old age.

Enthusiasm gives spirit, zeal and determination, even to old age. Humboldt finished his "Cosmos" when ninety years old. Galileo wrote on the laws of motion at seventy, and at seventy-seven sought to adapt the principle of the pendulum to clocks. Robert Hall, when an old man, began the study of Italian. Wellington held to military work, even after eighty years of age. Newton revised his "Principia" when above eighty. Watt studied German at eighty-five and Thomas Scott studied Hebrew at eighty-seven. Of Goldsmith it was said that he was a plant that flowered late in life. Enthusiasm makes old hearts young and gives to age a new lease of life.

Joshua Reynolds was once asked to criticise a picture. "Capital composition, correct drawing, color, tone, lights, and shadows excellent," said he, "but it wants—that!" snapping his fingers.

Charles Kingsley says, "People smile at the enthusiasm of youth, that enthusiasm which they themselves secretly look back to with a sigh, perhaps unconscious that it is partly their own fault that they ever lost it."

It was the power of enthusiasm that, when in midlife Sir Walter Scott found himself bankrupt with enormous liabilities, he set himself to write his way out and produced his masterpiece, "Ivanhoe," while sick in bed. The same spirit came upon Carlyle when the manuscript of the "French Revolution," upon which he had labored so long a time, had been reduced to ashes by the mistake of a servant girl.



Not by might, nor by power.—Zechariah.

RESISTING TEMPTATION.

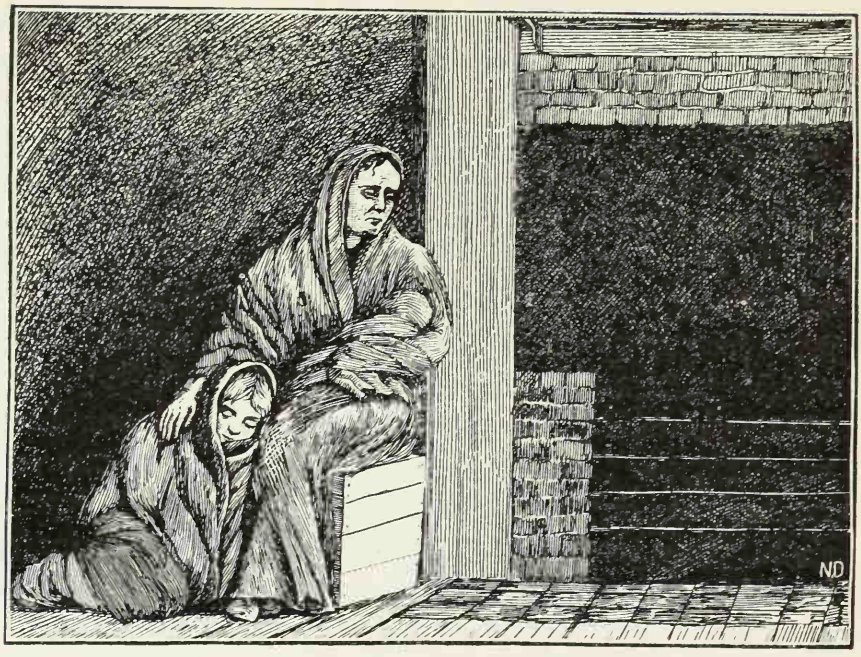
In ancient mythology we find two famous characters who sought to pass safely by the island of the Sirens somewhere near the west coast of Italy. These enchantresses were fabled to have the power of charming, by their song, anyone who heard them, so that he died in an ecstasy of delight. When the ships of Ulysses approached these deadly charmers, sitting on the lovely beach endeavoring to lure him and his crew to destruction, he filled the ears of his sailors with wax, and then had himself bound to the mast while he sailed within sound of the bewitching strain. By this painful process they escaped.

On the other hand, when the Argonauts, in pursuit of the golden fleece, passed by the Sirens, singing with enchanting sweetness, Jason commanded Orpheus, who was on board the ship, to strike his lyre. His song so

surpassed in sweetness that of the charmers that their music seemed harsh discord. The Sirens had been conquered with their own weapons. Melody had surpassed melody.

There is an important lesson taught here, one that all men everywhere are inclined to forget. We all must sail by the Sirens of temptation to evil. With some the exercise of a strong will power may give victory, but more frequently defeat comes to him who depends upon a strength inherent in himself. While the painful process of tying oneself to the mast may at times set aside defeat yet, the desire for happiness being imbedded in our very nature, "the downward gravitation of our souls toward sinful pleasures can be overcome only by bringing heaven so near by faith as to cause a superior upward gravitation by what Dr. Chalmers styles the expulsive power of a new affection." Alas! how many lives that might have been great and noble have gone down, not having the strength so freely given of God, but trust only in their own power of will. On the other hand what noble manhood has resulted from taking on board the Orphean lyre.

In the days when a barrel of cider was deemed a necessity in the cellar of a farmer, one of them complained that he could not keep cider in his cellar on account of the bibulous propensities of one of the household. Franklin's remedy as a cure for evil was suggested. The farmer was told that his cider would remain untouched if he would place a barrel of wine beside it. From this let everyone prone toward the shallow, green-scummed pool of sensual gratification learn that there is a higher, a better, a safer remedy at hand—the transforming power of the Spirit, whereby there is a complete renovation of the desires and pleasures. The lyre of Orpheus is always a better safeguard than the wax of Ulysses. Try it.



Destitute, afflicted, tormented.—Hebrews.

WORSE THAN SLAVERY.

Slavery is a positive curse. We freed at the price of blood the black slaves of the South, but all over this land of boasted liberties there are those who, on account of the avariciousness of wealthy men, as well as the gigantic evil intemperance, with its accompanying iniquities, the gambling den and the brothel, are living at a dying rate. The slave was provided with proper food and clothing, but these white slaves found in the sweatshops of our large cities or suffering on account of neglect of those whom passions and appetites control, are eking out an existence for which death itself would be a glad and welcome exchange. The anguish of one of these wretched lives is portrayed by Coates in the following lines:

Dark is the night!—How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches, by the cold hearth side,
For him who pledged her love—a happy bride!

"Hark! 'Tis his footstep!—'Tis past! 'Tis gone!
Tick!—Tick! How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed 'twould last—how mad!—how blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—for there is no food!—The fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done—
My heart must break!—and thou!"—The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice box! Yes, he's there, he's there:
For this!—for this, he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! For what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child!—Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!
Moan! Moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!—
'Tis but the lattice flaps!" Thy hope is o'er!
"Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! No! It cannot be. He will be here.

"Nestle more closely, dear ones to my heart!
You're cold! You're freeezing! But we will not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
O God! protect the babes!" The clock strikes three.

They're gone! They're gone! the glimmering spark hath sped!
The wife and children numbered with the dead!
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast!
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reigned around.—The clock struck four.

Our hope is lost.—Ezekiel.

LOST AT HARBOR'S MOUTH.

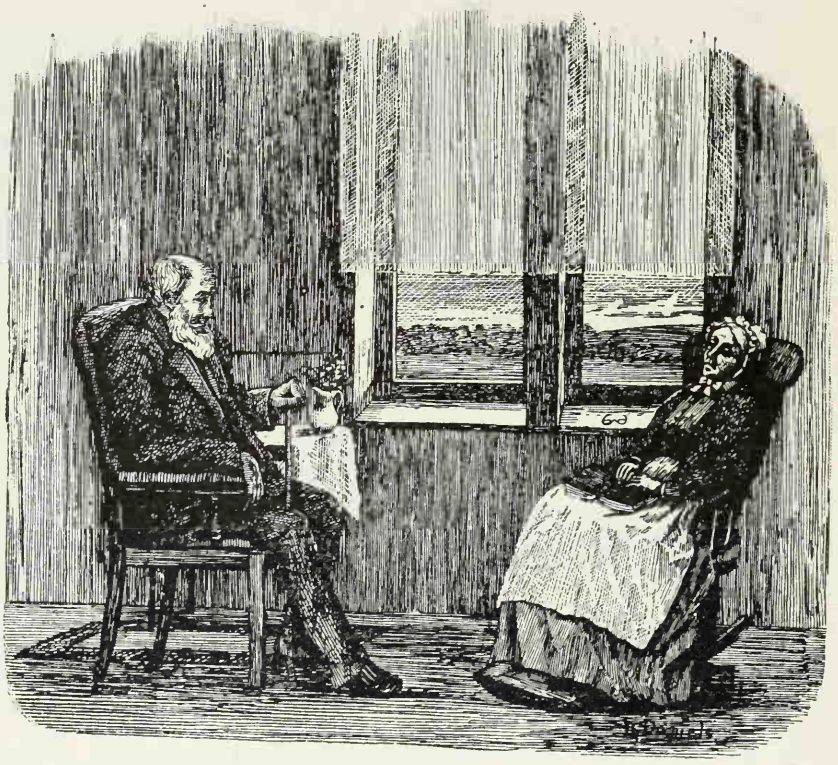
The above is a scene at the wharf of a fishing village. Some of the boats were out when the gale came up and went down in trying to make the harbor. Not a soul was saved. Sympathy is being expressed for the young wife whose husband was among the drowned fishermen. A gloom of sorrow has been cast over the whole place. This is not an unusual occurrence with fishing villages where danger and death constantly stare them in the face and calamity often overtakes them.

There are many sad and heartrending scenes similar to the above. There are many sad ruins of large and stately cities like Thebes and Nineveh of old. But of all these sad pictures there is nothing that approximates in sadness the ruins of a wasted life. There may be a long, eventful and useful life, but in making the harbor at its close the character that has stood beyond the noon and into life's evening may go down in sadness and despair. A Solomon's wisdom, excellence and virtue are

all lost in a sad ending. Nothing is sadder than to have the end discrown all the long character building of preceding years. What the world remembers is not Benedict Arnold's heroic march through the wilderness of Maine to Canada, nor his matchless and unselfish bravery at Saratoga, but rather his treachery. There are dangers in life's last years as well as in its first years. The wreck of the steamer Oregon, with her smokestacks and masts sticking out of the water, just outside New York harbor, suggests that the voyage behind her counted for nothing when she ignobly missed her port.

How unspeakably sad in Solomon's case that God's offer of long life, a perpetual line of kings from his own dynasty and prosperity for millions of people, should be rejected for a fleeting pleasure soon to be closed by death. And yet the lesson that Solomon's life teaches must be learned over and over again. The brightest dawning may end in storm. An old man may be untrue to the noble dreams of youth. Indulgence in worldly joys and sensuous delights may retard and finally arrest a race well begun. No length of service of God, no attainments in divine wisdom, place us at a height from which it is impossible to fall. A good beginning is important, but a good ending is essential.

A ship once came into port after having been out on the sea for a long time. The coal gave out; then everything in turn that would burn, cargo, stores, spars, furniture had to be burned to bring the vessel to the harbor. She anchored at last with nothing left worth anchoring. Many rich men come into the port of old age having, in their aim to accumulate wealth, burned up everything of manhood, character and hope—rich probably in the world's eyes, but wretched wrecks in God's sight.



At evening time it shall be light.—Zechariah.

AT EVENTIDE.

What more peaceful and restful scene than the close of a calm summer's day, as the sun just hidden below the horizon sends his tints of golden and crimson light across the sky, giving to all nature the spirit of tranquillity and quietness! Fitting emblem of the eventide of life, when the cares and burdens of earlier days are laid aside and there is a quiet waiting for the time of release from this "tenement of clay."

We glory in the achievements and attainments of early manhood, and yet, after we have exhausted our resources in praises for noble, aspiring youth, we are compelled to acknowledge that the end crowns the work and that there is nothing that exhibits such a spirit of sublimity and grandeur as the hoary head of one who

with unblemished, virtuous and Christlike character comes down to the evening of life full of moral vigor, with mental and physical prowess well preserved by reason of an abstemious, well-ordered and well-regulated life. While we honor the morning of life for its achievements, we must still admit that mature manhood has acquired the chief distinction where the exercise of the highest order of mental ability is demanded. Socrates uttered his grandest sayings near the close of his life of seventy years. Plato was a pupil until forty and did not begin teaching philosophy until he was more than fifty. Bacon wrote his "Novum Organum" at sixty. Lord Mansfield has a world-wide fame as a jurist, but he acquired it after he was fifty. Humboldt began his "Cosmos" at seventy-five. Haydn's "Creation" was written when he was seventy. Michael Angelo finished the "Last Judgment" at sixty-seven. Benjamin West painted the celebrated picture, "Christ Healing the Sick," in his sixty-fifth year. The aged may not be so well fitted for the bustle and turmoil of active life, but this is not a reason why they should retire from the responsibilities and cares connected with the guidance of the world's movements. The faculty of wisdom is a diviner gift than the faculty of energetic action. The oldest communities mold the character of the rest. The counsels of veteran statesmen and jurists are most operative in shaping our public institutions. The experience of the aged saint gives character and stability to the Christian world. The crowning virtue and glory of old age is an adornment of the Christian graces. Those who live with life's great end in view never outlive their days. Their closing days suggest a going up into the mount of vision rather than a decline into the vale of death. Their end is peace.

Not wealth but welfare is success;
  Beneficence life's crown must bring,
For nothing lives but righteousness,
  And character is everything.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

MARKED MANHOOD and WOMANHOOD.

WILLIAM E. DODGE.

For sixty-six years a professed Christian; for sixty-five years engaged in business pursuits; for fifty years a leader in commercial enterprises and religious and benevolent undertakings; giving freely of money, personal influence and time to philanthropic work; seeking eagerly the highest good of his fellow-men and the glory of God—such is the record of William Earle Dodge, New York's most famous philanthropist, who died Feb. 9, 1883, in his seventy-eighth year. Mr. Dodge was of Puritan stock. Born in Connecticut, and having a very limited school education, he was taken by his father to New York, where at the age of thirteen he began his business career as a boy-of-all-work in a wholesale dry goods house. At twenty-one he entered upon business for himself. For many years he managed the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., one of the most prosperous as well as largest houses in the country.

Although deprived of an educational training, he became a well-informed man. He was an exceedingly public spirited man, taking an interest in every move-

ment that might benefit mankind, always ready to give largely of his means. In one sense he was his own executor, for it was not unusual for him to give to charitable, benevolent and religious work more than a hundred thousand dollars a year.

The crowning glory of Mr. Dodge's life was his sincere, simple, symmetric and fruitful Christian character. He was the embodiment of the Scriptural idea of stewardship. Stewardship is a matter of principle, not of amount. To him much was given, and he was found faithful in much. He was a princely giver to many good enterprises. He was greatly interested in the temperance work, and was so consistent in his views on the Sabbath that he withdrew his interest, first from the Erie, then from the New Jersey Central Railroad, when those roads began to run Sunday trains.

To his mother more than to anyone else was Mr. Dodge indebted for his early training in the ways of truth and in the forming of a character that prepared him for eminent excellence and usefulness in life. Her earnest and constant prayer for her children, together with a life consistent with her teachings and prayers, made her strong in shaping her noble son's life.

Mr. Dodge will be known to coming generations not so much as the sagacious business man, the prince among merchants, but as the Christian philanthropist. He was always giving to the poverty-stricken, to needy young men preparing for the ministry, to church-building, to the temperance cause, to missions. He gave not only money, but personal energy and influence, to the day in which he exchanged these noble activities for the higher ones in heaven.

PETER COOPER

"The great object that I desire to accomplish by the erection of this institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of nature that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

This sentence was written on a scroll and placed in the corner-stone of Cooper Union. They indicate the purpose of the founder of that great institution. Peter Cooper was born in New York City, February 12, 1791. The family was poor. Peter was one of nine children, and, with his father changing his occupation every several years, there seemed to be anything but a bright prospect for young Peter. His father moved from town to town, and always seemed to be in debt. When Peter was seventeen, with a mother's blessing, he started out for himself. He had saved ten dollars, and with it started for New York. There he was attracted by an advertisement of a lottery. He invested his money in

a ticket and lost it all. "It was the cheapest piece of knowledge I ever bought," said he years after. It effectually cured him of any further desire for gambling. He soon found work as an apprentice. He was to remain four years and to receive his board and twenty-five dollars a year. Money that he earned for working overtime he spent for books and in securing the services of a teacher in the evenings.

He soon started business for himself. At thirty-three he began the manufacture of glue, which by tireless energy and intense application became a very profitable business.

"If I ever get rich I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free." True to his purpose, in 1855 the foundation of Cooper Union was laid. The dream of his youth became the perfected plan in old age. He lived to be ninety-two, and for many years enjoyed the prosperity of an institution to which he had given two million dollars.

Mr. Cooper was simple in his habits and especially free from ostentation. Money was his instrument, not his master. He made money to benefit, not to prey upon, the community.

Just before his death he said, "My sun is not setting in clouds and darkness, but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament, lighted up by the glory of God. I seem to hear my mother calling me, as she used to when I was a boy: 'Peter, Peter, it is about bedtime.'" Noble life! Blessed end! Time will never efface the benign influence and benediction of Peter Cooper's life on succeeding generations. Better by far, and more enduring than a costly marble statue, is the grateful remembrance in which this true benefactor is held by the thousands who year by year are fitted for life's great work in the institution which his munificence provided.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

England's "Grand Old Man" was born at Liverpool December 29, 1809. At twenty-three he was elected to Parliament and for more than sixty years took an active interest in the affairs of the British Government. Three times he was Prime Minister and measures brought forward by him were always in the interests of peace and the strengthening of the government. He always was on the side of the people and reform, and against aristocracy.

Aside from his devotion to politics, he has spent much time and written much upon Homer and upon different theological subjects. In March, 1894, then eighty-four years of age, he resigned as Prime Minister and after that, devoted most of his time to other subjects, although in any critical moment his vigorous pen was wielded in the interests of humanity, notably the Armenian massacres. He upbraided his government for slowness of action, and called for prompt measures to end

the atrocities. In 1896 Mr. Stead said, "Mr. Gladstone, although eighty-six years old, is far and away the most potent personality in Great Britain. He has retired from politics, but until death has closed that eager eye and stilled that eloquent tongue, nothing can diminish or impair his authority."

His economy of time is seen in that he always carries a book in his pocket, lest spare moments escape while waiting for a train, or for men who are late in an appointment. His enormous capacity for work and his remarkable preservation in old age he attributes to evenness of life, regularity of habits, absence of worry and the power to command sleep. Although in his eighty-ninth year he still takes an interest in many things and finds recreation in turning from one to another. "In all my political life," says he, "I have never been kept awake five minutes by any debate in Parliament." This rare ability to turn the hours for repose into real recuperation has much to do with his long and useful life.

The first element in the secret of his continued vigor is the simplicity and fervency of his religious faith. A text over the mantelpiece in his bedroom explains the tranquillity that has saved him from the nervous exhaustion that has carried off many other men. The text is, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee."

Mr. Gladstone's kind and sympathetic spirit is shown in the treatment given to a poor crossing-sweeper, for whom he always had a kind word when passing. One day he was missing. Mr. Gladstone inquiring of his mate learned that he was ill. This Prime Minister, although the affairs of the greatest kingdom in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character, found the address of this crossing-sweeper, visited him, read the Bible to him and prayed.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

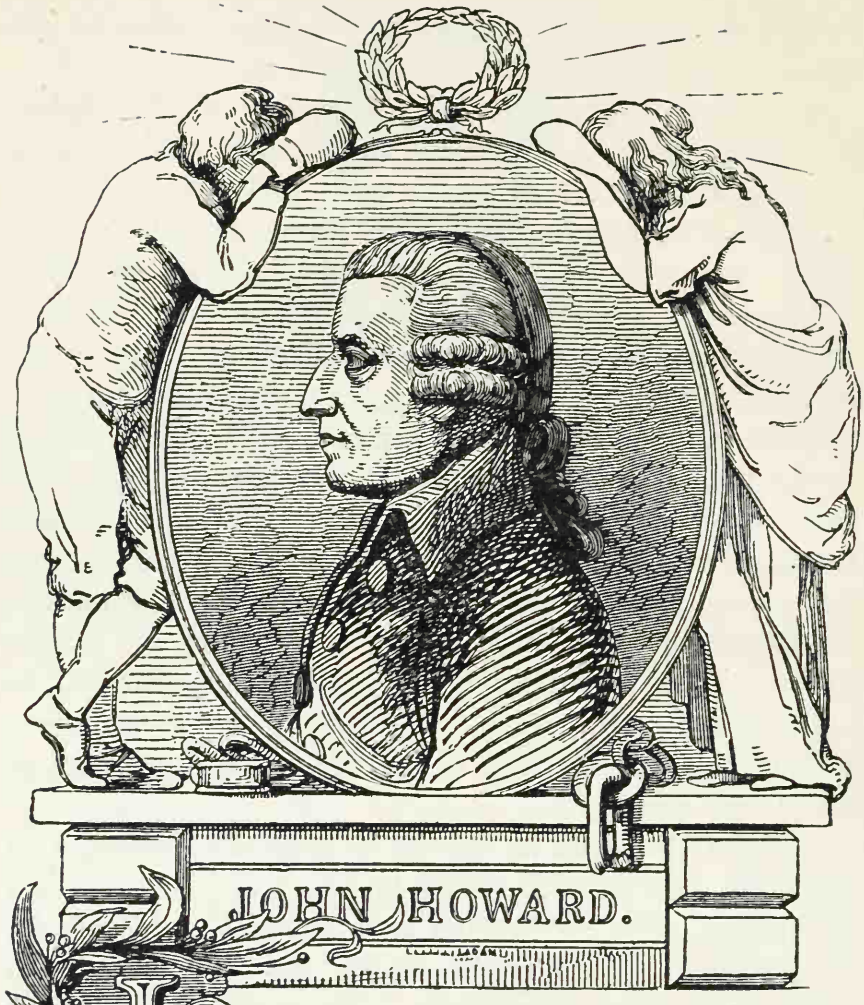
The Hungarian patriot and leader of the Hungarian revolution was born in 1802. Although of noble rank, his parents were poor. Early in life he became distinguished while editor of a paper in which he advocated views too liberal for the government, but which took strong hold of the people, and especially of the youth of his country. He was imprisoned; but upon being released he took up the cause of the people, the emancipation of the peasants, the elevation of the citizen class and the freedom of the press. After the French revolution in 1848 he demanded an independent government. Although he accomplished much in this direction, the opposition as well as dissensions among his associates at last compelled him to abandon his work and to flee as an exile into Turkey. His extradition was demanded by Austria and Russia, but these demands were refused by the Porte. Through the intervention of the United States and England he was liberated, and not being permitted

to pass through France, sailed for England, where he was received everywhere with popular favor.

By act of Congress he was invited to the United States as a guest. He arrived Dec. 6, 1851, and received a more magnificent reception than had ever been tendered to a foreigner. It is said that a multitude of at least fifty thousand awaited his arrival in New York City. From neighboring towns and villages, the multitudes kept pouring in, until more than a hundred thousand, wild and almost frantic with enthusiasm, greeted the honored guest. He remained in the United States for some time, visiting the principal cities, and everywhere was most cordially received. He addressed meetings of Germans, French, Italians, Hungarians and Americans in their native tongue, showing a remarkable linguistic gift. While he was cheered by the people for his grand exploits and his persuasive oratory, he failed in the main object of his visit to this country—to procure the intervention of the nation in the affairs of his native country.

Upon his return to Europe he modestly retired. Unwilling to accept citizenship in Hungary, now subject to Austria, or to receive the contributions of his admirers, he spent the remainder of his days in procuring a subsistence by his own labors. He preferred retirement with honor and self-respect to a fictitious glory. Although once dictator of his country and now universally honored, he taught languages, wrote for magazines and prepared books, living and dying in poverty.

When promised protection in Turkey this exiled patriot replied, "Between death and shame I have never been dubious. Though once the governor of a generous people, I leave no inheritance to my children except that of an unsullied name. God's will be done. I am prepared to die. These hands of mine are empty but clean."



"JOHN HOWARD," says Edmund Burke, "visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to visit the forsaken, and to compare the distresses of all men in all countries. His was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity."

This noted philanthropist and prison reformer lived a quiet and retired life in England, scarcely known beyond

the circle of friends who had become greatly attached to him by his generous spirit in aiding the poorer classes, in providing better homes for them. His parents died before he was twenty, leaving him abundant means of support, but delicate health suggested a trip to the Continent in his twentieth year, in which he was taken prisoner by the French, and, in dungeons not fit for human beings, endured untold sufferings with most cruel and barbarbic treatment. This, however, fitted him more fully for his great work in later years.

When Howard was forty-six years old he was elected high sheriff for his county. His election opened up a new avenue in which his philanthropic and fellow-feeling spirit found delight to labor. Beginning in his own country, he visited the prisons, and rested not until the inhumanities and barbarities in prison management and treatment were brought to light and prison reform instituted. Having completed his work in the prisons of Great Britain, he turned his attention to France, Holland and Germany, visiting the prisons of each in turn, and doing what he could to correct abuses. His first volume, giving account of his visits and his work, was spread widely, and awakened unusual interest in his work. He continued in this chosen work during the remainder of his life and published a number of volumes. Everywhere he found abuses and grievances, often shocking and disgraceful to a civilized country. He was often subjected to great hardships and dangers, but this did not in the least prevent his continuing to labor for unfortunate prisoners. He died at Cherson, Russia, January, 1890, where he had caught a malignant fever while visiting a Russian hospital. He died a martyr, after living an apostle. Greatness among men is not always greatness before God. The name of a truly great man is a living force after he is dead. John Howard was greater before God than a Napoleon.

GEORGE PEABODY.

"Bear in mind, that, to be truly great, it is not necessary that you should gain wealth and importance. Steadfast and undeviating truth, fearless and straightforward integrity and an honor ever unsullied by an unworthy word or action, make their possessor greater than worldly success or prosperity. These qualities constitute greatness." These were the noble sentiments uttered by the founder of Peabody Institute at the dedication, upon his return to America after an absence of twenty years. George Peabody was born in Massachusetts, 1795, of poor parents who, although hard-working and respected, could give to their children no further legacy than that of an ordinary district school education, an untarnished name and a determination to make the most of life. At the early age of eleven he was compelled to leave school and was thrown upon his own resources. Serving suc-

cessively as errand-boy and clerk in a grocery store and later in a dry-goods establishment, his close attention to business, his manly bearing and his pleasing disposition won for him a host of friends, and before he was twenty he was a partner of a firm, dealing in dry-goods. His one purpose—attention to business—gained for him remarkable success so that at forty he stood at the head of a large and wealthy establishment. In 1843 he severed his business relations with the firm and established himself as a banker in London and accumulated a large fortune.

Mr. Peabody is remembered not by the great fortune that he succeeded in amassing, for many others have like him accumulated millions but have long since been forgotten to the world. His memory is revered because of the use he made of his money. He did not simply provide for its good use in a will to be executed by others at his death, but, with sound sense and judgment, he placed the money in his lifetime where he believed it would do the greatest good. His own statements show that nothing in life gave him so much pleasure as to see that his large benevolences were a blessing to humanity. He gave about ten millions for the benefit of the poor and unfortunate and for educational purposes. Two and a half millions were spent in improving the condition of London's poverty-stricken and laboring classes; three and a half millions were set apart as a fund for the education of the negro of the South. He founded a number of schools, notably Peabody Institute, and endowed libraries.

Remarkable career! you say, and yet this great man himself said, "There are many whose early opportunities and advantages are greater than were my own. I have achieved nothing that is impossible to the most humble boy."

JAMES WATT

JAMES WATT, one of the world's most illustrious mechanics, was born at Greenock, Scotland, January 19, 1736. His delicate health prevented his taking a complete course in a university. At the age of eighteen he was apprenticed to a London maker of mathematical instruments, but ill-health soon compelled him to return to his home. In 1757 he was appointed mathematical instrument maker to the college at Glasgow. Here he labored for some

years under difficulties, eking out an income by making or mending fiddles. His great love for knowledge and his interest in mechanical novelties, with the advantages that the college afforded, made him a diligent student of science and an experimenter in the application of science to the arts. During the winter of 1763-64 a working model of the Newcomen engine, kept for the use of the natural philosophy class in the college, was sent to him to be put in repair. Watt quickly found out what was wrong with the model and easily put it into order. With the view of remedying its defects, he commenced an extensive series of experiments, and was soon rewarded with valuable discoveries. He found out that in the model before him about four-fifths of the steam, and consequently of the fuel, was wasted. The genius of this inventor, overcoming many serious obstacles, produced a steam engine of practical benefit to the human race. It came into his hands a toy; it left them a mighty instrument of beneficent progress.

Comparing his invention with the atmospheric engine of Newcomen, it must be admitted that it is not without justice that the popular voice has awarded to James Watt the name of inventor of the steam engine.

Watt did not escape the usual experience of inventors, playfully described by Wilkins Micawber as "the pressure of pecuniary liabilities." His means were limited and in order to prosecute his experiments he had to obtain the assistance of friends. For five years he abandoned the prosecution of his various plans and sought a living by pursuing the profession of civil engineer. All sorts of attempts were also made to snatch the laurels from Watt's brow, but fortunately these were of no avail. He triumphed over opposition, and in 1800 withdrew from business, enjoying nineteen years of domestic felicity in the bosom of his family.

DR. MARCUS WHITMAN.

In 1832 four Indians made their way from Oregon to St. Louis for the purpose of obtaining the "white man's Book of Life."

Responding to this call, Dr. Whitman established a mission among the Cayuse Indians at Walla Walla.

In a few years over 300 Indian families were under the influence of the mission. They were living in houses and had learned that their livelihood was better secured to them by farming than by hunting and fishing. But educated Indians could not be deceived in bartering furs as the savages could. Consequently Dr. Whitman's efforts were opposed by the agents of the Hudson Bay Company.

In October, 1842, while Dr. Whitman was attending a sick Indian at the Fort in Walla Walla, a messenger arrived there, announcing that 140 Englishmen and Canadians were on their way to settle Oregon.

There was great rejoicing among the traders over this move to claim Oregon for Great Britain and thus drive out the Yankee missionaries who were disturbing their profitable trade with the Indians. Dr. Whitman was told that already negotiations had been begun with

the American Government by which Oregon would be given to Great Britain. He hastened home to tell his wife that he must go to Washington to save Oregon to the United States. In twenty-four hours he, with one companion, had started on one of the most perilous rides known to history.

The earth was their bed at night. Dried grass was the only feed for the horses.

Over snow-capped mountains, through the lava beds of Idaho, swimming ice-cold rivers, encountering savage beasts and still more savage men, lost in snowstorms, cold, hungry and in peril of life and limb—on, on they pushed through the dead of winter, until in March, five months after leaving, Dr. Whitman stood before President Tyler, pleading for Oregon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, considered Oregon too far away to be of any use to the United States. But President Tyler positively promised that American interests there would not be bartered away until Dr. Whitman had time to make settlements and thereby claim ownership.

During that summer Dr. Whitman returned across the mountains with over eight hundred immigrants. They built comfortable houses and took possession for the United States.

Dr. Whitman continued his work among the Indians. Their language was reduced to writing and their children were gathered into schoolhouses and taught to read and write. Women and girls were taught to spin and cook. A code of laws was adopted acknowledging the authority of the United States. This was ratified by treaty in 1846. Incensed by this act the traders poisoned the minds of the Indians, and on November 27, 1847, Dr. Whitman, his heroic wife and thirteen others were massacred by the people they had come to civilize. Whitman College at Walla Walla bears tribute to his memory.

CHARLES SUMNER.

Charles Sumner first became known to the world in 1845, when he was called upon to deliver the Fourth of July oration in his native city of Boston. His fearless exposition of the nobler sentiments that should control nations gained for him a hearing in two continents. He entered public life when it seemed that the whole nation had grown into a state of moral apathy. The fervor of revolutionary freedom had died out, and in the haste for riches, open to a new country, the legal code was adopted as the morals of the people.

The rights of man to man were disregarded. Nothing was morally wrong that was legally right. It needed the voice of Sumner to point the nation to its true grandeur; that it must be established by deeds of justice and beneficence. Sumner performed this duty nobly. To a man of his attainments this course was social ostracism. As he applied the principles of Christianity to the every-

day affairs of men and of nations, his friends were amazed. His zeal for the Golden Rule in politics severed many of his former associates, to whom he became known as the Christian layman of New England.

In his chosen profession he never attained distinction. He was not a great lawyer. His ability lay in his skill to apply the science of law to the rule of right. In after years when he represented the reform forces in the United States Senate his bitter opponents, who had ridiculed him as the "briefless barrister," were forced to admit that while they were building for themselves a wide reputation, with clients and fees seeking their patronage, he was studying national and international law. In the last branch he seldom met his equal. This acquaintance with legal opinions became his greatest weapon when assailed by the united slave power in the Senate. He cited authority for every proposition he made. Unable to silence him with argument, the baser passions of his enemies were aroused. In 1856 he made his celebrated speech, "The Crime Against Kansas." Shortly after Preston Brooks, member of Congress from South Carolina, entered the Senate chamber and approaching Mr. Sumner while he was leaning forward at his desk in writing, he struck Mr. Sumner over the head with a cane until he lay senseless on the floor. Four years passed before Sumner recovered sufficiently to take his place in the Senate. Until his death he strove to gain equality of rights for all. He loved humanity. He hated war. He probably was the first to attempt to practice the law between nations that holds between individuals.

His last important act was to press his civil rights bill, which placed the negro on a perfect equality with the whites so far as the law was concerned. Sumner was a great man. His influence is still felt by the American people.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Graduated from Harvard in 1831, he began the study of law. Surrounded by refinement and culture, and living in a time when the slavery question gave occasion for oratorical display which continually sounded in his ears, he could scarcely avoid indulging in visions of distinction and renown that were awaiting him.

Meanwhile ideas were being formed in his mind. He heard the public denounce Garrison for proclaiming the first principle of the Declaration of Independence. He saw that free speech was threatened and that all men were equal only in name. Then came the struggle. He must choose a life of ease and enjoyment or one of unpopularity and apparent defeat. He must be a leader in culture and refinement or the champion of degraded humanity. Born near the "cradle of liberty," he was born again on that memorable day when he saw the "Broadcloth mob" drag Garrison through the streets

which were dedicated by his Puritan fathers to the cause of freedom—reborn an abolitionist, with a life work as broad as liberty and including all humanity. The great question that had taken hold of his soul spoke through his lips. "I love inexpressibly these streets of Boston, over which my mother led my baby feet, and if God grants me time enough I will make them too pure for the footsteps of a slave."

His first public speech was made in Faneuil Hall, denouncing the murder of Lovejoy, and from that time he was the leader of the anti-slavery cause.

His power as an orator was such that his most intense enemies could not stay away when he was to speak. Drawn to him, though hating him, he held them spellbound through many addresses, only to have them wreak their hatred thereafter by mobbing and stoning him. He advocated liberty preferable to slave Union; disunion to bloodshed. But when the first gun was heard at Fort Sumter, he welcomed war as a means to a new Union of freedom and equal rights. Other statesmen and orators have championed great reforms, but they only spoke the views of an organized party. Phillips stood distinctively alone. Without a party, he was denounced by the press and hated by the "upper class." But he stood undaunted. He gave his life for the uplifting of degraded and oppressed humanity. When the slave was freed he became the advocate of other great reforms. His life task was to form public opinion upon vital questions of the day by fearless and honest discussion. He felt for the laboring man. He appealed to the nation in justice and reason for the enfranchisement of the wives and mothers of America. He espoused the cause of prohibition and prison reform. As a man of letters he achieved fame. His life was an unselfish devotion to the cause of others, and an inflexible fidelity to the great principles of our American Republic—freedom and liberty.

"The most valuable gift of a man or woman to this world is not money, nor books, but a noble life."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

While more than forty volumes of Whittier's works have been published and widely circulated, and while his poems, largely inspired by current events, and their patriotic, democratic, and humane spirit, have taken a strong hold on the public, breathing, as they do, more peculiarly the American spirit than those of any other of equal fame; yet over and above this, that which has so peculiarly and so tenderly endeared him, not only to the American people, but to those of other lands as well, is his noble, well-rounded, beautiful life.

Whittier was born at Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807. His early life was spent on a farm and his father's early death caused him to return to the farm and labor for the support of his mother and sisters. At twenty-eight he was elected a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. He early identified himself with the Anti-

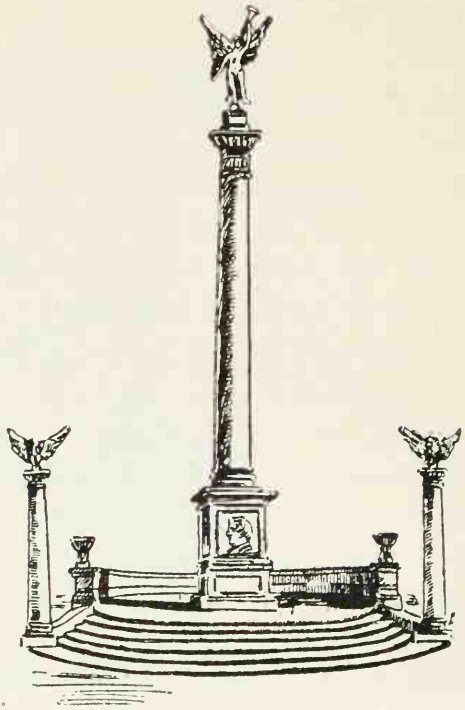
slavery movement and in 1836 was appointed secretary of the American Anti-slavery Society, and removed to Philadelphia, where in 1839, in editing the "Pennsylvania Freeman," his office was sacked and burned by a mob. From this time he was one of the most prominent anti-slavery men in the country, and his writings, both prose and poetry, were largely in support of that cause.

Whittier once said that he was more proud that his name should appear signed to the Declaration of Principles adopted by an Anti-slavery society, than on the title page of any of his volumes. In strange contrast is the following, which appeared about the same time in a Columbia, S. C., paper: "Let us declare that the question of slavery is not and shall not be open to discussion—that the very moment any private individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immorality, in the same moment his tongue shall be cut out and cast upon the dunghill."

Sympathy for the oppressed is far more conspicuous in his writings than indignation against the oppressor. Being a Friend or Quaker, his love for peace is conspicuous—and yet, intense patriotism sometimes kindles his writings into almost martial ardor. Whittier's writings are remarkable for their sweet, loving tone, and his life was beautiful with the happiness of noble aims fulfilled—a life that has always hinged on that brief law "Dare to be true." Toward the close of his life his books furnished him a comfortable income.

Whittier's beautiful life, his friendly and generous spirit, so clearly shown in all his writings, made him "sweetly familiar" to all the world. On a beautiful morning in 1892, he said, "My—love—to—the—world," and passed

> "To find at last beneath thy trees of healing
> The life for which I long."



LOVEJOY MONUMENT, ALTON, ILL.

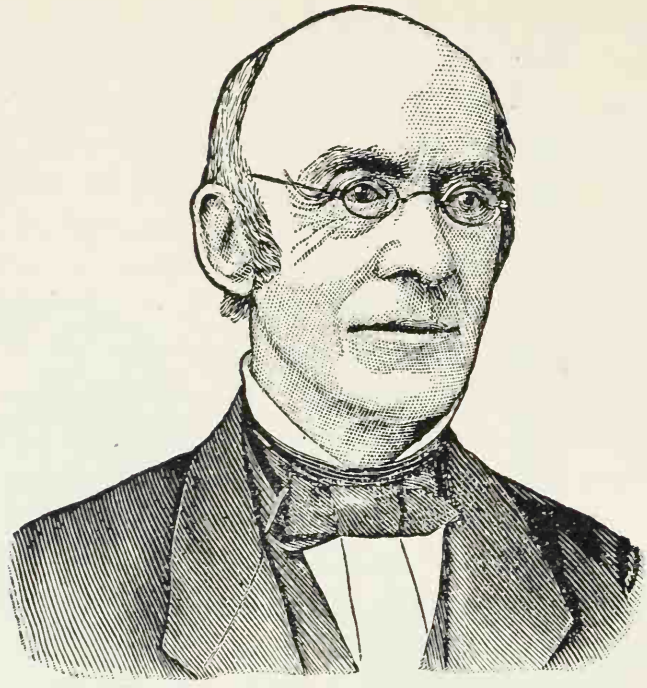
ELIJAH PARRISH LOVEJOY.

E. P. Lovejoy was one of the heroes as well as a martyr of the Abolition cause. Fearing only God, persecution made no impression upon him. He was born in Albion, Maine, in 1802. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman. When about twenty-five years of age Lovejoy moved to St. Louis, Mo., where he established a school, and in 1833 a religious paper called the "Observer". In his paper he was outspoken in denunciation of human slavery. He was frequently threatened with mob violence and, in July, 1836, decided to remove to Alton, Ill. Within a year his office was destroyed three times by mobs, and in reply to continued threats of violence, he said: "If the civil authorities refuse to protect me I must look to God, and if I die I am determined to make my grave in Alton. But, gentlemen, as long as I am an

American citizen, and as long as American blood runs in my veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, write and publish whatever I please upon any subject, being amenable to the laws of my country for the same."

Money for a fourth press was raised by friends of free speech in Ohio. The press was received at Alton about midnight of Nov. 6, 1837, and stored in the warehouse of the leading firm in the city. Volunteers guarded it, but a drunken mob made an attack and attempted to fire the building. In attempting to prevent this effort of the mob, Lovejoy was shot and died in a few minutes. The event caused great excitement throughout the country, some defending, others excusing and many more denouncing Mr. Lovejoy. While many held that he was entitled to the honors of a martyr to the freedom of speech and of the press, there were men high in influence and public station, who did not hesitate to declare that he had "died as the fool dieth."

In this case, as in many others, truth seemed to be crushed to earth for a season, but time fully justified him. The grave of Mr. Lovejoy on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi was unmarked for many years, but a monument ninety feet high, surmounted by a bronze statue of Victory, now stands above it, reminding those who visit it of the sacrifices which it has cost to maintain in this republic the freedom of the press. This monument, a magnificent piece of work, built of light granite, costing $30,000, was dedicated Nov. 8, 1897, with imposing ceremonies. Thus was honored the man who, while living, was not permitted to express his sentiments without endangering and at last giving his life in doing so. Lovejoy's name will deservedly live long in American history with that of Garrison, Phillips and other abolitionists.



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

"Willam Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 12, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that 'all men are created equal,' and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God.,,

The above words were written on the walls of his cell, where Garrison was confined, who, while attending an anti-slavery society meeting, was taken by an infuriated mob and, with a rope around his body, was dragged through the streets of Boston, and would no doubt have been killed, but for the intervention of the Mayor, who with great difficulty rescued him from the rage of the mob and lodged him in jail. Garrison's only crime was that of being editor of the "Liberator," a paper devoted to the anti-slavery cause.

Garrison was born in 1805 at Newburg, Mass. His father was a man of literary taste and ability but, falling into dissolute habits, deserted his wife, who, for the support of the family, had to act as professional nurse. Young Garrison, poor and not having a chance at school, was very early in life thrown upon his own resources. He, however, had a rich legacy in his mother's prayers, her blessing and her letters. Until her death these letters were an inspiration to him in his work. He engaged early in the printing business and at sixteen contributed anonymous articles for the "Newburyport Herald" that were very favorably received by the public.

At twenty-one he became proprietor and editor of the "Free Press," in which he was accustomed to set up his own editorials in type, without writing them out. The vigorous expression of his anti-slavery views in the "Genius of Universal Emancipation," of Baltimore, of which he was editor for a time, led to his imprisonment for libel. He was released by Mr. Tappan, a New York merchant, who paid his fine. In 1831 he returned to Boston and started the "Liberator," which he carried on for thirty-five years, until slavery was abolished. In this same year the Georgia legislature offered $5,000 for the arrest, prosecution and conviction of Garrison. He was often threatened with assassination, but in spite of all he successfully persevered. He visited England four times in the interest of the anti-slavery cause, and was each time enthusiastically received by many prominent men. Upon his return the last time his friends presented him with $30,000. He died in New York in 1879. "His name is venerated wherever Christianity softens the hearts and lessens the sorrows of men."

Garrison's motto, on taking charge of the "Liberator," will live with generations yet unborn—"I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard."

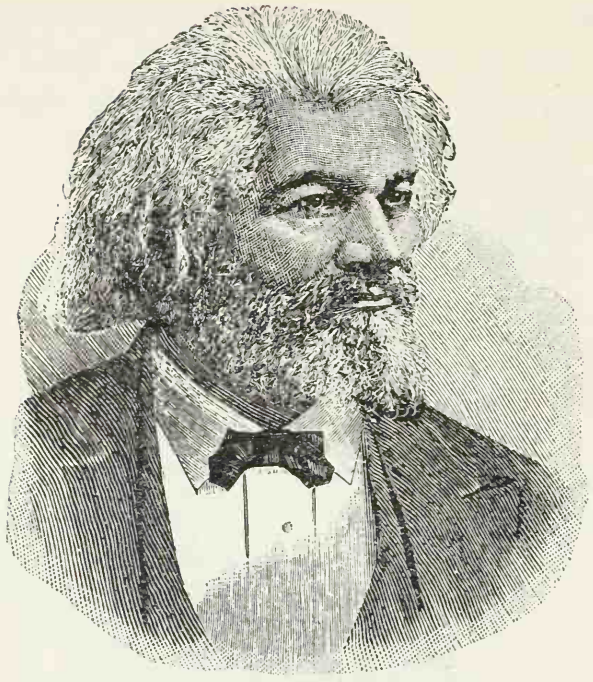
WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

It is usually the case that great leaders, especially in reform work, spring from the class that has pushed its way through privation and poverty to distinction and eminence. In this respect William Wilberforce is a notable exception. The only child of a wealthy merchant, who died when William was nine years old, the idol of his mother, who was more than willing to lavish upon her child all the money he asked for, this youth, naturally bright and witty, entered upon a life of ease and pleasure, the gayest of the gay.

Wilberforce left college at twenty-one, in 1780, and was at once elected to Parliament from Hull, his native town, his election costing him about $40,000. He entered at once into the gayeties and fascinations of London life. He came very near becoming a hopeless victim of

the gambling table. More than once his diary reports a loss of £100 at the faro table. He was saved only by being brought under the influences of those higher principles which subsequently controlled his life. Through his friend and companion, Isaac Milner, he was induced to read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion," also the Greek Testament. This changed his whole course in life. From this time forth he was an example of Christian manhood. In the same year he organized an association for the discouragement of vice, and in the following year, 1788, began his great life-work for the abolition of the slave trade.

Wherever the name of William Wilberforce, one of the most brilliant and gifted men of the times in which he lived, wherever his name is known, there is associated with it the idea of the emancipation of the slave. He met with powerful opposition and was more than once repulsed by Parliament. But his determined spirit and the justice of his cause won for him the admiration of all, and in 1806, Parliament, by an enthusiastic majority, passed a bill for the total abolition of the slave trade. He at once, aided by many outside of Parliament, entered upon a campaign for the total abolition of slavery itself. Declining health compelled him to retire from Parliament in 1825, but his successor, T. Fowell Buxton, took up his work, and in 1833, three days before his death, Wilberforce received the glad news that the bill for the total abolition of slavery had passed. Thus, almost at the hour of death, was this great man permitted to see the triumph of the truth for which he had given many years of his life. Wilberforce distinguished himself in Parliament by his eloquence. He is the author of "Practical View of Christianity," which met great favor and success. His life, spent for the benefiting and uplifting of humanity, is held in precious memory.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The most remarkable man of negro blood yet produced in the United States is, without doubt, Frederick Douglass. Born in slavery in Maryland, he managed secretly to learn to read, and finally succeeded in running away and reaching New Bedford, Mass. Here at first he found use for his trade of ship carpentry, and later, after study, and some practice as a speaker, he became a preacher. His ability as an orator brought him to the notice of such men as Garrison, and he made many addresses in the anti-slavery cause. His prominence caused him to be pursued, and he went to England, where he made remarkable addresses. He became editor of a paper in Rochester, N. Y., that championed the cause of freedom. This occupation was interrupted by another visit to England, because he was endangered by his knowledge of the plans of John Brown, although he did not himself approve of Brown's scheme. Returning

to America, he resumed his place on the paper. When the war broke out, he had much influence in causing the enlistment of colored troops, and his own sons entered the army. After the war he was connected with the Freedmen's Bank, and after its failure he was greatly and unjustly attacked. President Lincoln felt for him the highest regard; under President Grant he was commissioner to San Domingo, under Hayes and Arthur he held offices in the District of Columbia, and under Harrison he was minister to Hayti. He has generally been regarded as the leading representative and counselor of his race; and his intellectual ability, his eloquence, his wisdom as a counselor, the influence he had in awakening the country, the manner in which he filled the offices to which he was appointed, and his character, gave his people cause to be proud of him.

From a speech at a Fourth of July celebration in Rochester, before the emancipation, we extract a few sentences, which, taking into account the state of the public mind at the time, show the courage of the man: "Why should I celebrate your Fourth of July? What freedom have I and my people to celebrate? Above your shouts and the roar of your cannon I can hear the crack of the slave whip, the clanking of the chains and the groans of my oppressed brethren in the South. You were willing to bare your breasts to cannon to evade a tax on tea, but you turn a deaf ear to three millions of human beings, made in the image of God, who are vainly pleading to you in chains that they may own their own bodies. Every stripe upon your flag represents the blood and bondage of my people and every star glitters to your country's shame. You have coiled up in the youthful bosom of your republic the serpent of slavery, sucking her life's blood, and sending its poison into every member of its body."

REV. S. F. SMITH.

The author of our national hymn, "America," was somewhat aimlessly turning over the leaves of a German music book one dismal day in February, 1832, when his eye fell upon the music known as "God Save the King." The music pleased and he was at once inspired to write a patriotic hymn of his own in the same meter. The result is best told in the author's words: "Seizing a bit of paper, I at once began to write, and in half an hour the hymn stood as it stands to-day. It was not my purpose to write a national hymn. Soon afterward I gave a copy to Mr. Mason, and to my surprise I found that he used it at a children's celebration in Park Street Church, Boston, where it was first publicly sung." It soon became national. On the following page we give a facsimile of an original manuscript.

America.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, — thee,
Land of the noble, free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills, —
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, — to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

1832—1879. S. F. Smith.

JOHN BUNYAN.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow in 1628. According to his own account, he was descended "of that rank that is the meanest and most despised of all the families in the land." In youth he had been taught to read and write, but he confesses "with shame that he did soon lose that little he learned." He followed his father's trade and became a wandering tinker. He was idle and vicious and was an adept and a teacher in evil. At seventeen, he entered the army, "where wickedness abounded." At twenty he married a pious woman, though as poor as himself, not having a dish or a spoon between them.

Her only portion which she brought to him consisted of two books—"The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practice of Piety," left her by her father when he died.

The reading of these books aloud with his wife, and her example awakened in him a desire to reform his wicked life. For two years he struggled through hope and despair. He felt the power of Apollyon and the strong defenses of Doubting Castle between glimpses of sunshine penetrating his soul. He joined the Baptist Church, and, having become a Dissenter, was shut up in Bedford jail for twelve years, with no other amusements but the "Book of Martyrs" and the Bible. During the day he tagged laces and made wire snares to support himself and family. At nightfall the evening prayers were said and the blind child, who spent the day with him, received the fatherly blessing. The last good-night was said to his dear ones. A candle dimly lighted the cell, but there was fire in his eye and all the involuntary images that once haunted his troubled soul were made to act and speak through his pen as living agents.

After twelve years of undeserved sufferings in prison he was liberated and became a great preacher, pastor and peacemaker. He met his death from exposure on a journey to reconcile an estranged father and son.

But his great work in life was the writing of "Pilgrim's Progress." Not only in the English language, but in many languages, even in Chinese, the most popular book in Christian literature next to the Bible is "Pilgrim's Progress."

Books may be divided into two classes, making the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. Knowledge informs, but power moves. "Pilgrim's Progress" distinctively belongs to the latter class. Bunyan, though uneducated, not being able to spell correctly, yet by his simple and Christlike spirit has been able to move the world. His books will never die. The writings of no other author are so widely read.

MARTIN LUTHER.

On the tenth of November, 1483, in a miner's hut, in the little village of Eisleben, Germany, the Apostle of Reformation was born, which event proved to be an epoch in history. His parents were industrious, worthy but poor. At a great sacrifice they kept him in school. His mother, a devoted and pious woman, spared no pains to give what was possible from their scanty earnings toward his support. This was, however, insufficient, and Luther often went hungry. His love for music, es-

pecially playing the flute, aided him in obtaining bread. But even this was often denied him. Tired, and fainting with hunger, he one day sat down upon a bench before a cottage, and sang a plaintive song. The cottager's wife invited him in and fed him with coarse but abundant food. Frau Cotta, learning of his half-starved condition, thenceforth has a plate for him and a warm nook in the chimney corner. Next we see Luther, the rising hope of German scholarship, entering the monastery at Erfurth.

Then at Rome, driven to increased austerity of life by the wicked aspects surrounding, he, on his knees, climbs a weary, winding staircase, but finds another stairway before him, whose top reaches to heaven. Then in 1521, before an imposing assembly of emperor, pope, princes and dignitaries, he utters his remarkable statement that shook the continent of Europe, closing with the words, "I can retract nothing unless I am convinced either from Scripture or by clear argument. Here I stand. I can do naught else, God help me. Amen."

For ten months this hero of Worms is found in Wartburg Castle, translating the Bible and laying the foundations of the Reformation. He had been secretly conveyed to this castle by friendly hands, instigated by the Elector Frederick, to hide him from the wrath of men.

Luther was always found standing level on the rock of reason, holding high above his head in every flood, the Word of God. After finishing his great work he retired at sixty-three to his native Eisleben, worn out with the heat and burden of the day. There he lay with closed eyes, surrounded by his family and friends. Suddenly opening his eyes, he asked once more to gaze upon the starry heavens, and then, bidding all farewell, he charged them to pray for the extension of God's Kingdom and to bear testimony that he died in the faith he had taught.

THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM.

John Wesley was born at Epworth, in England, June 17, 1703. His father was rector of Epworth, and his mother was well educated; a wise woman and a devoted Christian.

The home training he received did much toward forming a character which exerted such a marvelous influence upon his own age, and those which have followed. Educated at Oxford, he was ordained as priest in the Church of England in 1728. Dissatisfied with his own religious experience, he sought and found great spiritual power, and burning with Christian zeal, he went everywhere preaching the gospel. Many were convicted and converted under his ministry. These were organized into societies to be trained into strong Christians.

From those converted under his ministry, and from others who desired to aid in carrying on a work which

so plainly evidenced that it was of God, were raised up helpers and preachers. These, increasing in numbers, met together in conference under Mr. Wesley, that they might receive his counsel.

The preachers multiplied—heard the call from America, and from other lands, and now Methodist Conferences are held and Methodist doctrines taught and practiced by many millions in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Oceanica.

Mr. Wesley died on March 2, 1791, in the eighty-eight year of his age, and his remains were interred in the burial ground of City Road Chapel, in London.

Through the influence of his preaching, example, spirituality, and writings, many have been greatly blessed who are not Methodists, and his monument is seen in the Methodist churches and families throughout the world.

As Luther's name stands for the doctrine of "Regeneration by Faith," so Wesley's name stands for the doctrine of "Christian perfection," which negatively "teaches no state attainable in this life, like that of the angels, or of Adam in Paradise, or in which there is an exemption from mistakes, ignorance, infirmities, or temptations;" but positively, "that all saints may, by faith, be so filled with the love of God that all the powers of the soul shall be recovered from the abnormal, perverted, sinful condition, and, together with the outward conduct, be controlled in entire harmony with love."

John Wesley was a clear and simple preacher and a man of fervent piety, but of a disposition very far removed from asceticism. Wesley did much in increasing spirituality in the churches. Wesleyan Methodism in its primitive power is aggresive, and, while increasing the spirituality of the churches, is successful in reaching the masses; but wealth and worldliness have destroyed the spirituality and power of many of the churches of today.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

Cardinal Newman was a great writer. He was also a great preacher. His fame was not limited to England alone, and yet by the masses he is known, not so much as the great writer and preacher, as the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," which, on account of its significant and practical sentiments, has endeared itself to the hearts of Christians of all beliefs everywhere.

John Henry Newman was born in London, Feb. 21, 1801, and was educated at Oxford. He might, with ease, have attained to literary eminence and distinction and won for himself laurels in the field of literature, but his unswerving consecration to the work which he set out to do, held him inflexibly to his purpose. He was ordained when twenty-three years old. Several years after

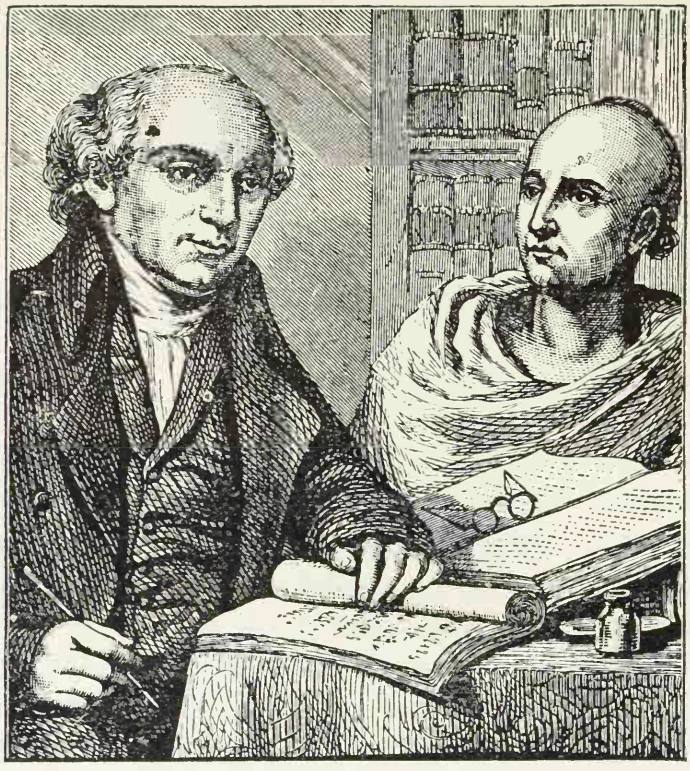
he was presented to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Oxford, in which church the sermons which he delivered at a late period had an extraordinary influence in forwarding the religious movement with which his name is permanently associated.

The plainness, evenness, simplicity and sincerity of Newman's life won to him all hearts. Although many did not agree with views that he held, yet his life was so powerful that it compelled universal admiration and reverence. He died August 11, 1890. The grandeur, greatness and genuineness of his life had won to him all hearts.

Richard Hutton says, "What is perfectly clear to anyone who can appreciate Cardinal Newman at all, is that from the beginning to the end of his career he has been penetrated by a fervent love of God, a fervent gratitude for the Christian revelation, and a steadfast resolve to devote the whole force of a singularly powerful, and even intense character, to the endeavor to promote the conversion of his fellow-countrymen, from their tepid and unreal profession of Christianity to a new and profound faith in it.

"In a century in which physical discovery and material well-being have usurped and almost absorbed the admiration of mankind, such a life as that of Cardinal Newman stands out in strange, and almost majestic, though singularly graceful and unpretending, contrast to the eager and agitated turmoil of confused passions, hesitating ideals, tentative virtues and groping philanthropies, amidst which it has been lived."

"So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while!"



CAREY AND HIS PUNDIT.

WILLIAM CAREY.

"Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey; when I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's Savior." These were the parting words to Mr. Duff, the young Scotch missionary, when he last visited Mr. Carey when he was about to die. He died June 9, 1834, in his seventy-third year, after having spent forty-one years for the good of India, unbroken by any return to England.

William Carey was born in England and, very early in life, exhibited marked tastes for botanical studies, and in later years, aside from his missionary work, became one of the most eminent horticulturists in Asia. At the age of fourteen he was thrown upon his own resources.

He struggled with poverty, at the same time improving his spare moments in reading such books as were available. He was early connected with a Christian church, and at twenty-four he was "called to the work of the ministry, and sent out by the church to preach the Gospel wherever God in his providence might call him." He was soon called to spend his life as a missionary in India. "I will venture to go down," replied Carey to the committee, "but remember that you must hold the ropes." Breaking tender ties and surmounting many and great obstacles, he set sail for India, June 3, 1793. After a voyage of five months, he arrived with his family and others in India. The secret of his success in after years lay in the motto adopted when entering upon his work—"A missionary must be one of the companions and equals of the people to whom he is sent."

The opposition of the East India Company greatly retarded his work. For some years he acted as manager of an indigo factory so as to be allowed to continue his work as a missionary, but in 1800 an enlarged field opened at Serampore, under the control of the Danish. On the last Sabbath of 1800, Krishnu, the first convert, was publicly baptized. Mr. Carey, having translated the New Testament and published it in Bengalee, was soon after offered a position in the Government College. As a missionary he was appointed to the office. This was a great help to the Mission. He held this prominent position for thirty years, toward the close being professor of three Oriental languages, receiving £1,500 per annum. All his salary, except that necessary for his support, he applied to the purposes of the Mission.

Carey was an adept as a linguist, and in philanthropic well-doing did a remarkable work in elevating the social conditions of India. Before his death he was permitted to see the fulfillment of his desire—the establishment of the Church of Christ in India.

JOHN G. PATON.

Missionary enterprises and history everywhere abound with marked examples of self-sacrifice, of devotion and consecration to the noblest work upon which mankind can enter, but of all heroic, bold, courageous, daring and venturesome examples, none surpass that of John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides.

The subject of our sketch was born and educated in Scotland. For some years he engaged in successful mission work in the city of Glasgow. The Reformed Presbyterian Church needed a man to join Rev. Inglis in the New Hebrides. No one seemed willing to go. At last Mr. Paton offered himself. He had greatly endeared himself to the members of his mission and there was great opposition to his leaving his work for a foreign field. He was undecided as to the best course. He consulted

his parents, who encouraged him whom they had early consecrated to the Lord, to go forward. From that moment every doubt as to the path of duty vanished. Mr. and Mrs. Paton landed at Aneityum, August 30, 1857. They were assigned to the island of Tanna. There, surrounded by cannibals, with their lives in constant danger, they were left to work their way into the good will of the natives. Some years before, two young missionaries, landing on a neighboring island, were at once clubbed to death and their bodies cooked and eaten. Mr. and Mrs. Paton were in constant danger of the same fate. It was their coolness, their presence of mind, and their fearlessness that saved them. Mrs. Paton soon died, leaving Mr. Paton all alone in his work. Many times the natives threatened his life and planned to kill him, but by his boldness he evaded their frequent attacks. His blankets and other property were often stolen and only returned when great fear of punishment came upon them. He spent five lonely years on this island, enduring untold hardships, and many times escaped being murdered by running into the arms of some savage when his club was swung or his musket leveled at Mr. Paton's head. By uncapping the musket, or by clinging to the assailant, he more than once saved his life. At last he was compelled to leave. After some years spent in Australia and Scotland securing funds for the mission, he again entered upon the work in the New Hebrides. After many years abounding with thrilling and eventful scenes, Mr. Paton was enabled to see the fulfillment of the desire for which he had given his life—that of establishing missionaries and Christian teachers, and Christianizing the natives of these islands. There are few, if any, lives that surpass Mr. Paton's in Christian heroism. A few years ago Mr. Paton visited the United States. He was received everywhere with unbounded enthusiasm.

JERRY McAULEY.

One of the most prominent agencies of Rescue Mission work in the great city of New York, is Water Street Mission, begun by Jerry McAuley, more than twenty-five years ago. Here every evening for years, after a brief service of song, a prayer for Divine blessing, and a reading of God's word, Jerry would introduce the testimonies by giving his own. It was expected that this mission, located in the heart of corruption in New York City, would reach the worst and most wretched people. This expectation was realized, in that many a drunkard, thief, and harlot knelt at the tear-stained altar and rose from their knees sober, honest and virtuous. In all lands under the sun, where faithful missionaries have been toiling amid danger and disease to save the lost, has the news of God's power in Water Street come, and given renewed strength for the conflict. Thousands of criminal lives have been redeemed and made useful, honored citi-

zens, and in many cases the converts of Water Street Mission have become noted evangelists and rescue workers.

But who is Jerry McAuley? Jerry McAuley was born in Ireland. His father was a counterfeiter, and the family was soon broken up by sin. Jerry came to New York when thirteen years of age, and soon entered upon his career as a river-thief—stealing goods from vessels at night and then selling them and spending time and money in the dens of Water Street. Here he became an adept as a prize-fighter, and engaged in every form of vice and crime. At nineteen he was arrested for highway robbery. Although entirely innocent of the crime with which he was charged, having no friends or advocate to defend him, he was sentenced to fifteen years in State prison. About five years after, he one Sunday morning went to services in the chapel. He was surprised to find on the platform a former confederate in sin, who had been converted after Jerry's imprisonment. The earnest pleadings of this man touched McAuley, and he was soon after converted. Through his efforts a number of his companions were converted. After serving half his time he was pardoned and soon through evil associates fell into his former ways of sin. Through the earnest efforts of a missionary he was again restored. Jerry fell five times before he became established in the Christian faith. He attributed his fall to the use of tobacco, and asserted that when a man has had an appetite for liquor, and is trying to keep from drinking, the use of tobacco is positively fatal. He gave up tobacco and never fell afterward. Four years later he started the famous Water Street Mission. The results of that work are well known. Through all these years the work has gone steadily and successfully forward.

JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR.

The subject of this sketch is not here presented because of a world-wide reputation. History, so called, knows him not, nor is he widely known as a marked character in any specific work, as far as years are considered, for his career was short. Nevertheless, marked manhood is here exhibited in rare, but excellent traits of character. James Brainerd Taylor stands prominently as an instructive example, a worthy model of a Christian student. The dangers that beset the student of today are not imaginary, but real and very seductive. Many a noble youth, just on the threshold of promising manhood, has yielded to temptations and given up the simplicity of the faith of his fathers.

The complaint has been frequently made—and very frequently the effect has been seen and lamented—that a collegiate life has dampened the ardor of piety and greatly diminished its power. Indeed, the impression has

been deep and disastrous, that this is the necessary effect of a course of study in our higher institutions of learning. Not a few honest minds have on this account been prejudiced against a college education. The faultiness of this impression has been clearly demonstrated by James Brainerd Taylor. Aware of these impressions, he entered upon his course of studies with fixed resolutions, and by a strict adherence to the same, he was effectually secured against any class spirit, or any false code of honor whereby so many have been led into looseness of morals and into paths not noted for virtue. The life of this promising youth shows that it is altogether practicable to pass through the trying scenes of college life, not only without losing one's spirituality, but with large accessions to his stores of self-knowledge, and of entire devotedness to God.

Born in 1801, in Connecticut, religious impressions took hold of him early in life. His seeing Dr. Scudder and his wife take their departure for India seemed to have fixed his mind as to his future work. From that time forth, until he closed his eyes in death, he gave himself fully to the calling of the ministry. He soon entered school preparatory to his work, and most assiduously applied himself to his studies, at the same time giving his attention to earnest Christian efforts to save his fellow students. From the beginning of his Christian life he proposed to be what he termed an uncommon Christian. His zeal for the salvation of those around him was unabated. He was often hindered in his work and at one time, he was suspended by the faculty of an institution for no other reason than that of holding meetings with his fellow students for their spiritual benefit.

He died in his twenty-ninth year, having hardly entered upon his life work, but his influence as a Christian student still lives.

HORACE MANN.

Horace Mann is the most interesting character in American educational life. The life, the work, the imperishable influence of this great educator and benefactor of the present century generated a power whose momentum has not yet died away.

Success in life consists in being fitted by natural endowments for a given work and possessing the recognition of fitness for it. Every great leader and inspirer whose life has left its impress on his age and perpetuated his influence has united these two qualifications. Such success is, too, synonymous with the greatest happiness in life, and includes it. For true happiness is in achievement of noble purposes, and not in any mere self-indulgence in pleasures or luxuries. No consecrated bishop ever brought to humanity a sense of more sacred service and direct responsibility than did Horace Mann. He came into this world divinely commissioned for a given

work; and to his marvelous energy and patient persistence in accomplishing it, the present century owes incalculable illumination and aid.

Born in Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796; reared in a home of poverty; in school but ten weeks of each year; with never a holiday for play, but an occasional hour for fun; with no attractive books, but a town library of "solid reading" accessible; earning the money by braiding straw for the purchase of all the schoolbooks he used, he grew up a thoughtful youth, with intense convictions.

In six months from the time he first saw a Latin or Greek book he entered Brown University, and graduated with honors. Entering upon the practice of law, he served ten years in the Massachusetts Legislature, and two terms in Congress. His greatest work was, however, done when he stood by appointment of the Governor of Massachusetts at the head of the educational forces of his state, and practically of the nation. The remaining six years of his life were spent in heroic sacrifice for the cause of higher education in the then new West, as president of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

The political life of Mr. Mann had been in the stormy period of the slavery conflict. He espoused the anti-slavery cause with the utmost vigor and enthusiasm, and made many noted speeches and issued pamphlets embodying his arguments.

It needs no moralist to point the lesson of the life of Horace Mann. It is good to take its significance into our hearts. "A great integrity makes us immortal," says Emerson. "It is not length of life but depth of life that signifies." It is good for us all to treasure in memory those closing words of that last baccalaureate sermon delivered at Antioch College by President Mann:

"And I beseech you to treasure up in your hearts these, my parting words: 'Be ashamed to die till you have won some victory for humanity."

JOSEPH COOK.

"Looking within us, we find in conscience an observatory higher than that of physical science ever was, from which to gaze upon the supreme harmonies of the universe."

"After all, it is the utterance of personal conviction that serious men want. The shortest way of coming at men's hearts, and sometimes the shortest way of coming at men's heads, is to tell what you, personally willing to take the leap into the unseen, are depending upon."

"Let those who are outside of oath-bound secret societies stay out. Stay out in the name of personal independence, in the name of patriotism, in the name of Christianity. To those inside oath-bound organizations, I say, come out as patriots; come out as Christians; come out as unmanacled men."

The above selections clearly give the trend of the mind of one who, in many respects, stands out prominently as one of the greatest men of the nineteenth century.

Joseph Cook was born in Ticonderoga, New York, Jan. 26, 1838. His early life already showed remarkable traits. Whenever opportunity presented he bought

books of merit, and eagerly made himself familiar with their contents. At one time he won a prize, and was offered the choice between a watch and a cyclopedia. He chose the cyclopedia. He entered Yale, but failing health compelled him to leave. Later he entered Harvard and graduated in 1865. He then spent three years at Andover. A license to preach was then granted him, but he declined a settled pastorate. He visited Europe, and in 1873 began his "Boston Monday Lectures" on the relation of religion, science and social reform. These lectures, although given at noon, drew immense audiences of more than three thousand. They soon gave him a world-wide fame. He then took the platform, and throughout the United States lectured upon his favorite themes of philosophy, science and politics. Some of his principal lectures were, "Does Death End All?" "Ultimate America," "God in Natural Law," "Certainties in Religion," "Law and Labor," "Alcohol and the Human Brain," and "Religious Signs of the Times." In 1880 he began a tour around the world, lecturing in Europe, India, China, Japan, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands. He was everywhere greeted with the same enthusiasm and favor abroad as at home.

Mr. Cook's published works are many. They have had a very wide circulation. He demonstrates clearly that science is in harmony with religion and the Bible. Broken down in health by many years of intense, and constant application, he withdrew from the platform in 1896. In his sphere Joseph Cook has not met his equal. The world, the Church, is better for his having lived. Few men have had a wider influence, a firmer hold, and a more commanding outlook than Joseph Cook. The best that can be said of him is that he availed himself of every opportunity to draw men, not to himself, but to Christ.

NEAL DOW.

"I am very weary, I long to be free," said General Neal Dow, on October 2, 1897, and peacefully passed away in his ninety-fourth year. Neal Dow was associated in earlier years with many reformers, but there was but one original prohibitionist, and he was that one. Neal Dow is rightly called the father of prohibition. He spent his boyhood days in his father's tannery. Bubbling over with enterprise, the tannery could not long hold him, and he soon engaged in business for himself. He was successful in a number of business undertakings. Municipal affairs interested him keenly, and he soon made this interest tell. He acquired fixed habits of reading, and in this manner and through extended travel he was well informed on all important subjects. He fought in the Union ranks, was twice wounded in battle and

spent months as a prisoner of war. He served his state in high official capacity, but his world-wide fame has come through his championship of the cause of prohibition. He was forcible as an extemporaneous speaker. He was invited to England three times, and spent more than four years, without compensation, in advocacy of prohibition in the principal cities of Great Britain.

In 1851 he was mayor of Portland the first time and drafted "A bill for the suppression of drinking houses and tippling shops." His friends said it was too radical to pass, but, undaunted, he presented it to the legislature, and by a powerful speech in its favor carried it unchanged. In later years this law became a part of the constitution of the state.

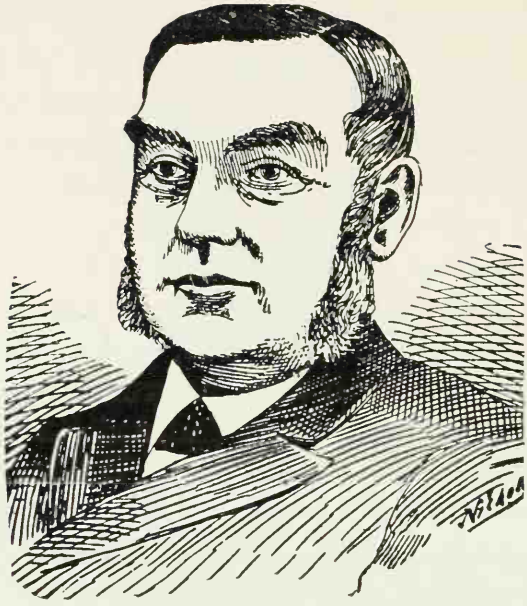
His life has been one long sacrifice for prohibition, which he espoused when drinking was deemed indispensable to the health and happiness of man. His task was to reverse public opinion and to crystallize the ideas of prohibition into the law of the land. "His strength and success as a reformer were largely due to the fact that his zeal was tempered and controlled by a rare common sense, and his labor was characterized by a sweetness of character which made his conscience void of offense toward God and man." He was an intimate friend of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and that organization has for some years observed March 20, his birthday, in honor of this great man. He wielded tongue and sword and pen to smite the wrong. Every Christian land on the face of the globe thanks God for the blows this brave man struck at intemperance, for his loyalty to God and to his country, for his pure and consecrated life given entirely to prohibition and reform work. "The John the Baptist of prohibition has fallen, but the prophets of his baptism have gone out over all the earth."

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Among temperance workers, both in America and in England, there is no name so widely known as that of John B. Gough.

Born in Newgate, England, he early came to America. He had no friends and struggled against poverty for some years, at times not being able to obtain work. At last, although receiving but three dollars a week, he succeeded in laying by enough to send for his mother and sister in England. He was peculiarly attached to his mother, and it was no doubt her influence over him that restrained him and kept him from the paths of sin as long as she lived. Soon after their arrival he found work for his sister. They lived a humble, but happy life, until both brother and sister lost their places. Although having struggled with poverty all through life, they were now to learn what poverty and suffering among the poor in the large city of New York meant. John's affec-

tion for his mother was, however, unwavering. It is said that at one time, when she was sick, he pawned his coat to get food for her. She soon succumbed to the seemingly increasing hardships that made up her life. She fell dead one evening while preparing their simple supper. From this time forth Mr. Gough seemed to have given up all ambition and hope. His course was rapidly downward. The appetite for strong drink began to fasten itself upon him, and soon it was his master. Rallying for a time, he would again be overcome, until delirium tremens fastened itself upon him. Life was indeed a burden to him. He had about concluded to end it when, through a kind word spoken by a young man, Mr. Stratton, he was induced to sign the pledge, and to make an earnest effort to regain lost manhood. Although after that he was overcome once and yielded to his depraved appetite, he was induced by kind friends to renew his pledge. He soon became a Christian, and from that time forth began his work in the temperance field. Although uneducated he, with the earnest aid of his noble wife, succeeded in fitting himself for the platform. For a number of years he was the ablest and most popular temperance orator, and by his eloquence won many thousands to sign the pledge. He visited England, and was no less esteemed there than in America. Everywhere he was met by thousands who came to hear him. The story of his sad life touched many hearts, and his successful rising from what seemed to be hopeless despair inspired many to forsake their evil ways and to aspire to noble manhood. Mr. Gough did a great, a remarkable work. A kind word saved him and made him the ablest temperance orator of his time. He died in 1886, but the impetus he gave the temperance work is going forward with increasing rapidity.



GEORGE W. CHILDS.

"If I only could finish a college course and then probably complete a professional course, success would be assured me," says the average young man of today. Another thinks a "start" in business life is all that he needs. While many are thinking of what they might accomplish if circumstances were different, it is the few who, without advantages and facilities possessed by many, set to work with brave and true hearts and, overcoming difficulties, make themselves felt as leaders and benefactors.

"Nothing without labor" is the motto that for many years met the eye of everyone who called at the private office of the proprietor of the "Philadelphia Ledger."

For generosity toward deserving charities, as well as toward all under his employ in the matter of wages, no personage of the present century stands out with larger liberal-heartedness and with greater prominence than does that manly figure of George W. Childs.

Born and raised in Baltimore, he, after serving in the United States navy for a year, came, when fourteen years old, to Philadelphia, with courage, a ready mind and a willing heart as his capital stock, and soon found work in a bookstore at two dollars a week. In four years he had saved enough to open up a little store for himself, and when he was twenty-one years old he became the head of a publishing house. "Kane's Arctic Expedition," published by him, became a very popular volume and brought the young publisher to the front financially and every other way. His ambition for many years was to own and control the "Public Ledger." This desire was gratified when, in 1864, Mr. Childs became owner and proprietor of this daily of the City of Brotherly Love. He at once lowered the price of the paper and of advertising, and in a short time doubled its subscription. His paper became very popular; the profits of some years netted nearly five hundred thousand dollars.

He always treated his workmen generously. Once when the Typographical Union sanctioned a reduction of wages, he refused to reduce the wages of his compositors, saying, "my business is prosperous, why should not my men share in my prosperity?" This unusual act of generosity on the part of an employer endeared him to the hearts of his employes, and more than any other act of his made the name and generous spirit of George W. Childs known throughout the world. Increasing in wealth, his large-hearted liberality knew no bounds. While not forgetting public institutions, his most munificent gifts were for improving the conditions of the poorer and laboring classes.

"Mr. Childs was a wonderful man. His ability to apply the power of money in advancing the well-being of his fellow-men stands unrivaled."

COUNT TOLSTOI.

While Russia has long been a synonym for despotism and oppression, there is associated with it one name that has become familiar in many lands as representing a benevolence remarkable in theory and practice alike. Count Tolstoi is well known as an author, but better known as a man. He is descended from one of Russia's oldest families, and before he was twenty he came into possession of a large amount of property. His ideas during his early life were not very different from those prevailing in his class, although he soon showed a disposition to help the poor people living on his estate. As a youth Tolstoi attended the University of Kazan, and at the age of twenty-three he entered the army and went with his brother to the Caucasus. He fought in the Crimean war, and at its close resigned his commission and devoted himself to literature. One of his earliest

works, "War and Peace," is most appraised by Russians. It deals with the invasion of Russia by Napoleon. Another of his most popular works is "Anna Karenina." Meredith says Anna is the most perfectly depicted female character in all fiction. Since he brought out "Anna Karenina" in 1876 Tolstoi has given himself up to social problems, with the hope of supplying mankind with a better moral and religious philosophy than that which now obtains in the world. Witnessing an execution, led him to study the relations of government and religion, with the result that he came to adopt as the practical creed of his life the Sermon on the Mount in its most literal meaning. Following out his principle, he lives in the most simple style. He and his family work with the laborers on their farm. He learned the trade of a shoemaker and gives much of his time to work at the bench. His life and words are made a constant protest against injustice everywhere. His wealth is most freely shared with the poor; and, were he left free to follow his own course, he would doubtless be ready to give away all that he has. His fine scholarship, also, is devoted to the service of others, and he has been engaged in preparing for the common people a collection of the best thought from the greatest thinkers of all times. The persecuted Stundists have had his warmest sympathy, and such is the hold that he has gained that no one person, probably, wields a greater moral influence in Russia to-day. His works are eagerly sought, and some that have not been published have a wide circulation in manuscript among the people. However little one may approve not a few of Tolstoi's positions, it cannot be denied that he has stood for principles that hitherto have been in little danger of being too strongly emphasized either in theory or in practice.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

"The Mother of Methodism" was born in London in 1669, and was the youngest child of Dr. Samuel Annesley, an able and prominent minister, who paid every attention to the education of his favorite daughter. When Susanna was twenty years of age she and her husband, Samuel Wesley, a graduate of Exeter College and a curate in London, began married life on an income of sixty pounds a year. The young husband was a diligent student and devoted to his work; his beautiful wife, a person of fine manners. Had Susanna Wesley not been a person of very strong will, she could not have borne all the trials, privations and hardships incident to her long and toilsome life. Not only did poverty often stare the rapidly increasing family in the face, but in 1702 their home was destroyed by fire and other troubles fast followed. Mr. Wesley, owing debts which he could not pay, was put into prison, where he remained three months

before his friends succeeded in releasing him. A still greater calamity was awaiting them. In 1709 Epworth Rectory was burned to the ground, and some of the children narrowly escaped with their lives. Their books, which had been purchased with great self-denial, twenty pounds in money and their clothing were all gone. A month later Mrs. Wesley's nineteenth and last child was born. The rectory was after a time rebuilt and the scattered family reunited.

Notwithstanding her manifold household duties Mrs. Wesley found time for a vast amount of literary work. Not only did she conduct a household school, which she continued for twenty years, but she prepared three textbooks for the religious training of her children.

She also held Sunday evening services in the rectory for her children and servants. Others asked permission to come, and often two hundred were present.

The letters she wrote to her children give some insight into her pure and noble character. When John entered school at London many letters passed between mother and son. She advised what books to read. "Imitation of Christ" and "Rules for Holy Living and Dying" made lasting impressions upon him. When he was first asked to go to America to preach the gospel he hesitated, wishing to remain near his aged mother. When he consulted her she replied, "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice were they all so employed, though I should never see them again." What must have been her feelings as she witnessed the grand work done by this son before she was called away. "Children, as soon as I am released sing a psalm of praise to God," was her last uttered request. The words of her son Charles, "God buries the workmen, but the work goes on," are true, and though this model mother has long since passed away, the grand work of her sons still goes forward.

ELIZABETH FRY.

This eminent philanthropist and preacher of the Society of Friends, whose active and untiring exertions in the cause of suffering humanity were unparalleled in one of her own sex, was born in England in 1780. She grew up to be a thoughtful woman, with great musical talent, and was of a firm and determined disposition.

Elizabeth Gurney married Mr. Fry in 1800, and thirteen years afterward the deplorable condition of the women imprisoned at Newgate so attracted her attention that she resolved upon visiting them, and thus commenced the great philanthropic work which has caused her name to be remembered with love and gratitude by so many.

Alone and unprotected, she entered the part of the prison where one hundred and sixty of the most disorderly were immured, and addressed them with a dignity, power and gentleness which at once fixed their attention. She then read and expounded a portion of the Scripture, many of those unhappy beings having on that occasion heard the word of God for the first time. To these unfortunate women she pointed the way to a nobler and holier life, in which Christ's love should constrain them to give up their sinful ways. She instituted a school within the prison walls; provided work for the women and the means of Christian instruction.

The almost immediate result was order, sobriety and neatness in the place of the riot, licentiousness, idleness and filth which had previously prevailed. For the relief of women in foreign prisons she made frequent continental journeys. She also interested herself in the abolition of slavery, the advancement of education and the distribution of tracts. To the poor and helpless her charities were unbounded. In her journal she writes: "I love to feel for the sorrows of others, to pour wine and oil into the wounds of the afflicted; there is a luxury in feeling the heart glow, whether it be with joy or sorrow." Not only did Mrs. Fry visit the English prisons, but she made her way to the jails and refuges of Holland, Germany and France, and by her influence caused a great improvement in the bodily and mental condition of the prisoners there. After thirty years of incessant labor among the unfortunate and degraded classes of society, this noble woman passed away to her well-earned rest in 1845. Soon after her death a public meeting was held in London for establishing, as the best monument to her memory, "The Elizabeth Fry Refuge," for affording temporary food and shelter to destitute women on their discharge from metropolitan prisons.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

To the parsonage at Litchfield, Conn., there came with the roses a baby girl June 14, 1811, the seventh child of Rev. Lyman and Roxanna Beecher. She received the best of training and care for five years, when a shadow fell upon the household, as eight little children gathered around the bedside of their dying mother.

When she was twelve years old her sister Catharine built the Hartford Female Seminary, where Harriet soon became a pupil-teacher. Nine years later her father became the president of the Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati. Catharine and Harriet accompanied him, and here the sisters opened another school. In 1836 Harriet Beecher married Calvin E. Stowe, the professor of Biblical criticism in the seminary, a learned and able man.

Meantime the question of slavery was agitating the minds of Christian people. Slaves fled into the free states

and were helped into Canada by means of the Underground Railway. The Fugitive Slave Law was hunting colored people and sending them back into servitude. Mrs. Stowe was bitterly opposed to slavery and opened her house to colored children, whom she taught as her own. Could she not do something for this oppressed race?

The pattern of Uncle Tom having formed itself in her mind, the first chapter was sent to the "National Era" in Washington, in April, 1851, and the last in April, 1852. "She had put her lifeblood, her prayers and her tears into the work; yet she had no reason to know that her labors were to find response in the world." As the story neared completion Mr. Jewett, of Boston, offered to publish it, and both publisher and author were surprised at the result. Three thousand copies were sold the first day of publication and over three hundred thousand the first year. In England more than thirty editions appeared in less than six months. One writer says, "It added thousands of soldiers to the Union army. It hastened emancipation in Brazil and Russia, and has stirred to passionate fervor the hearts of 'Cuba Libre.'" The sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has not ceased. Other books followed, most of which have been widely read. Her summer residence in Hartford, Conn., has been visited by thousands who honored the noble woman and gifted author. At this home on July 1, 1896, this remarkable woman, whose life had been an inspiration to poets, artists, statesmen and reformers, quietly breathed her last. Her husband and some of her children had preceded her, and she said, "I am more interested in the other side of Jordan than this, though this still has its pleasures." "Her life is but another confirmation of the well-known fact that the best work of the world is done, not by loiterers, but by those whose hearts and hands are full of duties."

Frances Willard

Long after the temperance reform has become a matter of past history, long after the "Woman Question" has brought about the equality of men and women, political social and financial, the name of Frances Willard will be remembered, not only as one who led a great movement, but as one who gave her life, her talent, her enthusiasm, to make the world wider for women and better for humanity.

Born in Churchville, N. Y., 1839, and brought up on a farm in Wisconsin, Miss Willard retained all through her life the wholesome, breezy atmosphere of those early days. Graduating from Northwestern Female College, Evanston, in 1859, serving in turn as professor of natural science in her Alma Mater and principal of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, spending two years in foreign travel and study, then three years as dean of the Woman's College, Evanston, Ill., she left her profession in 1874 to identify

herself with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In 1879 she was elected president of that organization, and for nineteen successive years served with such favor and adaptability that her re-elections were always practically unanimous. For ten years until her death in 1898 she was president of the World's Christian Temperance Union.

Frances E. Willard was a great leader, and with irresistible charm drew to herself even those who had not the courage to follow her. At the last convention at which she presided in Buffalo in 1897, when there was doubt as to whether the debt of the national building, "The Temple," could be paid, she electrified the convention by her earnest words, and had she lived to carry out her plans, would have cleared away the debt in her fifty-ninth year dedicated to that work.

Miss Willard was a giant among her sex. She had all the accomplishments that a woman could ask for; had Christ in her heart and a love for all mankind. As a conversationalist she had few superiors. "Her reasoning was luminous and homely; her illustrations full of poetry and humor; her pathos as natural as tears to a child."

Queen Cleopatra with her beauty, the Queen of Sheba with her wisdom, Queen Elizabeth with her benevolence and Queen Victoria with her goodness—each of these had some characteristic worthy of admiration, but in Frances Willard, the "Uncrowned Queen of America," all these, together with every noble and lovely trait of Christian womanhood, blended.

Very truly does Mrs. Clara Hoffman say, "When the temperance reform emerges from the shadowland of unpopularity and asserts its practicability upon the sunlit hilltops of triumphant victory, and its hour draweth near —then, bright and glorious among all who have dared and achieved will stand in golden letters of light the name of our Frances Willard."

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Some thirty years ago Lady Isabel, then a pretty little girl of seven, was, on a public occasion, taken to the palace of the Queen. After wandering about for some time, she was attracted by the royal seat, and clambering in, she sat down. When the Queen came she smiled to see a pretty damsel dressed in white sitting in state in the chair of majesty. As she reached the seat she said pleasantly, "This is little Isabel."

Fourteen years later, when Lord Henry Somerset, a younger son of the Beaufort family, and already a member of the House of Commons, pressed his suit, Lady Isabel became Lady Henry Somerset. Although in society and a woman of the world, she was not a worldly woman. She loved solitude and could not have found a more secluded Patmos than that which welcomed her at Eastnor Castle, and at this delightful place Lady Henry retired to study, and to devote herself to the training of her only son, who is as devoted to her as she is to him.

She started a small temperance society in the village and her first speech was delivered to the villagers in a little schoolroom close to the castle gates. That was the first decided step that led her to the presidency of the most active temperance society in England.

It was about this time that she read Miss Willard's tribute to her sister Mary, "Nineteen Beautiful Years." Her first visit to America was mainly for the purpose of becoming acquainted with Miss Willard and to understand from her the principles upon which she had organized the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she had long been president. Not only did she find in Miss Willard a sister beloved, but she was welcomed to the hearts of the best people from Maine to California. She made good use of her time. She attended Moody's school for evangelists, took part in editing the "Union Signal," addressed public meetings and acclimatized herself as an American more rapidly than any English noble has ever done before. Lady Henry, who has given twelve years of constant activity to temperance work, was elected president of the British Woman's Temperance Association in 1891, which office she held for nearly seven years, when ill-health compelled her to lay it down.

Frances Willard says: "Lady Henry has a gift of eloquence in speaking that has made her the foremost woman orator of her time and a gift of writing that has been characterized in terms of highest commendation by literary experts; to crown all these she has a tender faith and spirituality irradiating all her daily life and a humor so rare that they are perhaps the first qualities noted on meeting her. The misfortune of losing her through overwork from the white-ribbon army in England is greater than any other we have yet sustained." In closing her letter of resignation to the "British Women," Lady Henry quotes the pathetic couplet—"

> "My half day's work is done, and this is all my part,
> To give a patient God my patient heart."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Not one general of the Crimean War on either side can be named by one person in a hundred. The one name that rises instantly, when that carnival of pestilence and blood is suggested, is that of one of the foremost names in modern philanthropy, a noble young woman, Florence Nightingale, who robbed war of much of its terror and brought consolation and relief to thousands of suffering and neglected ones.

Florence Nightingale was born in 1823 at Florence, Italy. Highly educated and brilliantly accomplished, she early exhibited an intense devotion to the alleviation of suffering, which, in 1844, led her to give attention to the condition of hospitals. She visited and inspected civil and military hospitals all over Europe; studied the system of nursing and management carried out in the hospitals of Paris; and in 1851 went into training as a

nurse in an institution in Germany. On her return to England she put into thorough working order the sanitarium for governesses in London. In 1854 war was declared with Russia, and a British army of 25,000 men sailed to the east. The wounded from the battle of Alma, fought September 20, were sent to hospitals hastily prepared on the Bosporus. These hospitals were soon crowded and their unhealthy condition became apparent in a rate of mortality surpassing that of the fiercest battle. In this crisis Florence Nightingale offered herself as organizer of a nursing department. She was gladly accepted, and within a week from the date of the offer she departed with her nurses. She arrived at Constantinople on the day of the second battle. She found the wards filled with more than two thousand patients, soon augmented by the wounded of the second battle. Her devotion to the sufferers was remarkable. Several times she stood for twenty consecutive hours in order to see them provided with the requisites of their condition. She clearly saw that the frightful mortality was caused by the bad sanitary arrangements, and with incessant labor and devotion set about to improve them. Several times she was prostrate with fever, but refused to leave her post, and, on her recovery, remained until the war ended. She had saved the life and health of many a soldier, but the physical and mental strain was too much for her frail body. She returned to England after the war, and was honored by all. She had made the sacrifice at the expense of her own health, destined to spend her remaining years as an invalid in her home in England. But even in her home her active mind was not idle. She has written a number of volumes on nursing and hospital reform. It is but just to say that through her efforts the hospital systems of all nations have been greatly improved.

GRACE DARLING.

From a humble station in life, acting well her part in it, Grace Darling, who on one occasion manifested some of the highest qualities of human nature, was for this reason respected and admired by persons of every rank, and acquired a celebrity which spread over the greater part of the civilized world.

A daughter of William Darling, a lighthouse keeper, her residence on Longstone Island during her girlish years and till the time of her death was constant, there being only occasional visits to the coast. She is described as having been remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. She had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred by which her name has been rendered so famous.

A vessel, having on board sixty-three persons, on a voyage from Hull to Dundee, was wrecked in a terrible storm near the Longstone lighthouse. Nine of the passengers had betaken themselves to the windlass in the

fore part of the vessel as a place of safety, and here they remained till daybreak.

At the lighthouse, nearly a mile away, through the dim mist, with the aid of a glass, the figures of these sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. To have braved the perils of that terrible passage would have done honor to the nerves of the strongest man, but what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken through the strength of a woman's arm? At the solicitation of Grace Darling, a boat was launched, father and daughter entered in, each taking an oar, and by the exertion of great muscular power the boat was carried up the rock and the nine sufferers were rescued. Their feeling of delight at the approach of the boat was changed into a feeling of amazement when they became aware that one of their deliverers was a woman.

The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done wafted her name over all Europe. The lonely lighthouse became the center of attraction to thousands, including many who testified by substantial tokens the esteem with which they regarded the young heroine. The duke and duchess of Northumberland presented her with a gold watch, which she always wore when visitors came. Her name was applauded amongst all ranks; portraits of her were sought for, but amidst this applause Grace Darling did not forget the modest dignity which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials simply produced in her mind a feeling of wonder and grateful pleasure.

The grasp of death was fastened upon her before the plaudits of her noble deed had died away. She was never heard to complain during her illness, but exhibited the utmost Christian resignation throughout, and on the 20th of October, 1842, at the age of twenty-seven, she resigned her spirit without a murmur.

KATE SHELLEY.

We honor those who in the face of danger or in the presence of an enemy are incited to deeds of daring, but the heroism of the battle-field is not of the highest order; they who elevate their fellow-men—who save them—are the most valiant. The best men and women have given themselves for others without thought of fame or honor.

Women, quite as capable of endurance as men, have especially distinguished themselves in missionary and philanthropic enterprises, many of whom have toiled and suffered, not for gorgeous glory, but for something higher and better than the world can give.

Sometimes a single act of bravery, resulting in the saving of many lives, has distinguished an individual otherwise obscure and unknown.

Such an instance is found in the adventure of Miss Kate Shelley of Iowa, to whom the Legislature of the State awarded a gold medal for bravery.

As it was growing dark on July 6, 1881, a severe storm caused the Des Moines river to rise six feet in a single hour. Looking from her window, which commanded a view of the Honey Creek railroad bridge, this girl of fifteen saw through the darkness a locomotive headlight and a moment later saw it drop. "Oh, mother, the freight train has gone down," she exclaimed, and quickly springing up, she, with trembling hand, reached for the lantern, and, knowing that the express train would soon be due, rushed out into the darkness and in a pitiless storm undertook the perilous task of giving due warning. Finding that the flood was already far above all paths and roadways, she climbed up the steep bluff to the track, tearing her clothing and lacerating her flesh as she proceeded. A part of the bridge still remained, and as she swung her lantern and called out at the top of her voice, there was a faint answer from the engineer below, who had crawled up on some of the broken timbers. She was urged by him to proceed at once to the nearest station, to warn the express train of the fall of the bridge.

To reach the station it was necessary for her to cross the high trestle bridge across the Des Moines river, about 500 feet in length. As she puts her foot upon it the wind blows out her lantern and she cannot see a foot ahead, save when the dazzling lightning outlines the bridge and the seething waters beneath. This child, with a heroine's heart, drops down upon her knees, and though her courage almost fails, she crawls from tie to tie across the trestle. At last she has reached the shore, and quickly flying to the station, her story is told in breathless haste, and she falls unconscious to the floor; but the warning was given in time to stop the train and scores of precious lives, carried by the train, soon learned of the heroine whose courage had saved them from a watery grave.

MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

Since the beginning of modern missions there has never been a more trying experience of a missionary than that of Ann Hasseltine Judson; and no story of missionary life is more painfully affecting than the record of her short career. She was naturally of a quick, energetic disposition, apt to learn, sensitive and extremely sympathetic, developing into womanhood in the cheerful surroundings of a New England home.

In 1812 she was married to Adoniram Judson, and sailed to India. Shortly after arriving at Calcutta they were ordered to leave the country. They went first to the Isle of France, but were obliged to fly to Rangoon, where they at once began the study of the language. For three years they worked here in quietness, and though their life was lonely, hard and trying, yet when com-

pared with the years that followed, this period seemed altogether delightful. In 1822 she returned to America, where she remained one year, writing and speaking in behalf of Burma so effectually that a great impulse was given to the work. Soon after her return they were ordered to Ava, and in May, 1824, the storm burst upon them when Great Britain declared war against Burma. Rangoon was taken and Mr. Judson was thrown into prison. Mrs. Judson herself was placed under guard.

The horrors of that time have no parallel in the history of modern missions. For more than eighteen months Mrs. Judson was alone, unprotected, in the midst of an infuriated people, unable at times to keep track of her husband, so suddenly would he be taken from place to place. She made long journeys to find him, and when successful, would go to the prison once or twice a day, to carry food and medicine.

The English army was at last successful. Their troubles ceased and they removed to Amherst, where they were under British protection.

But such a life was too hard for a delicate woman, though ever so heroic. The long strain had so exhausted Mrs. Judson's strength that she slowly sank to her death. Even the comfort of her husband's presence was denied her at the last.

She died October 24, 1826, and was buried at Amherst, with civil and military honors, and a monument from America marks the grave.

"Her name will be remembered in Burma when the pagodas of Gautama shall have fallen; when the spires of Christian temples shall gleam along the Irrawaddy and when the 'Golden City' shall have lifted up her gates to let the King of Glory in." The story of the thirteen years she spent in Burma has moved the hearts of scores of American women to give the best of their lives to the service which she chose above all others.

GRACE WHITE.

Of those who have given their lives to Africa, perhaps none have made greater sacrifices and more beautifully exhibited the spirit of Christian heroism than Grace White. At our request, Rev. C. Nusbaum, of Winfield, Kansas, has kindly furnished us with the following sketch.

Miss Grace White was born in 1863. She came with her parents to southwestern Kansas when about thirteen years of age. From childhood she was original in thought and careful in all her plans. During her school days her associates were among the unfortunate and friendless pupils, for whom she always had a word of cheer and comfort. She was a Christian from early childhood, but in her twenty-fifth year she was led to know that it was her privilege to receive the gift of the Holy Spirit and power, and to the great joy of her heart she entered into this experience. The victory was complete,

and in that hour she dedicated herself to God and his service. She was a strong friend of the colored people and was not long in deciding to go to the more neglected in Africa. When thoroughly convinced that God was calling her to that dark land of death, she hastily made all arrangements and started, in 1891, for her field of labor, a mission station in Liberia. When she arrived she was met by a number of the tribe to whom she was sent, who threatened to kill her at once. She calmly told them that she was sent of God to do them and their children good, and she proposed to stay there until God told her to leave. For fifteen months she labored alone at Barraka station, when her sister Anna came to help her; through darkness and disappointment, danger and death, they worked together, until Anna was compelled to return home for a rest.

With firm faith in God, Grace remained at her post. She knew that God was ushering in a better day, which she was permitted to see before her translation. She had an intense love for her aged parents and her home in this country. Once when recovering from a severe attack of fever, and conscious of her surroundings, her eyes caught sight of a bunch of pansies. She said, with tears, "How they make me think of mother." She desired to make her home visit in 1896, but as there was no one to take her place, she refused to take the rest she needed.

On the return of her sister Anna, Grace was urged to return to America, for a short time, at least; but she could not be induced to come, feeling that God wanted her there. In December, 1896, she took the fever, and in a short time God took her to himself and her eternal reward. Thus another martyr is added to the great long list who are among the redeemed and blood washed. Truly her works will follow her, and many thousands will rise up in the eternities to call her blessed.

MRS. AMANDA SMITH.
Formerly a Slave.

When the Lord makes up his jewels his choice will not be confined to the white race alone. The truth of this statement is exemplified in Amanda Smith, who was born in slavery, at Long Green, Maryland, in 1837. She was redeemed by her father, Samuel Berry. She had no worldly wealth, but a legacy that was far better, parents and a grandmother who were truly pious. Her mother, inheriting the spirit of prayer, was a woman of great faith and moral courage; and these qualities descended to the third generation.

In 1859 she was married to J. H. Smith, a local deacon of the M. E. Church, who died ten years later; of her five children, only one daughter survives, and as she is married, Mrs. Smith is free from family claims. She dates her conversion to March 17, 1856, and from that

day to this has never doubted that she was forgiven. Twelve years later, under a sermon by Rev. J. S. Inskip, she received a wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit, and ever after was an exponent of that "full salvation" preached by John Wesley, of whom she is a faithful disciple. The Lord soon afterward led her into public life, and her power as an evangelist became so widely known and appreciated that she received many invitations in all directions. Some friends proposed a trip to England.

From England she went to India, where she found open doors everywhere. Then she spent ten years in Africa, greatly aiding Bishop Taylor in his self-supporting mission work.

Failing health compelled her to return to England, and in 1891 she again came to America, where she is engaged in evangelistic work and in raising funds for a home for colored orphan children in Chicago.

Frances Willard says: "I first saw Amanda Smith at Ocean Grove, and she seemed to me almost as unique a character as 'Sojourner Truth.' I shall never forget one Sunday evening, nor the surf meeting, of which she was the principal figure. Anywhere from ten to thirty thousand people were seated on the sand, and all felt the grandeur of the scene. Everybody wanted something said about it, but no speaker's voice could reach them all. Suddenly Amanda Smith's wonderful voice rang out in a vibrant contralto, deep and so swelling that all could hear as she sang:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,
There's a kindness in his justice
That is more than liberty."

"As she went through that wonderful hymn, tears came into women's eyes, and men pulled their hats down farther over their faces. It was a grand hour, and Amanda had put the final touch to it, which she could not have done, except that she had a grand soul."

LUCRETIA MOTT.

One of the rarest examples of womanhood that America has yet produced, not merely as a reformer, but in every attribute of character and action, is Lucretia Mott. Born January 3, 1793, among the quiet scenes of Nantucket, she grew to girlhood with habits of neatness and helpfulness in the home.

When thirteen years old she was sent to a Friends boarding school and in two years became an assistant teacher. Another teacher was young James Mott, the son of an old Quaker family from Long Island. The two, the young man and the maiden, he having just passed his twentieth year and she her eighteenth, in the beauty of their youth loved and wedded.

The unison of spirit and action which made their married life one long harmony was their oneness in devo-

tion to what they believed to be right and their sympathy with the oppressed everywhere.

While living a life of devotion to her husband and children she, at the age of twenty-five, touched the keynote of her great fame when, feeling called to a more public life of devotion to duty, she entered the ministry in the Society of Friends, among whom she was known as a consecrated, self-forgetting preacher of the truth.

In early youth her soul was moved by the cruel injustice of negro slavery. Not only did she plead in their behalf, but every act of her life made her moral force felt wherever she was known. William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston at the peril of his life; Lovejoy was murdered at Alton; but throughout these years Lucretia Mott addressed women's meetings while stones and brickbats were flying through the windows. Amid pelting eggs, amid howling stone-throwing mobs she stood unmoved, as gentle and unflinching as when knitting by her own fireside. In 1840, a World's Anti-Slavery Convention was called in London, and women from New York, Boston and Philadelphia were delegates, among these was Lucretia Mott.

On their arrival they were not admitted, because they were women. This brought the woman question into prominence and in this she engaged heart and hand.

Lucretia Mott, who passed away in 1880, may have been equaled by many in the development of special faculties, but rarely has a woman lived who has embodied in herself so many intellectual and moral qualities perfectly balanced.

"A nature so many-sided, a humanity so deeply veined, an intelligence so universal and varied cannot be sounded or measured by mere words. Her life, though vanished from human sight, still shines on—a planet whose unfailing light streams down the centuries, while it reaches upward to other and distant worlds."

MARY LYON.

"There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it."

This memorable utterance by Mary Lyon, in the last instruction she gave to her school, gives a glimpse of the vast power for good which God can give to one woman for the benefit of the human race in all coming time.

When in the second decade of this century, this remarkable educator of women, began her career as teacher, she received as her compensation seventy-five cents per week, with board. Her services as teacher soon began to be eagerly sought and whenever she could obtain sufficient means, she would go to some place and receive instruction on those subjects in which she found herself deficient. After several years of alternate teaching and studying, she went to attend Rev.

Joseph Emerson's school in Byfield, Massachusetts, and she ever regarded her connection with this school as an important era in her life. Several years later she was invited to assist Miss Grant in the Adams Female Academy, at Londonderry, and coöperated with her personally when the school was removed to Ipswich. It was at this place that her plans for the establishment of a permanent female seminary occupied much of her thought and where so much energy was given to the ways and means of accomplishing this object.

In 1836 she wrote to a friend: "I have lived to see the time when a body of gentlemen have ventured to lay the corner-stone of an edifice which will be an institution for the education of women. The work will not stop with this institution. The enterprise may have to struggle through embarrassment for years, but its influence will be felt." This incident dates the beginning of the famous Mount Holyoke Seminary. Its first year proved the wisdom of Miss Lyon's careful plans, and the first anniversary was a season replete with interest. Wonder, praise and gratitude filled her heart with a flood of emotions, such as ordinary minds cannot conceive. Her greatest joy was that of seeing those intrusted to her care walking in truth and peace. Thus the foundations of her institution so longed for were laid with prayers and tears, and its topstone with joy and praise to Him who had bade her build a school to his great name.

God accepted the service of her hands and blessed both it and her abundantly. Great was Miss Lyon's influence in training up active and efficient women; many drew from her light and fire that will never go out. She was enabled to shape the moral course of her pupils for both worlds.

On March 5, 1849, Miss Lyon passed away. Over her grave a beautiful monument of white marble was erected.

MARIA MITCHELL.

"I was born of only ordinary capacity but of extraordinary persistency," said Maria Mitchell in later years, after that "persistency" had made her one of the most distinguished lady astronomers the world ever knew. Born of Quaker parents August 1, 1818, on the Island of Nantucket, Maria early exhibited an aptitude for books. While still her father's pupil, at the age of eleven, she became his assistant teacher. The parents did not consider her brighter than any of their other nine children. But she soon showed a special liking for mathematics. In her intelligent home she learned "to use her hands helpfully and skillfully, to dress tastefully, but simply, and to live contentedly a plain, frugal life, brightened by study, affection and society. At sixteen she left school, and at eighteen she was appointed librarian of the Nantucket Public Library. Her island home was peculiarly adapted to the study of the sea

and sky, and her duties as librarian being light, she had much time to spend in study. Here she spent twenty years at a salary of one hundred dollars per annum.

The Mitchell family possessed an excellent telescope, which was frequently used by Maria. She was as fond of astronomy as of mathematics, and excelled in both.

One evening in October, 1847, as she was gazing through the telescope, she suddenly saw a comet which before was unknown. She obtained its ascension and declination and then told her father, who wrote to Professor Bond of Cambridge, informing him of Maria's discovery and inquiring if the comet had been noticed before this time. The Professor replied that it had not. Sixteen years before this time Frederick VI. of Denmark had offered a gold medal to the person who should first discover a telescopic comet. This medal, therefore, was awarded to Miss Mitchell.

In 1857 she went abroad, visiting the greatest observatories in Europe. During her absence her friends fitted up an observatory for her use.

When the observatory of Vassar College was completed a position as teacher of astronomy was given to Maria Mitchell. In her schoolroom the blackboard and teacher's desk occupied one side of the room. The remaining three were occupied by seats with tables placed in front of them.

As a teacher Miss Mitchell was abrupt, yet kind. She had little patience with the superficial and conceited, but to every student that did her best she was always ready to give assistance and encouragement.

Miss Mitchell remained at Vassar College for twenty years, resigning her position in 1888. She died at Lynn, Massachusetts, on the twenty-eighth of June, 1889, at the age of seventy-one.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"May He who taught the morning stars to sing,
Aye keep my chalice pure and fresh and sweet,
And grant me so with loving hand to bring
Refreshment to His weary ones, to meet
Their thirst with water from God's music spring;
And bearing thus to pour it at His feet."

So sang one who wrote many heavenly hymns that people love to sing, and who through years of suffering maintained such depths of joy, such implicit trust in God, as to be a beacon on a hilltop to hundreds of others following that way.

One of her teachers says: "That which imprinted the stamp of nobility upon her whole being, and influenced all her opinions, was her true piety and the deep reverence she had for her Lord and Savior, whose example penetrated her whole life." From her father she inherited a decided musical talent. She wrote songs and hymn tunes adapted to her own words and those of

others, trained missionary and voluntary choirs, assisted in the editing of a hymnal, prepared Havergal's Psalmody for the press and contributed to its contents.

She will, however, be best and longest known by her poems. In them almost every phase of Christian life and growth is revealed. Their power to soothe, to soften, to inspire and to uplift is acknowledged by many loving readers, who give them a high place in the religious poetry of the age.

Her poetic talent gradually developed and in 1860 some of her poems appeared in the columns of a paper. She continued adding grace and strength of poetic skill and fervor, and later "The Thoughts of God" and "Loyal Responses" were given to the public, and more than once their author had the privilege of hearing her own hymns and tunes sung to the praise of God.

In her widely known hymns, "Songs in the Night," "Consecration Hymn," "Tell it out among the Heathen," some of them written while prostrated by illness, she left an immortal legacy. But her greatest achievement, her best legacy, was her character and life.

"She was always busy, yet seldom hurried; she 'redeemed the time' yet 'lived without carefulness;' she was ever at work for the public weal and pleasure, yet never failed to respond to every private claim, every individual demand for aid and sympathy."

She often suffered from protracted and severe attacks of illness, and near the close of 1878 a cold, resulting from exposure at an outdoor meeting, developed painful and alarming symptoms. As the disease progressed, and she was told that it would prove fatal, she answered, "If I am really going home, it is too good to be true." As the end drew nigh, she tried to sing; but after one sweet high note, her voice failed, and on June 3, 1879, England's sweet singer passed away.

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

Who that knows anything of what life means has not been inspired to renewed efforts, to increased courage and faith by the sacred hymns and tunes of childhood days? The power of song, how great! How large a part of real gospel teaching in our hymns!

Of all the living sacred hymn writers, none are so well known, none have touched the hearts of the American people as the happy hearted Fannie J. Crosby. And yet it is probably known to comparatively few that this noted woman has done all her work without beholding the beauties of nature around her, for she is totally blind. Born March 24, 1820, an affection of the eyes demanded medical treatment when she was only six weeks old. The remedies applied proved of no avail, and her sense of sight entirely disappeared. It is said that at the age of eight she began her career of song with the following:

"Oh, what a happy soul am I!
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
To weep and sigh because I'm blind
I cannot and I won't."

Early in life she entered the New York Institution for the Blind, where she remained as a pupil and teacher for more than forty years. In her early years she committed the four books of the Old Testament and also the four Gospels. Although nearly eighty years old, she preserves all the sprightliness of her youth, and a visitor to her home in Brooklyn finds one of the most cheerful and happy persons.

Her hymns are loved and sung, not only where the English language is spoken, but they are found translated into many other languages. Some of the best known are: "Blessed Assurance," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Rescue the Perishing," "Every Day and Hour," "Saved by Grace," "I Am Thine, O Lord," "Redeemed," "Rock in the Desert," "Wonderful Saviour," "Rivers of Love." These might be increased into hundreds. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" is her favorite, because it has comforted so many broken hearted ones. She wrote it because all her path is darkness, and her only safety is in the arms of Jesus. Bishop Hannington's last entry in his journal shows that when he was about to be murdered, he sang this hymn, and laughed at the very agony of his situation.

Fannie Crosby declares that her blindness has been a blessing to her, for in this way she has been a blessing to multitudes. She says: "If I had not been deprived of sight I should never have received so good an education, nor have cultivated so fine a memory, nor have been able to do good to so many people."

MRS. BELLA COOKE.

"I do not ask that God shall always make my pathway light;
I only pray that He will hold my hand throughout the night."

So sings one who, through long years of greatest agony, maintains a firm faith in God, whose zeal for the Master probably won hundreds to the foot of the cross, and whose submission to the divine will led many Christians to a firmer trust in God. To a large number Bella Cooke's sick-bed became a place of blessing, her sick-chamber a haven of rest.

This consecrated woman was born in Hull, England, in 1821. At the age of twenty she was married to Mr. Cooke, a devoted Christian man, and several years later she and her family came to America. Soon after their arrival, her husband died, of cholera, and she was left a poor widow with several small children.

Notwithstanding her feeble health, she made strenuous efforts to support her helpless family, but her

health gradually failed, until she was entirely prostrated, and for the last forty-two years she has been absolutely bed-ridden, with scarcely five minutes in any day of freedom from acute pain, though it varies much in intensity. Added to this is her absolute dependence, as she often, during these years, did not know how food and fuel for the morrow would be provided.

It is not in language to describe the sufferings of Bella Cooke during this long period, yet to say that she has been resigned and patient would present but a small part of the truth. Depressing as her infirmities have been, and severely trying as it has been to be debarred from life's activities and enjoyments, yet she has, even in times of utmost physical prostration, exhibited a serene and holy resignation.

Again and again has she been brought down to the gates of death, and her friends have looked in tearful silence for the coming of the chariot and horsemen. Her cheerful disposition takes note only of the bright hours of life, and buries the cloudy ones in oblivion.

Bella Cooke is never unemployed. Many benevolent institutions have been profited by the skillful work of her fingers. Many hours of pain are spent in earnest work for the Master, her rich personal experience in divine things and marvelous insight of character qualifying her to enter into the feelings of the suffering and sad, and to give them, not only temporal aid, but also spiritual comfort.

The sunny face of the presiding genius of her little room in New York City, on the narrow bed of spotless white, bears through hours of keenest suffering, through weeks and months of severest trial, a patient, beautiful smile of trust and content.

How true that the sweetest songs of the nightingale are warbled only in darkness, and the clearest notes of thankfulness and joy are heard only in the midnight of affliction.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

"The arrival of the angelic princess spreads over these days a noble splendor. All hearts go out to meet her, and her grace and goodness leave no one unblessed."

These words of the poet Fouqué express something of the esteem and admiration felt by people, both high and low, for the lovely Queen Louise, of Prussia, daughter of Prince Charles and Princess Frederica.

Christmas Eve, 1793, witnessed the marriage of Louise to Frederick William, the crown prince. She was then seventeen, with a fine complexion, large blue eyes, light hair, with a frank, natural, graceful manner.

Frederick William and Louise went at once to their own palace, and there a happy married life began.

In the year 1797, at the death of Frederick William II., the crown prince became King Frederick William, and Louise, the joy of every circle, became queen. She was, however, not allowed to pass through her short life

without great sorrow, much anxiety, and intense suffering.

The war waged by Napoleon against Prussia, especially the battles of Jena Auerstadt, which in a day prostrated the Prussian power, compelled the queen and her children to flee from the palace. She says: "Destiny has destroyed in one day a structure, in the erection of which the great men of two centuries have labored."

In her journeyings for safety, the queen at one time, occupied a room whose windows were broken, and the snow blew on the bed. But she was full of trust and courage. She made heroic efforts to secure better terms for her beloved country. Referring to an interview with Napoleon, she says, "I wept; I implored in the name of love and of humanity in the name of our misfortunes and the laws which govern the world."

The demands of Napoleon upon the country at this time were more than could be met. He said, "If the king cannot pay, nothing remains to be done but to surrender Silesia." Queen Louise wrote humbly to Napoleon, pleading for a modification in Prussia's interests, but his unsympathetic heart could not be moved.

In 1809, after enduring great privations, and making many sacrifices, the royal family again reëntered Berlin. The people were full of joy, and to commemorate this event placed in the Thiergarten a beautiful vase, which is yearly filled with flowers, on the queen's birthday.

The following summer, Queen Louise, who was the mother of ten children, and had often suffered from illness and prostration, probably feeling that the end was drawing near, went with the family to the country castle, and there the loved and honored Queen of Prussia passed away.

Shortly before her death, she wrote to her father: "Only truth and justice are strong and secure. Therefore I do not believe that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte is firm and safe on his glittering throne."

CATHARINE BOOTH.

"The woman who would serve her generation according to the will of God must make moral and intellectual culture the chief business of life. Doing this she will rise to the true dignity of her nature, and find herself possessed of a wondrous capacity for turning the duties, joys and sorrows of domestic life to the highest advantage, both to herself and to all those within the sphere of her influence."

These words were penned in an autograph album by Catharine Booth, at twenty-six, who in after life more fully than any other woman demonstrated the truth of the statement.

Catharine Mumford Booth was born in 1829 and received a careful training and a good education. Her mother's special care in training her child was not in vain. Catharine says, "The longer I live the more I appreciate my mother's character." Under such careful

training she early became interested in church and mission work. At twenty-six she married William Booth, and for seven years aided him greatly in his work as minister of the Methodist Church. He was several times required to lay aside his work for a short time on account of ill health, but she, equal to the occasion, took up his work and regularly filled his appointments, preaching to the satisfaction of all. Believing themselves called to the evangelistic work, they asked that they sustain such relation to their conference. But then, as now, the narrow and ecclesiastical spirit of those in authority overcame the higher, nobler and more worthy spirit of the extension of the cause without so much respect to men and measures, and Mr. Booth's request was not granted.

Believing themselves called of God to the work, they did not hesitate in this crisis, but began work wherever there were openings. The work developed very rapidly, and in a few years resulted in the Salvation Army, now of world-wide fame. This organization has been the means of rescuing many thousands that the churches, in their present effort and with present means, could never have reached. The Salvation Army would never have reached such a state of usefulness but for the clear-sighted and consecrated wife of William Booth. She may well be called a co-founder with him in the work. Frail and in poor health for many years, she, with ability seeming more than natural, entered into the work, preaching, teaching and ever ready to counsel and plan for larger and more extended results. She engaged energetically in temperance and other reform work. Besides all this she carefully trained eight children and was permitted to see them all engaged in Army work before her death. Catharine Booth, mother of the Salvation Army, passed peacefully away, after an exceedingly useful life, "more than conqueror," October 4, 1890.

CLARA BARTON.

Distinction and fame have come to many women who have never learned what self-denial and sacrifice mean. Some of these may have become famous, because of the power to write entertainingly; others may be able to charm audiences by their eloquence; but a still higher order of marked womanhood is found in those heroic ones who forego many of the pleasures of life in order to minister to the spiritual and the physical needs of multitudes suffering in sin or in bodily pain. Among those who have forsaken comforts and pleasures and sacrificed even health itself in order to alleviate, by acts of charity and kindness, the sufferings of mankind, no name is inscribed higher on memory's tablet, none is held in more loving affection by all people and civilized nations, than that of Clara Barton.

Born, raised and educated in New England, at an early age she began teaching school. This occupation she successfully followed until trouble arose in the

Patent Office at Washington, through the treachery and dishonesty of clerks. Miss Barton was recommended to the commissioner as a person that could be trusted. She filled a position in that office until the breaking out of the Civil War, when she resigned her position and turned her whole attention and strength toward relieving the sufferings of the wounded and sick soldiers. The Government was not prepared to care properly for these, and after a battle they were sometimes left for hours, or even days, before their wounds were dressed and proper attention given them.

Miss Barton, by consent of the Government, went to the front and, with provisions and supplies, soon inaugurated a marked improvement in this respect. Thousands of soldiers pronounce blessings upon her for her deeds of charity. Bullets more than once grazed her clothing, but she was never wounded. At the close of the war she established the "Bureau of Record," so valuable to the Government in later years. In 1869 she went to Europe and became identified with the Red Cross movement—a society for the relief of sufferings. In 1874 she was at the front in the Franco-Prussian War, and did much in making the work of the society so effectual. From that time she has given her whole attention to the work of the Red Cross Society. At the breaking out of the Armenian massacres in Turkey, the United States furnished her with supplies and sent her to relieve the persecuted of that nation, that has long since deserved to be wiped off of the map of the globe.

The beginning of 1898 finds her in Cuba, marshaling her forces to reduce the sufferings of poverty and war, by distributing supplies where most needed. So determined is she to have the principles of the Red Cross adopted fully by her people and nation that she has repeatedly said, "Until this work is done I cannot go to heaven."

"A finger's breadth at hand may mar
A world of light in heaven afar;
A mote eclipse a glorious star."

"He that spares vice wrongs virtue."

Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?—Solomon.

"The bird which is ensnared by one leg is as surely the prey of the fowler as if it were seized by both wings."

When a yung man beginz tu go down hil evrithing seams tu be greezed fur the ockashun.—Josh Billings.

It may be said with measurable truthfulness that half the art of Christian living consists in shunning temptation.—J. G. Holland.

MARRED MANHOOD and WOMANHOOD.

RICHARD YATES.

Character makes man. There is a plane of mere achievement, but it cannot be substituted for the higher plane of moral and spiritual worth. Marked manhood includes not only achievement, but also the motives, the intentions, the traits of character, that lead to success. It is inexcusably wrong to judge men of genius by any other than the moral law laid down in the Infallible Word. It shows a weakness that is not found in strong men, to excuse "men of genius" and attempt to measure them by a standard that looks upon "outward accomplishments," but passes silently over the responsibility of "inner rectitude."

"How wretched is the man, with honor crowned,
Who, having not the one thing needful found,
Dies, known to all, but to himself unknown!"

There are undoubtedly many men whose achievements have been great, who were remarkable for their powers of intellect or skill in other fields, but who have never reached the heights of "MARKED MANHOOD." Their achievements stand, the rather, as monuments to show what "MARRED MANHOOD" means, and what might have been the result had there not been

an "unworthy purpose," a "lack of conscience and religious sense." The possibilities of marred manhood are inestimable, were there a development of a full and well-rounded character. Great deeds in certain lines cannot be made to cover over defects in other respects, but rather set them out in bold relief, thus making the contrast all the greater. In these and the following pages we note the achievements of great men, great in their sphere, and yet on the whole marred. We would gladly cover over with the mantle of charity their failings, but, while not entering into details, we feel impressed that duty requires a warning to young manhood, lest others make the same mistake, and thus blight a record that ought to be, and can be, absolutely pure and clean.

Richard Yates was born in Kentucky in 1818. He graduated with honors from Illinois College and at once began the practice of law. He took an active interest in public affairs and after several terms in the Illinois Legislature was elected to Congress. During the War of the Rebellion he was the popular governor of Illinois and rendered important service in raising troops. In 1865 he was elected United States Senator for Illinois. His natural abilities were great, and for a time he was recognized as a strong candidate for the presidency. In the height of his ambition and popularity he considered himself, as many do, strong enough to resist any temptation. He took to drinking, went rapidly from bad to worse, and, sad to say, at the early age of fifty-five filled a drunkard's grave. His prospects were brighter than ordinary, but the demon drink overcame this strong man and carried him to utter ruin.

"Dick" Yates was a man of noble impulses. Kind, sympathetic, gentlemanly, and a power for right and truth when not overcome by the appetite for drink. Why was he not saved from this awful curse?

BARNEY BARNATO.

We somehow have acquired the habit of revering the man of wealth without stopping to examine his moral makeup. Does not this unjust respect for wealth result from an undue desire to acquire wealth ourselves? We may have been taught by precepts abundant not to put our trust in riches, and yet we are frequently reminded of the thrusting aside of these precepts as we hear of the many who have sought happiness in the possession of gold, and, awakened to the delusion, have brought their lives to a sad end.

Barney Barnato was the son of a London rag-gatherer. At the age of twenty he went to South Africa. After a tedious voyage, spent in building air castles and dreaming of the possibilities of the new world which he was approaching, he landed, and soon met the president of the Diamond Diggings. Barnato informed him that he was going to the diamond fields and hoped to make a fortune. With a look of sympathy the man placed his

hand on the boy's shoulder in a fatherly manner and said, "Go home again, my boy, for I have cleared that country of all the gems it contains." Barnato, although discouraged, concluded to remain. After various vicissitudes he got hold of a gold mine, which he sold for a big price, and then, between gold mines and diamond mines, he went on to accumulate a fortune. After some years he was reputed the richest man in the world, his wealth being estimated at $300,000,000. He had organized mining companies and sold the stock at fabulous prices. His place at Piccadilly cost him a million. He had no other aim in life than that of lavishingly spending his wealth in "fast living." But the end! This man, who might have blessed the world with his wealth, this man to whom the money kings of England made obeisance, having compassed his wildest possible dreams of wealth and power, found that life had nothing further for him and, like a gambler grown tired of gambling, he, on a voyage to the Madeira Islands, in 1897, put an end to his useless life by jumping overboard.

Who says that wealth brings happiness? Many examples of similar character could be cited. William Randall Roberts, once a millionaire merchant, died in 1897 as a charity patient in a New York hospital. He had once been a congressman, once United States minister to Chili, once proprietor of a famous dry-goods house. Edwin Fields, by mining speculation at Tombstone, Arizona, became the owner of millions in a short time. Success, as is often the case, led into extravagances. The story is quickly told. Reverses came. He lost all he had. Worry made him sick, he was taken to the hospital, then to the poorhouse at Dunning, Ill., and then to a pauper's grave. These lives are full of impressiveness.

GENERAL GUISEPPE GARIBALDI.

One of the most eventful careers of modern actors on the stage of history closed when Gen. Garibaldi breathed his last at his island home at Caprera, on the evening of June 2, 1882. Born at Nice, July 4, 1807, he spent his boyhood days in following, with his father, a seafaring life. His mother had wished to have him enter the priesthood, but early in life he became interested in his native country and resolved to spend his energies in liberating it from the tyranny of its oppressors. He sympathized with all movements that aimed at liberty, and in 1833 joined the Italian Liberals in an unsuccessful revolution, at Genoa. He was sentenced to death in 1834 by his government, but escaped to South America, where he remained until 1848, when, at the breaking out of the revolution in Italy, he offered his services for the liberty of his native country. Garibaldi was again banished, in 1850, when he came to the United States and engaged in the manufacture of candles, on Staten Island, until 1854. He then returned to Italy, and in 1856 bought his farm on the island of Caprera. When the war with Austria broke out in 1859 he became the center

and the hero of Italian liberty. Clear and calm in laying out his plans, bold, daring and brilliant in executing them, always leading his men in person and practicing his favorite maxim, "who wills, goes; who wills not, sends," he became the idol of his troops and of his countrymen, and the hero of many romantic and thrilling tales. One time his soldiers fell back, their ranks had been decimated, and he knew it. He simply turned in the saddle and cried out, "Soldiers, I am going to die," and, without looking back, rode ahead. But gallop, gallop, they came, closing in about their leader. Many are the tales of sympathy shown by this intrepid and successful leader, so devoted to the redemption of his country. He will long be remembered by the lovers of liberty all the world over. But here our commendation must cease. Had he died on the field of battle this scarred and veteran warrior would have been held in lasting remembrance. Sad to say, he lived to lose the respect of good and true men. Chafing under wrongs inflicted on him, he became the tool of demagogues and, worse than all, the bitter enemy of God and religion. Brought up with a love for the church by his pious mother, his indignation at the treachery to the cause of liberty and humanity of Pope Pius turned his sentiments of devotion to gall, not only against the Church of Rome, but against our holy religion itself, till he became an avowed atheist and gloried in the name.

How sad to think of such a self-denying life, spent for the good of others, going out in darkness and endless night! How different his end, how blessed his memory, if instead he had spent his closing years in training up the sons of the Italy he had liberated, to labor and to pray for the spread of the truth, which alone can make it truly free.

F. DE LESSEPS.

We need no Greek or German philosophy to tell us that the study of man's character and achievement is an inspiring one. We all know from our own experience that the emulation of great deeds is likely to follow familiarity with them, and on the other hand, the mistakes, errors, failings and wrongs of others teach us to shun the paths that lead to the same results.

Ferdinand De Lesseps, born 1805 at Versailles, France, was educated in Paris. He was early appointed consul of the French Government, and served in this capacity in different countries. His noble conduct during the plague in Egypt, which in 1834-35 destroyed one-third of the population, gained him special honors. After this he served as minister to Madrid and to Switzerland.

On the breaking out of the war at Rome between the French and the Italians, under Garibaldi, he was sent to advise the French general. Seeing the condition of things, he expressed sympathy with the Italians in their struggle under the leadership of Garibaldi. The French Government, disavowing his acts, recalled him and let loose the French army upon the Romans. Subsequent results proved the correctness of De Lesseps' position.

Out of government employ De Lesseps went to Egypt in 1854 and projected the construction of the great interoceanic Suez Canal. As is frequently the case, the government refused its authorization. The state engineer condemned the project as chimerical. In the face of great opposition and the need of enormous sums of money, De Lesseps deported himself with such tact and indomitable energy, by social persuasion, personal interviews with statesmen and capitalists, that public sympathy, confidence and support secured to him the support of the government, and in 1869 the completion of the canal was celebrated with imposing ceremonies.

France has reason to be proud of the man who won for her such honor, and the Suez Canal will ever point to the enterprise and perseverance of the man who carried to a successful end a gigantic scheme, hedged about with great difficulties.

The benefits of this waterway suggested a similar canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The Panama canal project met with great opposition, and ended not only in failure, but led to great scandals. Charges of corruption so shook the French republic that disruption was for a time threatened. De Lesseps, although eighty-eight years old, was sentenced to fine and imprisonment. Many prefer to believe that bad men used his honored name for selfish purposes, while the commercial world, profiting so greatly by his labors, will have cause to remember him gratefully as a benefactor, yet the sad end of this man, so great in many respects, leaves a blot upon a record magnificent as a whole, but ending in great disappointment and disgrace.

WILLIAM M. TWEED.

One of the greatest questions agitating the public mind in the countries having a republican form of government is the control of the large cities. This question is becoming a serious one in the United States. Washington, in his farewell address, foreseeing this approaching evil, warned against the dangerous and corrupting tendency of political combinations and associations. "Tammany" had already been organized at that time. Out of respect for Washington many withdrew. Tammany is greater than any party, since it is master of parties. In local elections it has become almost impregnable. The strength of the organization is apparent when we consider that it has a committee in every voting district and a central committee of more than one thousand members. The permanency of the organization, now more than a hundred years old, is due largely to the sagacity of its leaders.

Notable among these is William M. Tweed, who, although uneducated, entered politics when a very young man. He was early known as "boss" of Tammany, and although poor at first, he soon acquired means by a system of "raising" the amount of vouchers for city and county work. Thus enormous sums were stolen by the "Tammany ring" and divided among the members. The power gained by the possession and use of so much money prevented its members being brought to justice. Judges and legislatures were bribed, bills were passed and decisions rendered in their favor. The exposure of the system of robbery was made by the New York Times in 1872. Tweed was indicted, convicted and sentenced to twelve years' confinement in the penitentiary. After serving two years he was released on a legal technicality, but was immediately arrested on a civil suit for six millions. Being permitted to go out to drive with an officer, he made his escape while paying a visit to his wife and fled to Spain. He was caught and returned to Ludlow Street Jail in 1876, where he died in 1878.

Here is a man who sought wealth and power and who for a time seemed successful in their pursuit. Apparently he did not propose to obey God or to live for a life to come. What he wanted was worldly prosperity. He thought he had it. He went to Congress. He gathered his millions. He controlled the material interests of the metropolis of his country. He openly defied public sentiment and courts of justice in the prosecution of his plans. He was a brilliant and therefore a dangerous example of successful villainy. His life was so marred that nothing good was left. As he lay dying in a prison-house in the city he once ruled, his confession of bitter disappointment was, "My life has been a failure in everything. There is nothing I am proud of."

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

One of the saddest scenes in life's experiences is that of a man who has been strong and powerful in defense of the truth, who has with remarkable skill overcome the forces of injustice and, as champion of the rights of an oppressed people, has succeeded in bringing about measures and means that have been a blessing to multitudes—to see such a man, apparently the very embodiment of noble and manly qualities, overcome and crushed by his own secret sins, after years of unselfish labors for the elevation of others—this, we say, is as sad a scene as can be pictured.

Charles Stewart Parnell was born of an aristocratic family in Ireland in 1847. He inherited a large estate and received a liberal education. In 1876 he entered Parliament and at once became the champion of the Irish cause. He displayed remarkable ability, both as a parliamentary

debater and tactician and as an organizer in the interest of the Irish "home rule" party. With eloquence peculiar to himself, a reserve force of self-control, and a powerful will, he became the shrewdest and most fully trusted leader of the Irish cause in Parliament. His masterful control of himself and of his forces won to him the respect even of those who differed from him in political measures. His greatness became greater in the eyes of the world when he offered of his own accord to retire from public life, if, in the judgment of Gladstone, this act would be helpful to the Irish cause. Many believed him to be a man who would live permanently in history. But ah! the secret sin, so long cherished and so long hidden from the public eye, caused him to fall. In 1890 all the world was shocked at the uncovering of his shame. He was asked to resign, but his sin had changed his whole nature. Justin McCarthy, who had been his dearest friend, says: "He seemed suddenly to have changed his whole nature. We knew him before as a man of superb self-restraint, cool, calculating, never carried from the moorings of his keen intellect by any waves of passion around him. We had now in our midst a man seemingly incapable of self-control; a man ready at any moment, and on the smallest provocation, to break into a very tempest and whirlwind of passion; a man who could descend to the most trivial and vulgar personalities, who could encourage and even indulge in the most ignoble and humiliating brawls." This gifted man, once almost idolized, died in 1891, dishonored, disgraced and forsaken by his best and trusted friends. An awful end! And yet it was the one sin of lust that ruined him.

The noblest purpose of a soul is a desire to raise itself and others to a higher plane.

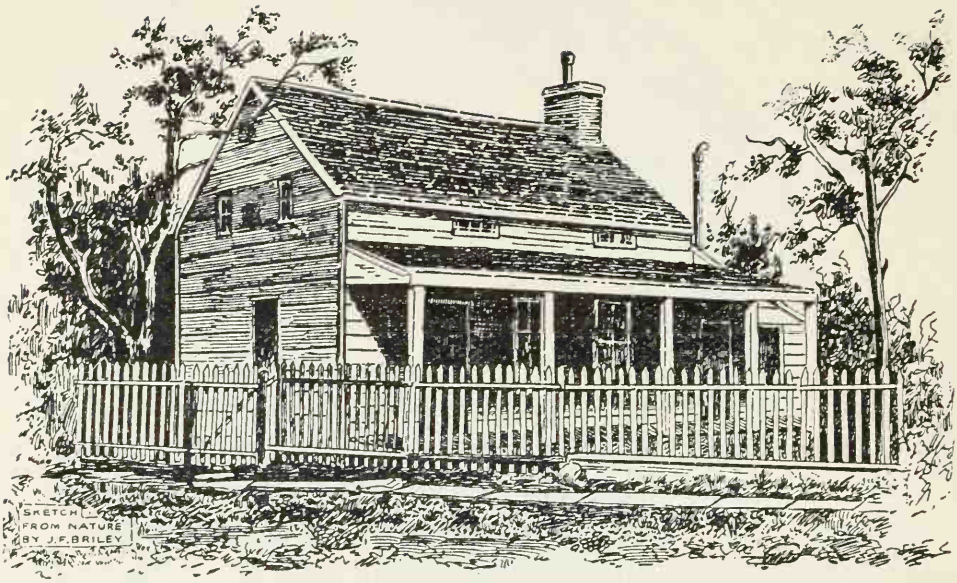
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Man is frequently a bundle of strange inconsistencies. While on the one hand he exhibits elements and traits of character of singular excellency, on the other hand the presence of opposite qualities, such as selfish ambition, pride, or the inordinate love of money, make life seem a great battlefield in which these strangely contrasting elements seek to gain the ascendency. The problem of life is solved in the triumph or defeat of the nobler qualities of manhood. No man can serve two masters, neither can these opposing elements both control life. The excellencies will suppress and root out the meaner qualities, or the latter will gain the ascendency and at last destroy every vestige of noble, virtuous manhood.

John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was without doubt the greatest general and statesman of his time. At sixteen, without having received much education, he became a page and then ensign of guards under the Duke of York. He aided in the relief of Tangiers in Africa

against the attacks of the Arabs. After his return to England he rose rapidly. His brilliant courage and ability in a campaign in Holland won to him even greater praise. The love of military adventure, chivalrous ambition and the love of money burned with equal ardor in his bosom. His prosperity was still further secured by his marriage with Sarah Jennings, a lady as remarkable for her talents and imperious disposition as for her beauty. He took an active part in suppressing Monmouth's rebellion, but on the landing of the Prince of Orange he very unscrupulously passed over to the side of the invader and was rewarded by being made Earl of Marlborough. He aided in subduing Ireland and displayed great ability as a general in campaigns against France. At last he fell into disfavor with the King and was dismissed from all his offices. He was even thrown into the Tower for a short time on the charge of maintaining treasonable correspondence with the exiled king. The death of William and the accession of Anne to the throne, in 1702, made Marlborough virtually regent, although he did not have the title. His wife governed the Queen and he himself directed the minister, Godolphin. His subsequent conquests caused the Queen and Parliament to bestow many honors upon him. But reverses came. The Queen threw off the tyranny of the Duchess of Marlborough, which had become intolerable. Marlborough was again deprived of offices, but remained a member of Parliament until his death, which occurred in 1722. He left an immense fortune and a military fame surpassed only by Wellington.

Marlborough was without doubt guilty of political dissimulation. His inordinate love of money and ambition that knew no bounds, although associated with high and noble qualities, left him a name immortalized by a genius which at once illustrates and brands it.



THE HOME OF EDGAR ALLAN POE
FORDHAM, NEW YORK.

"Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated,
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong."

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Baltimore in 1811. When he was four years old his parents both died, leaving him utterly destitute. Edgar was adopted by Mr. John Allan of Richmond. Here he had all the care that wealth could provide. He was soon found to be a genius. Mr. Allan endeavored to give him a good education. He graduated from the University of Virginia in 1826. He then expressed a wish to enter the army, and through Mr. Allan's influence obtained a cadetship at West Point. Here he grossly neglected his duties, drank to excess and was finally dismissed. Mr. Allan again received him kindly upon his return to Richmond, but Poe's conduct compelled him to turn him away. Then he turned his attention to literature, and wrote for different magazines, and reviews. While he was editor of a review in Richmond he married his cousin. He then settled in Philadelphia and after some years moved to New York. Many of his wonderful stories were published during these years. In 1845 his famous poem, "The Raven," appeared. In 1848 his wife died, and he then returned to Richmond. In 1849 he left Richmond by train. He quitted the train at Baltimore and some hours after was found in a drunken stupor and taken to a hospital, where he died in a few days.

These facts were undisputed at the time and there are men still living who worked in the same office with Poe and who have picked him up out of the gutter, too drunk to walk, and taken him to his home. Strange that some of those charmed by Poe's literary talent would attempt to paint up his personal habits and make him assume the garb of purity. Poe was a genius. Let him survive in his charming stories and poetry, but justice demands that we pass over his personal traits in silence or else present them in their reality. Sad that man so gifted should dishonor his Maker and die a sot.

ROBERT BURNS.

LORD BYRON.

BURNS AND BYRON.

Allan Cunningham says, "Robert Burns and George Gordon Byron were great, though not equal, heirs of fame. The fortunes of their birth were widely dissimilar, yet in their passions and in their genius they approached a closer resemblance; their careers were short and glorious, and they both perished in the summer of life, and in all the splendor of a reputation more likely to increase than diminish. One was a peasant and the other was a peer, but nature is a great leveler, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature, if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. They rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions. They both sang of the emotions of their own hearts, with a vehemence and an originality which few have equaled and none surely have surpassed."

Robert Burns, the great lyric poet of Scotland, was born in 1759. Although poor, his father gave him a

good education. He began making verse at sixteen, while following the plow. His fame spread rapidly, until he associated with all that was eminent in letters, rank and fashion. Wherever he went the wine glass was liberally forced into his hands. He poured forth floods of song full of passion and fervor, but the dissolute habits he had formed dragged him into poverty. His friends forsook him and he died at thirty-seven, broken hearted, dissolute and worn out. A moment brought a great change. Living, he was forsaken and neglected; dead, a great procession swept through the streets and did honor to him who had been carried out of a home of poverty, where scarce a meal was left to an affectionate wife and loving children.

George Gordon Byron was born in London, January 22, 1788. He inherited his profligate and dissolute habits from his father, who squandered his fortune in debauch and at the gambling table. His mother was a very passionate woman, often quarreling with her son, after separation from her husband. Byron's first volume of poems was published at eighteen, and was severely criticised. This sarcasm stung Byron into a poet. For a time he became the most popular poet, but his revelries and excesses made him very unpopular as an individual. He separated from his wife and went to Italy, where misery and indignation stimulated him to activity, but his genius was tainted by his indulgences and debauchery. He died in 1824 in Greece. His body was taken to England, but denied a resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

Burns and Byron! Each a genius gifted far above the ordinary. What might they not have become? One is overcome by the enchanted wine cup and the other sinks into the lowest depths of profligacy. Both came to an untimely end.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

This eccentric and remarkable man was a native of France and early went to sea. After spending some time at sea he entered into business in Philadelphia. Then again he followed the profession of sea captain, and afterward carried on a highly lucrative commerce to the West Indies. As shipowner his mind was bent on one object—the accumulation of riches. His ambition was to be rich, not that he might enjoy riches, but that he might die a millionaire. It is scarcely probable that he possessed the faculty of enjoying himself, for his whole appearance was that of intense business application. His biographer says that Girard was unquestionably a crusty, plodding, penurious man, singularly repulsive in appearance and awkward and vulgar in his address. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could express himself in broken English. Sympathy, feeling, pity, friendship, love or commiseration were emotions that never ruffled

the equanimity of his mind to such a degree as to relax his energy of accumulation or impair the mass of money that rose like mountains round about him. Friends, relations, old companions, confidential agents, or the general mass of mankind, might sicken and die around him and he would not part with his money to relieve or to save one among them. For the living he cared nothing. His ambition was to be remembered and respected after death. The good opinion of his fellow men he treated with contempt and would sacrifice it at any moment for a paltry sum. He paid the smallest wages for the largest amount of work, and when possible took advantage to cut down a workman's wages, even though that workman had been in his employ for years.

He succeeded in amassing wealth, and soon attained a position where he could become proprietor of a public bank. This added greatly to his means of securing wealth, so that a single venture more than once netted him a half million. He died worth more than ten millions. At his death he was mourned by no one, the event being only one of curiosity how old Girard had disposed of his property. His enormous wealth was all given for charitable purposes, principally in Philadelphia. The largest part was given for the support of "Girard College," for which his will provided. He died at eighty-two, unmourned, unloved by all.

There is absolutely nothing in Girard's life worthy of hearty commendation, except his disinterested conduct during the yellow fever crisis, when this wealthy merchant offered his services to nurse the sick. Unwilling to give a dollar to save his friend, he risked his life to alleviate the sufferings of strangers. A more remarkable compound of mean selfishness and noble philanthrophy it is difficult to conceive of, much less to find. Girard was mean, tyrannous, ignorant and utterly destitute of religious sentiment. His wealth he left not for the good it might do, but that he might be remembered.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Mary Ann Evans was born in 1819, in Warwickshire, in England. Her father was a carpenter and afterward became a land agent. Little is known of her childhood days. Her mother, a model of industry and punctuality as a housekeeper, died when Mary was but fifteen. At this early age she took upon herself the cares of the household, and it is positively affirmed that to her dying day one of her hands remained larger than the other from making and shaping with it so many pounds and pats of butter and cheese. She was from childhood an intense lover of books. Besides acquiring skill in laboring with patient cheerfulness at homely tasks, she studied science, language, philosophy and mathematics. She was well versed in Greek, Latin, Italian, French and German, and was a skilled player on the piano at twenty.

At twenty-five she had become a remarkably well educated woman, of great conversational powers. The simple faith of her childhood that had led her to active work in church and Sunday-school in early years, had by this time undergone a remarkable change. Her first literary work was a translation of Strauss' Life of Jesus. At thirty she became assistant editor of the Westminster Review. Soon after beginning her work as a writer of fiction she assumed the pseudonym, "George Eliot," by which name she is best known. Her "Scenes of Clerical Life" were received with general favor. For her next work, "Adam Bede," she received four thousand dollars. Five thousand copies were sold the first two weeks. Other volumes that were received with great favor are: "The Mill on the Floss," "Felix Holt," "Daniel Deronda," "Silas Marner" and "Romola." Upon the last-named she spent a year and a half, and received for the manuscript thirty-five thousand dollars.

George Eliot was a great woman, great in mind, having a generous, sympathetic heart. Her natural abilities were such that she ought to have exhibited to the world a superior example of marked womanhood, but when once faith becomes "liberal" in its tendency the result is very uncertain. Miss Evans became acquainted with a Mr. Lewes, of whom Dr. Lord remarks, "with whom (his legal wife being still alive) he lived in open defiance of the seventh commandment and the social customs of England for twenty years." We are well aware that a different construction is put upon this matter by many writers, some even exonerating her from all culpability, yet when the best possible is said of her, the fact remains that her character is not full rounded, as it ought to be. That scar, that blot, that marred what might have been a beautiful whole, remains, even though the hand of sympathy would hide it from view.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth, who ascended the throne of England at twenty-five, and who for forty-five years, through internal division and strife and foreign intrigues, held her place of power and the respect and good will of her people in general to the end—this queen, her history, her reign, her motives, have been the subject of more writers than any other woman. And perhaps nowhere do such diversified and conflicting opinions meet as in the estimates of the character of this great monarch of England. While one praises her for bringing peace and prosperity to a nation divided and heavily in debt, another finds nothing good in her whatever and marks her reign as arbitrary, tyrannical and despotic. One praises her for establishing Protestantism as the religion of the land against so many threatening obstacles; another blames her for her hatred and persecution of the Puritans. One severely criticises her for the cruel and repulsive deed of signing the death warrant of a woman, Mary Queen of Scots; another sees even in this act the salvation of both sovereign and nation.

It cannot be denied that Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne in critical times. Dr. Lord says, "Let it be borne in mind that she began her rule in perplexities, anxieties and embarrassments. The crown was encumbered with debts; the nobles were ambitious and factious; the people were poor, dispirited, unimportant and distracted by the claims of two hostile religions. Only one bishop in the whole realm was found willing to crown her." In addition to all this most of the European countries were hostile to England. It is but just to say that amid these many opposing and often conflicting interests the sagacity of its ruler often prevented internal disruptions and foreign invasions. There was a rapid development of the industries of the nation, both in power and wealth. Economy was practiced and encouraged and the wealth of the nation was doubled during her reign.

And yet while she exhibited some marked traits of character, her life as a whole was unquestionably greatly marred by her coquetry, her proud, irritable and petulant disposition. At the close of an eventful life this queen of

"A land of beauty
Fondled by the circling sea,"

whose banner floats in pride from many a castled crag, is made to say, "Millions for a moment of time." Gladly would she have surrendered pomp, power, and empire for the sweet innocency of childhood; for

"A conscience free from sin!"

One writer says of her age: "It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom."

And thus, with her spirit tossed upon a sea of doubt, restless and shuddering, this great queen surrenders her earthly throne, and stands undistinguished amid a crowd of spirits, a trembling subject at the bar of the King of kings!

CATHARINE II OF RUSSIA.

A fair-haired, well-formed and good-humored girl, remarkable for her intelligence and her native dignity, Catharine of Russia, then Princess Sophia of Zerbst, passed her happy youth chiefly at the little town of Stettin. She was early instructed in the Lutheran faith. Through her mother's influence she was chosen by Elizabeth of Russia as the wife of Peter III, after having accepted the faith of the Greek Church. She soon quarrelled with her husband, and each of them lived a life of unrestrained vice. Upon the death of Elizabeth Peter III ascended the Russian throne, but his profligacy had already estranged many of his subjects. When it was found that he intended to divorce Catharine and pronounce her only son, Paul, illegitimate, Catharine, with the aid of able and intriguing leaders, succeeded one night in reaching St. Petersburg and having herself declared empress of all the Russias. This was the more

easily accomplished, as by her feigned loyalty to Russia she had already won the hearts of the people. Peter III was at the same time, in his palace eighteen miles away, plunged in dissipation. Catharine, having gained the ascendency, there was nothing left to the dethroned czar but to implore her mercy. But the relentless conspirators knew no pity. The chief of these was Alexey Orloff. At the instigation, no doubt, of the empress, this savage became the murderer of Peter III. Her unholy ambition condemned to sorrow, disease and death a countless host of vigorous men and helpless women and children.

Meanwhile Catharine gave her attention to improving Russia. St. Petersburg she found a collection of wooden hovels, and left it a city of granite and marble. She dictated a code of laws, full of wisdom, benevolence and learning, and greatly improved the conditions of the peasant class. She gave herself to literature and gained the affections of her people by founding schools and charitable institutions, and in every possible way alleviated the sufferings of the poor. She planned many internal improvements; built canals, roads and bridges; enforced justice; recommended morality; was assiduous in her religious observances, and filled all Europe with the fame of her liberality and beneficence. For thirty-four years she reigned with supreme dominion and unbounded self-indulgence. Ambition for herself was her ruling motive. She crushed the feeble pretenders to her throne with relentless hand. At her death, Paul, the new emperor, had the coffin of Peter III placed beside hers, with a lover's knot uniting them, on which was the motto, "Divided in life, united in death." She was the mightiest monarch of her time, but history knows her only as a woman devoid of principle, shameless in vice and governed in all her actions by sensuality and selfish ambitions.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, was, without doubt, a great woman. She exerted a wider and greater influence than any queen that ever graced England's throne. Born in 1660, she early came into the service of the Duchess of York, and became the chosen and most intimate friend of the Princess Anne, over whom, after her accession to the throne, she exercised the influence due to a superior and exceedingly active mind. Her power was almost boundless; the Whig ministry depended upon her support and she disposed of places and offices at her pleasure, and is even said to have accumulated money by the sale of them.

While power and political corruption are sometimes sought to overcome still greater public evils, the Duchess of Marlborough had no higher aim in all her selfish and avaricious designs than that of enhancing the fortunes of her own family. Sarah Jennings, although proud,

haughty and overbearing, was said to be "striking in her appearance, with a clear complexion, regular features, majestic figure and beautiful hair. She had great power of conversation, was frank, outspoken and amusing, but without much tact." She became the inseparable companion of Anne, who was inordinately attached to her. Upon the accession of Anne as queen, the Duchess of Marlborough became the real ruler of the land. With her daughters married to great statesmen and nobles, her husband the greatest general of his age, and herself confidential adviser of the queen, she held a position of remarkable power and influence. But pride comes before a fall. Her elevation but increased her insolent, acrimonious and selfish spirit. Queen Anne was not slow in noticing the change and for a long time bore her friend's intolerant pride. The duchess was no longer the graceful attendant of former years, and by her carelessness and insolence greatly offended the queen. At last her rule became intolerable to the queen, and her cousin, whom she herself had brought to court, supplanted her. On her dismissal her wrath was terrible, her ungovernable temper gave vent in cursing and swearing. She long survived her husband, living in complete retirement, and died in 1744, leaving a fortune of £3,000,000 sterling.

The life of Sarah Jennings, although one of position, wealth and honor, is sad in the extreme. In her old age she had no intimate friends. Her conduct had even alienated all of her children. Her life exhibits, as probably no other, the vanity of worldly ambition. With all her possessions, happiness was not her lot. This is secured only where the nobler virtues of true womanhood exist.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

For more than thirty years the subject of this sketch, a woman extraordinarily gifted and possessed of many noble and excellent qualities, exerted a remarkable influence on the destinies of France.

Madame de Maintenon was born in a prison at Niort, where her father was imprisoned. Upon his release he took his wife and daughter to the West Indies, where he died. The mother, returning to France with her daughter, soon died, leaving the daughter to the care of relatives, who educated her in a convent, and, after an obstinate resistance on her part, succeeded in converting her to the Roman Catholic faith, when she was fourteen years old. It is said that she became dependent upon one of her rich relatives and "the future wife of Louis XIV could be seen on a morning assisting the coachman to groom the horses."

Her one aim and desire seemed to be to shine in brilliant society. At sixteen she married Scarron, a popular poet, and lived in the midst of the refined and intellectual society that frequented the house of the poet. On his death she was reduced to poverty, but soon after was intrusted with the education of the two sons of Madame de Montespan, mistress of Louis XIV. She soon fascinated the king by her beauty and charming and winning manners. After the death of the queen Louis privately married her. As the wife of Louis XIV her power became unbounded. The object for which she had sought for years was attained, and her ambition was gratified. She exerted a greater influence on the fortunes of France than any other woman before or after her. "No woman ever ruled with more absolute sway, from Queen Esther to Madame de Pompadour, than did she. She was the real ruler of the land." She exerted her great influence in favor of morality and education. She discouraged gossip and dissipation. She even undertook the great task of reforming the morals of the court and of the king. Whatever tended to develop the intellect or improve the morals of the people received her earnest support.

And yet, with all her wisdom and virtue, she had many defects of character. Mainly through her influence, the edict which Henry IV had granted was revoked, which brought on one of the most cruel persecutions of history, by which France lost hundreds of thousands of her best people.

"Religious bigotry is eternally odious to enlightened reason. It left an indelible stain on the character of the most brilliant and gifted woman of her times, and makes us forget her virtues. With all her excellence she goes down in history as a cold and intolerant woman whom we cannot love."

There is one thing in the wide universe which is really valuable, and that is Character. By this I mean a confidence in the bosoms of those who know you, that you have the power, the capacity, and the disposition to confer happiness on others. Other things may be deemed fortuitous; they may come and go; but character is that which lives and abides, and is admired long after its possessor has left the earth, the theater on which it was displayed.—John Todd.

SIDELIGHTS

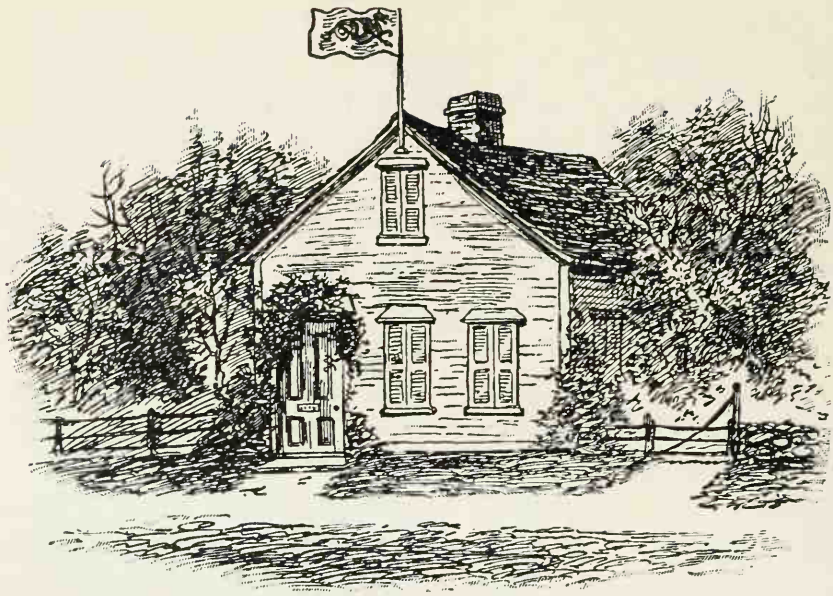
A MARKED CONTRAST.

It is sometimes surprising what great changes occur in the appearances of a child, even in a few years. Probably nowhere are these changes so marked as in institutions in our large cities where the neglected and homeless children are gathered and taught and trained for usefulness and good citizenship. The largest institution of its kind is that originated by Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo of England. For many years this institution has been carrying on a great work. Thousands of children have been rescued from a life of shame, vagrancy or profligacy, and, after receiving a Christian training, have been sent out into the world, many of them becoming honored and respected citizens.

The accompanying illustrations show a little girl when she was first received in the Home, and then her greatly changed and improved appearance in later years, after leaving the institution.

Emma Gray Welch, fourteen years old, gave her story before a London police court before she was accepted by Dr. Barnardo. She could not remember anything about her own mother, but was compelled by her stepmother to sleep in the cellar and was never supplied with proper food. Four times she had been burned with a hot poker, often beaten with the leg of a chair, and once hot tea was thrown over her. Most of these castigations were given for taking food when she was hungry or for incurring the wrath of her inhuman parents by some slight offense. For five years she had been subjected to these cruelties. Once her father kicked her in the mouth and knocked out one of her teeth. Mrs. Welch once placed her hand on a boiler and broke a knuckle with the blunt side of a chopper. When rescued she wore nothing but an old thin jacket and a piece of coarse sacking, fastened round her loins. It is gratifying to know that the stepmother was sentenced to penal servitude for life for doing her stepdaughter grievous bodily harm with intent to kill, while the father was sentenced to penal servitude for seven years.

But the change. What could be expected of her? Given to theft, falsehood and a violent temper, she was burdensome to those having charge of her. But slowly her mind recovered from the effect of the treatment she had received from her tormentors. Her mind gathered strength daily, and she began to take a real interest in her work. Her progress was marked. Her desire to do well overcame her impulses to temper, and she was eventually placed in the household of a lady who took an interest in her. Emma, now bright, happy and contented and remarkably changed through the religious influences under which she had come, showed a grateful spirit toward those who had rescued her. Surely this was a remarkable transformation. These experiences are sometimes repeated by unselfish rescue workers in many places.



BARNEY'S DOUBLE FLAG.*

A GOLDEN RULE PARABLE.

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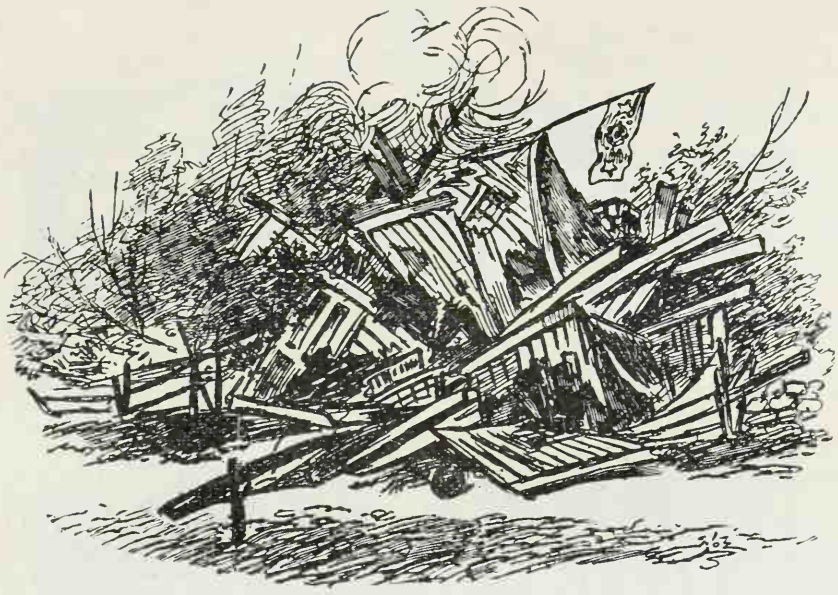
It was war time, and Barney was in trouble. He owned a nice little cottage, which was directly between the two opposing armies.

Now Barney cared nothing for his country, and nothing for the country of the enemy, but he cared a great deal for his trim little cottage; and so, when the great iron balls began to hurtle through the air and snap off trees like pipe-stems, Barney set his wits to work to preserve the house, which he evidently must leave.

And this is the way he did it:

He had two flags, one of his own land and one of the enemy's. These two flags were of the same size. Placing them back to back, Barney pasted them together, running wires through top and bottom, and craftily bending these so that the flags had quite a natural air of waving in the breeze. Then he fixed the contrivance on a pole on top of his cottage, the whole being made so firm that no wind would shift it.

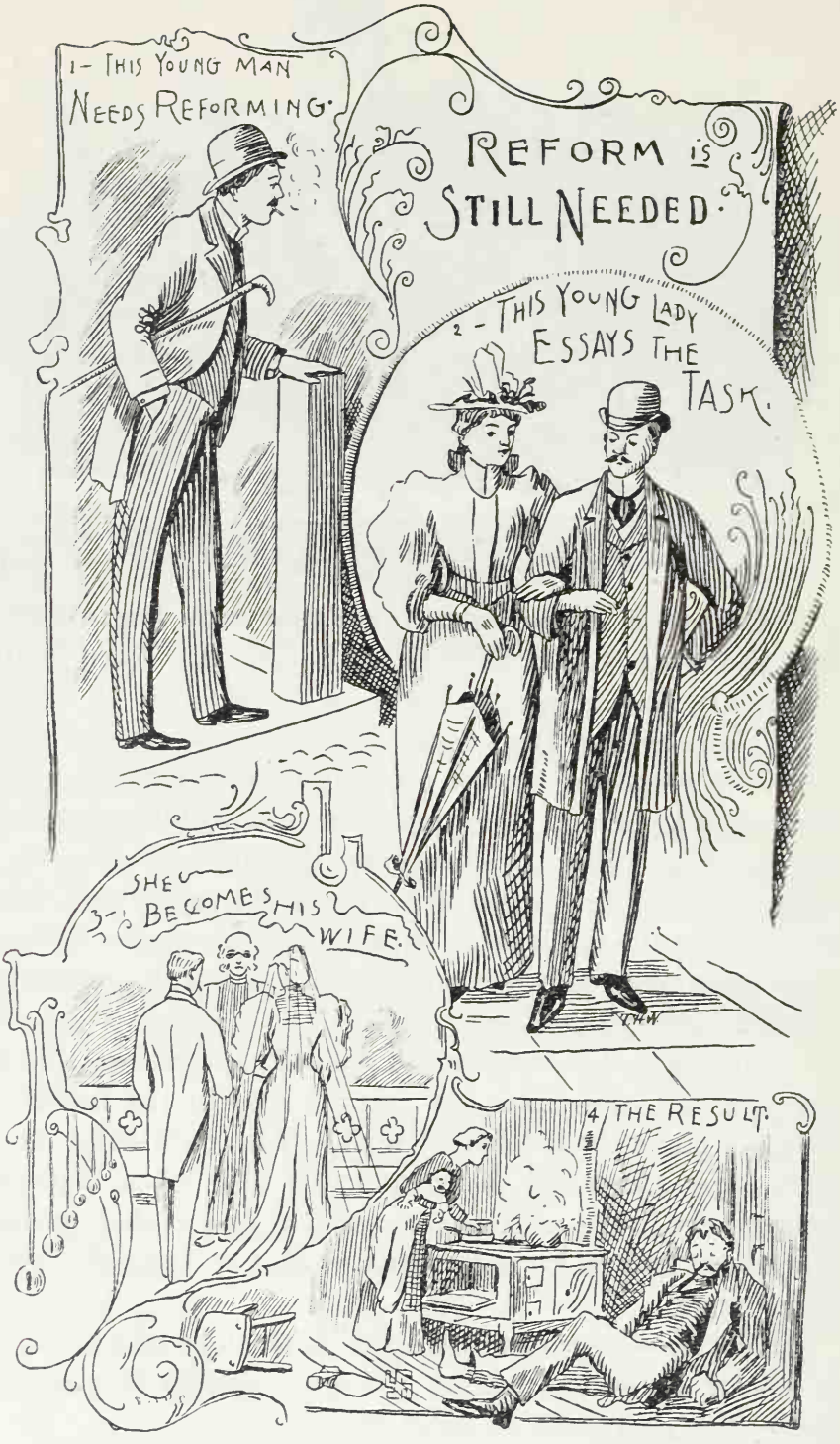


Of course Barney took care that each flag should face the army that would best appreciate it. Then, with a chuckle, Barney left his house to its fate.

There was a great battle, and Barney's house was carefully respected by the gunners of either army, each holding it to belong to a friend, and momentarily expecting it to be blown to pieces by the artillery opposite. The issues of the battle, however, were undecided that day, and in the night, as it chanced, the armies so shifted their ground as to bring each in full view of the opposite side of Barney's judicious flag.

And then there was an indignant cannonading! Such an iron hail beat upon the cottage that in ten minutes it was completely riddled with shot from both sides, and both sides afterward pillaged it; so that when Barney returned he found matters just twice as bad as they would have been had he honestly chosen sides and raised a sincere banner.

Moral.—To pretend to be on both sides of a dispute is a very dangerous matter, usually resulting in making both sides your foes.—Caleb Cobweb.


1- THIS YOUNG MAN NEEDS REFORMING.
REFORM IS STILL NEEDED.
2- THIS YOUNG LADY ESSAYS THE TASK.
3- SHE BECOMES HIS WIFE.
4 THE RESULT.

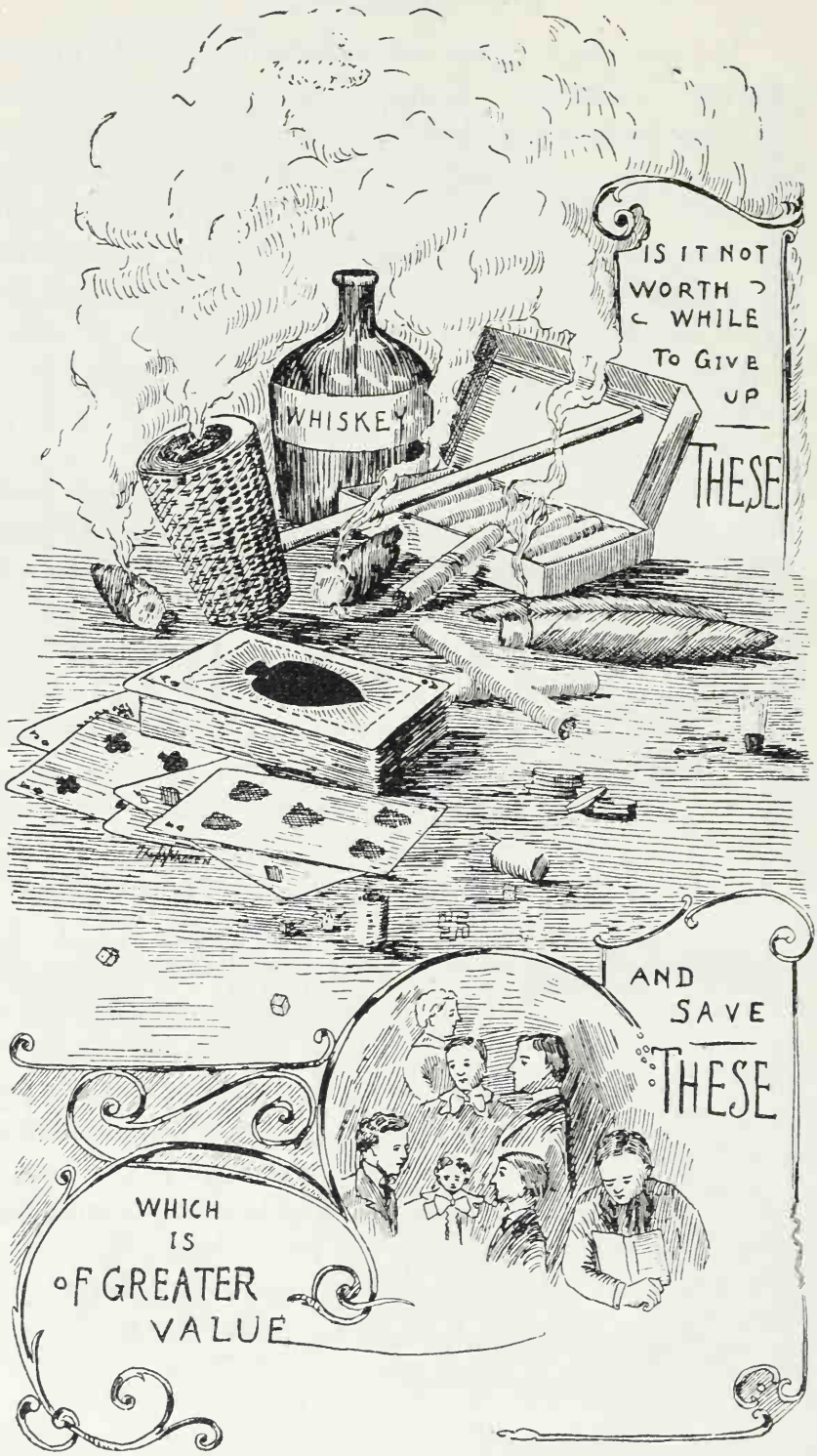
REFORMING MEN.

Reform work is needed everywhere. It is needed especially among our young men, where the forces of evil make such awful ravages. This is true in city and country. The temptations to evil habits besiege young manhood on every side. The desire to appear well leads to habits of extravagance, and these, in turn, let loose the whole train of impurity in thought, of overstepping the laws of chastity and purity, of the use of tobacco, of strong drink, the clubroom, the gambling den, the brothel, leading to the bottomless pit.

Reform work, we say, is certainly very much needed among young men, but when a young lady assumes to do that work, in a way suggested by the accompanying illustration, there can be no more dangerous undertaking. It has been tried too often and always with the same sad results. The more effectual way to reform young men is for young ladies everywhere to refuse to receive the attention of young men who are in any way tainted with these evils. The high standard of virtue that men require of young ladies is not too high for men. Their lives should be as pure as those of women. "Purity of life is the palladium of earthly happiness and the chief corner-stone of society."

Let the young woman assert her independence and have absolutely nothing to do with the young man whose life is not pure. In doing this she will be able to do the young man the greatest kindness, and may save herself from a life of misery and degradation. Take warning, young lady, from the many who have tried in this way to reform young men. Require of him to whom you pledge your all that which you give—a pure, clean life.

Not what you could do if things were different, but what you do with things in hand, shows the stuff you're made of.

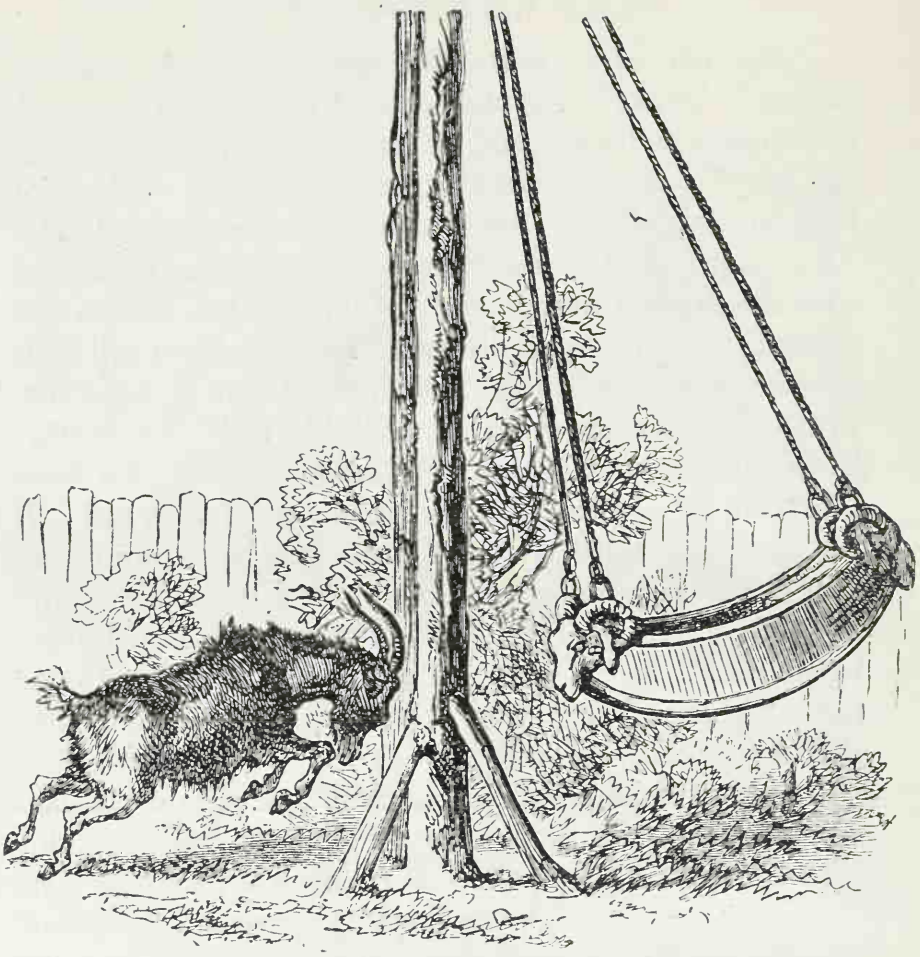

WHISKEY
IS IT NOT WORTH WHILE To Give UP THESE
AND SAVE THESE
WHICH IS OF GREATER VALUE

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

"Of two evils choose the less," is an oft repeated saying. And this is applied more frequently in the work of temperance than in any other line. It is a subterfuge and an excuse for defending one's action in voting for high license or any other remedy except prohibition. This motto of choosing between evils is not in accord with the highest morals and the law of Him who is our pattern. According to the moral law, good and evil have no affinity; neither should a man, a real man of nerve and principle, have anything to do with evil. The rather let our motto be, "Of two evils choose neither," for what fellowship has light with darkness, or good with evil. If the forces of sobriety, temperance and prohibition are ever to succeed, the battle must be fought on this higher and nobler plane. The enemy of strong drink will never be defeated on his own grounds. He chuckles to see the half-hearted, cringing, vote-seeking politician suggesting a choice of evils.

Princely manhood rises above these miasms of danger and death and never chooses between evils. In this battle, as in all others, there is no neutral ground. The choice is between right and wrong, between the home and the saloon, between the purity in thought and life and everything that degrades and debauches. There can be no middle ground. While we may assent to measures that lead to the objective point, yet in no sense can true manhood assent to evil. Burn this truth into the manhood of our nation, and politics will be purified of its apparent mixture of good and evil. The forces of right and truth united against any evil will speedily overthrow it. This is as true of intemperance as of any other evil.

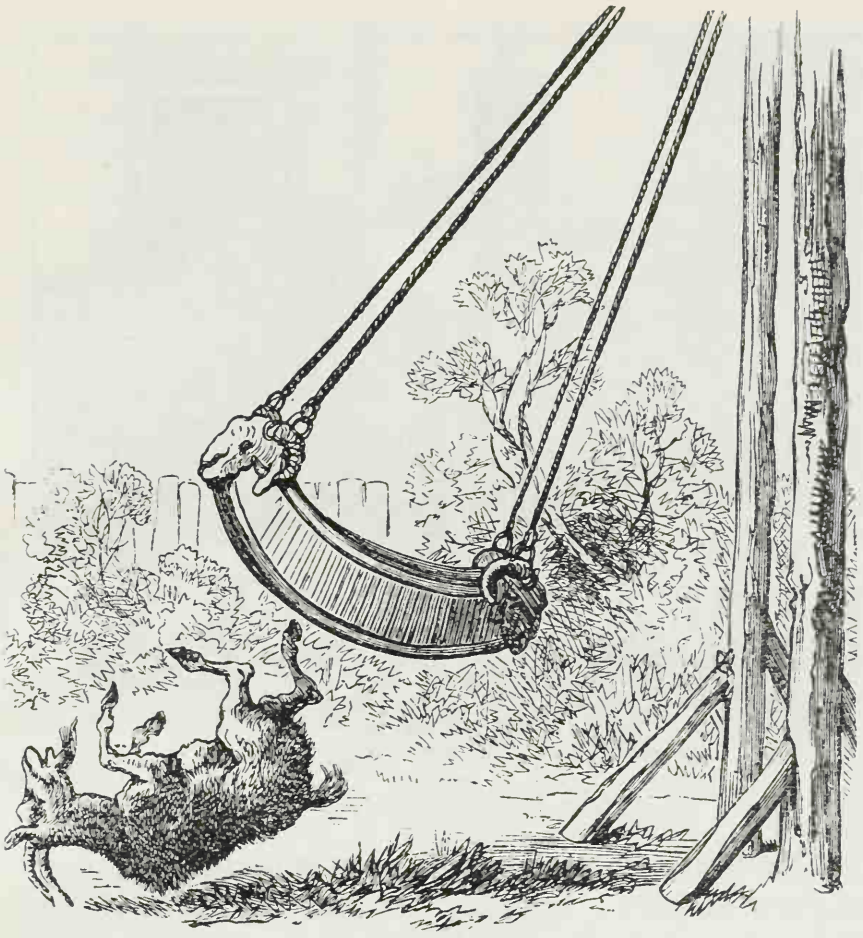
Never hope to hold a neutral position toward an evil. That which you do not positively discourage, you encourage.—Ram's Horn.



THE ATTACK.

A vicious goat one day found his way into forbidden ground and came to a garden swing that had the head of a ram carved on the end. The goat, mistaking the object for a live animal, asserted his natural proclivities and prepared for an attack.

There are those who are always on the lookout for something against which they can butt. Nine-tenths of the evils, wrongs and opposing forces are products of their own mind. But all the same they are ready without invitation to begin the attack. This goat-like spirit exhibits itself whenever their wishes are crossed or even not consulted.



THE RESULT.

As the swing moved from the goat, the animal was the more encouraged, but receding, it came with such force that the result was not favorable to the poor goat. Picking itself up, it limped away, humbled and wiser for its experience. Even from a dumb animal valuable lessons may be learned. The result in one case is not unlike the experience in the other. The attack upon imaginary wrongs may prove to be a boomerang and many recoil upon the originator.

Be sure you are right and then go ahead, is a good motto to observe. Stand invincibly for the truth and against wrong, but be sure that it is not a "swing" that invites your opposition.

LABOR WITHOUT PROFIT.

Here is a man working hard at a pump. He is in no sense an idler. Industry characterizes his every action. He is doing his very best to fill the tub with water, so that it may overflow at the profit's spout at the top. He succeeds in raising the water, for he has a good pump and there is an abundance of water in the well. And yet with all his effort he cannot succeed in filling that tub. Not a drop reaches the profit's spout. The reason is very evident. You say the tub leaks too much to make his efforts a success. Mend the tub, close up the large cracks in some way and the tub will soon be full.

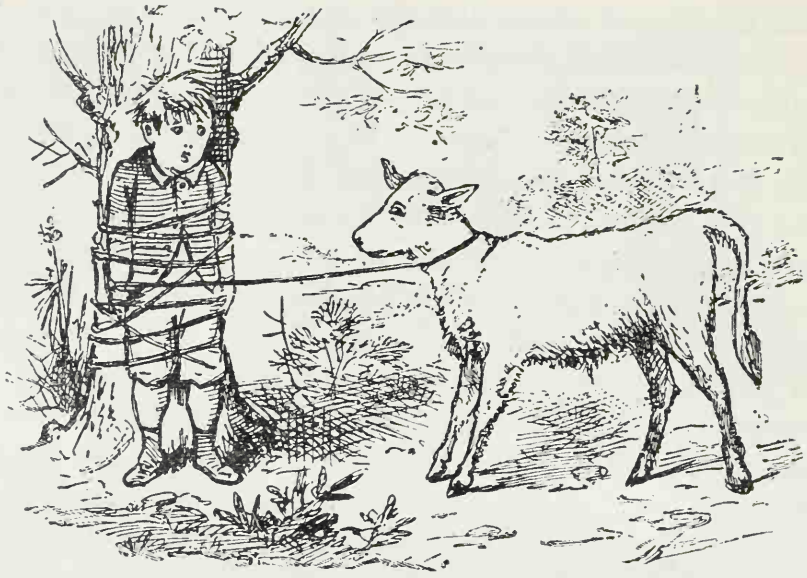
How representative of many men. They are earnest, energetic, industrious, and work hard to accumulate sufficient to live comfortably and not depend upon others.

But they never succeed in getting ahead. The fault is not in that they do not make money, for they have good pumps and the wells are full of water. They succeed in raising the water. That is, they are engaged in lucrative employment, in business that gives valuable returns; but in spite of all this, in spite of their efforts to get ahead, they are never able to make ends meet. They make an honest effort, but fail to realize where the leak is, and hence never reach the profit line.

One of the reasons, and probably the reason in a majority of such cases, is the large expense account. The desire to live a little above one's neighbor, the desire to have a good standing in society and in the community, often persuades an increase of expenses beyond that warranted by the income. Of course the increase is gradual, and not apparent until it may be too late. Loose business methods and bad management may also often account for the waste which prevents profits.

In all such cases the remedy is apparent. It is not in an increase of profits, for that will but lead to a greater waste, but it consists in cutting down expenses and looking to a better management. "Live within your income" is an old and well-worn motto, and yet it cannot be improved upon. Hard times generally result from not heeding this motto. It seems to be an exceedingly difficult thing to cut down expenses and to deny one's self many of the luxuries when once they are indulged in. Pump away, my friend, keep pumping; but first of all see that your tub has no leaks.

It is not what comes into a man's hands that enriches him, but what he saves from slipping through them.



BOUND BY HABITS.

Little James delighted to play with the calf that was tied to the chestnut tree in the meadow. He found that by running after it and calling out he was able to frighten it. The calf ran faster than he could, and little James, being nearer the tree than the calf, soon found that the rope was being wound around him and drawing him tightly up against the tree. It was fun for a time, but the frightened calf continued to run around the tree in the same direction. At last matters became more serious. James began to cry and the innocent calf, not knowing enough to unwind the rope, assisted James in making noise, each seeming to vie with the other. In this laughable condition they were found by wiser heads, who soon released them.

Life is a tissue of habits. How, like the little boy, we playfully allow bad habits to wind round us until we are held in their grasp. Habits of doing, being, saying; habits that overcome us in our best efforts. Habits of eating, of sleeping, of working or of not working.

Of bad habits, the most common one is that of making excuses. Excuses for tardiness, for incivility, for lack of industry, for any lack in any particular. The habit of excuse-making obliterates all distinction between doing and not doing. It sears the conscience and breaks down the distinctions between truth and falsehood. The reason given in the excuse at last becomes simply a subterfuge to hide one's failings. The habit of making excuses leads from apology to deception, and at last to downright lying.

Some persons excuse the formation of bad habits in youth, by saying that there is a time to sow wild oats. Thomas Hughes says, "The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them into the hottest part of the fire and get them burned to dust. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots and luxuriant stalks and leaves. You, and nobody else, will have to reap them."

In contrast with bad, rude, or even indifferent habits, how refreshing and inspiring are the refined, elevating, courteous and unassuming habits of a true genteman. In appearance, having the grace of personal neatness; refined at the table, polite, affable and unobstrusive in all relations with others; cultivating a low, gentle voice, a quiet, winning manner and a general bearing that attracts. Honesty of purpose and purity of life must, of course, lie at the foundation of gentlemanly habits. Without these there is the seeming to be, without the reality. A pure life is the strength of man, as it is the beauty of woman.

I hev often noticed that the man who would have done such wonderful things ef he had been thare never gits thare.—Josh Billings.

AXIS OF THE EARTH.

It is all very well for a man to believe that the earth rotates on its axis; but when he becomes thoroughly convinced that he himself is the axis, the less you have to do with him the better. This may seem to be a strange statement, but investigation will show that there are more young men of this class than is generally supposed. Many young men seem to think that because they are on the stage of action, the world ought to spin faster on its axis. They see nothing of so great importance as

their own greatness. Someone has suggested an excellent remedy for removing the self-conceit from these aspiring ones. Wherever it is closely followed there ought to be a marked improvement if not a perfect cure. It is this: Go down to a running brook or river. Stoop over and thrust a needle into the running water. Withdraw it and mark the hole or opening it has made in the water. As the flowing water covers all traces of the needle, so time rolls on and covers over the place you occupy, and you are forgotten.

In a large mill it is not the noise of the wheels nor the hum of voices, nor the bustle and stir that counts, but the grist. So in life, it is not what we seem to be in our own eyes, nor the amount of commotion and attraction that we are able to arouse, but the real, downright effort that ends in results, which counts. Not what we are, but what we are able to perform; what we do—this alone is of lasting benefit.

There are many societies and associations that look like great manufactories, but the actual outcome of all their work could be stored in a four by six closet. There are many men who think that they would be sadly missed; but in the vicissitudes of life, the real benefit they are to mankind is exceedingly small. It might be well to pay more attention to others, and less to self, in such cases.

No man is safe from the temptation of thinking himself an axis around which at least a part of the world rotates; but he may, with motives of true manhood, rise above all these and be what he seems to be.

A Short Cut.—Two negro boys were quarreling. One was exhausting his vocabulary in abusive epithets. The other calmly said: "Are you troo?" "Yes!" "You ain't got nuffin more to say?" "No." "Well, all dem tings what you called me, you is."

AN IRISH OBSTRUCTIONIST.

The above is a scene in Ireland. The boy and his sisters are eagerly exerting all their power to remove the obstruction, but the brute will go neither forward nor backward. With all the pushing and pulling it simply is determined to hold the right of way.

Not all obstructionists are quadrupeds. Not at all unlike the above situation are we sometimes required,

in a more serious and more momentous sense, to face obstructions that may mean much in determining the welfare of a community and of individuals as well.

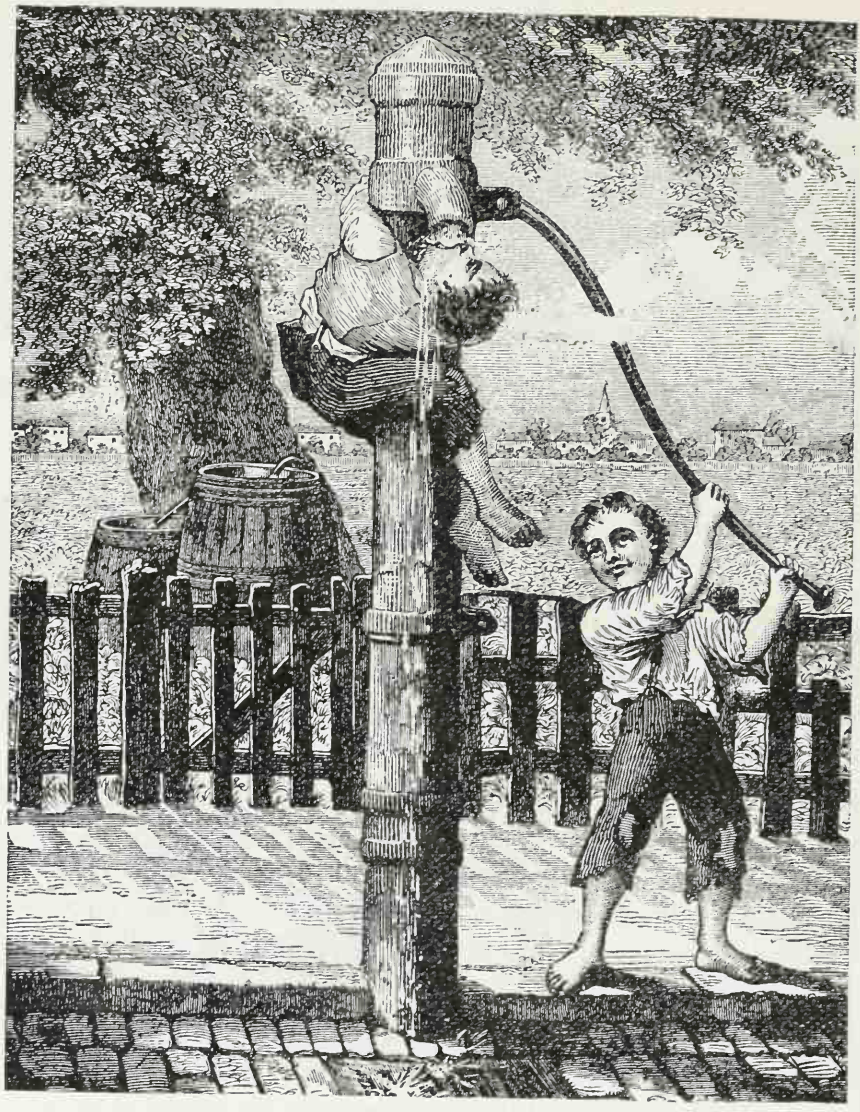
Obstructionists, did you say? Yes, they are of various aspects, depending very much upon conditions and surroundings. There is the obstructionist in the home, who impedes the progress of comfort, of enlightenment, of intelligence, of civility, decorum and a general regard for the happiness of others, or of the moral and religious development of the members of the family. This may be shown in carelessness, in a lack of comprehension, in a love for hoarding money, or in an innate depravity of soul.

The public obstructionist always believes in doing things in the old way, and has no eye to modern inventions and improvement. He is always on the "objecting" side of things and cannot be convinced that he is wrong. In politics he always votes his party ticket; the party can never be wrong, for was it not his party that saved the country? No change of circumstance or place can change his mind.

Then there is the obstructionist in the church, who, by his ideas, hinders the effectiveness of any effort to advance the interests and make more powerful the influence of true godliness.

Obstructionists! How they spring up where least expected, and always, as in the illustration, plant themselves right in the middle of the road. Forward they will not go, and backward they cannot be forced. Sometimes it is best, as in a railroad wreck, to build a track around them, or even over them. As a rule they are a hopeless class.

"To err is human." That is sound doctrine: nor is it hard to live up to.—Ram's Horn.



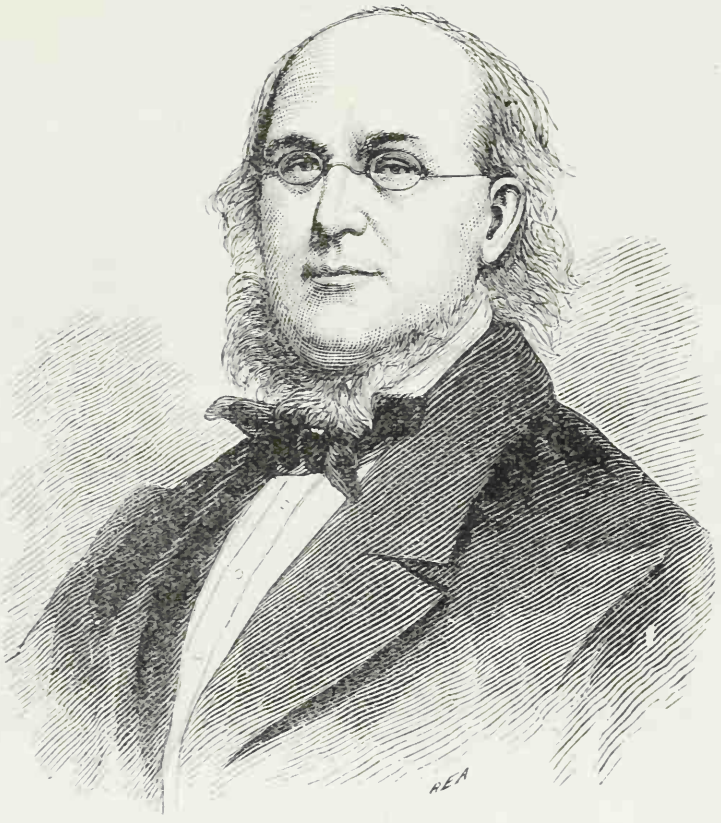
GETTING ENOUGH.

Two boys, bent on amusement, with probably a tinge of mischief in their natures, came to a large pump used in filling reservoirs or tanks. Dirty and thirsty, they concluded to contrive a plan by which they might wash their faces and quench their thirst. At last one, who was more far-seeing than the other, suggested that

they in turn climb up, and while one was pumping, the other was to place his mouth under the spout and quench his thirst. The one boy was very willing to let his companion drink first, for he all the while saw that a joke might be played. His companion crawled up and signaled his readiness. The boy at the handle used his opportunity and pumped with a will. The force of so large a quantity of water, rushing right into the face of the poor boy, did not have the expected result. He had all he could do to keep from falling down, and with all the water, was not able to quench his thirst. As can be seen, his companion enjoyed the scene to his satisfaction; but poor Ben got enough, and more than enough, and still was thirsty.

In life's varied experiences there are those who, in seeking to satisfy their wants, are so overwhelmed with an abundance that the satisfaction and pleasure imagined is never realized. Let the thing sought for be money, pleasure, or the gratification of any other desire. How often is the man who makes wealth his objective point in life, when he is about to realize his desired object, overhelmed with that which he seeks, and all satisfaction or enjoyment is gone. Like the boy at the pump, he has all he can do to keep from falling, and does not in any measure succeed in satisfying his desires. The man who is controlled by his appetites and passions, does not realize his danger until, overwhelmed by the forces let loose upon him, he finds that the tide of evil in no way or manner satisfies the longings of the human heart. The boy at the pump should have taken the proper method, and used a cup. The "cup of salvation" will always satisfy and give to manhood a force and power not found elsewhere.

Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow, only one thing endures—character!—Horace Greeley.



HORACE GREELEY,

Founder of the New York Tribune.

Let our lives be pure as snowfields, where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain.—Madame Swetchine.

Character is bounded on the north by sobriety, on the east by integrity, on the west by industry, and on the south by gentleness.—Frances E. Willard.

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